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McCALL'S

AUGUST
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REMODELING
HUSBANDS *and* WIVES ~
THE MOVIES ARE GROWING UP ~
also ETHEL M. DELL'S NEW NOVEL

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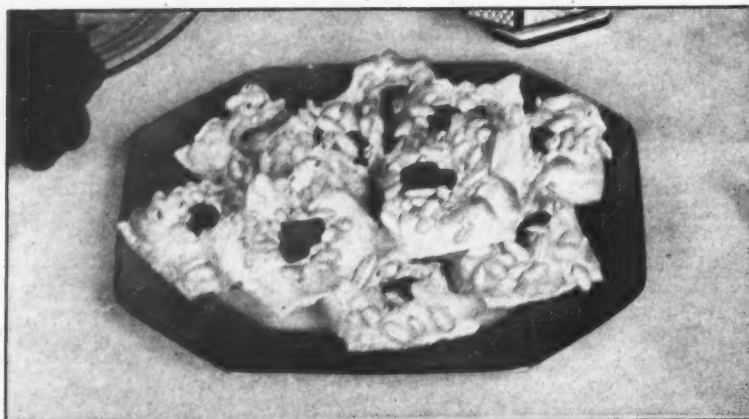
FOUR SUMMER LUNCHEONS

that Appeal to the Imagination as Well as the Appetite

Crisp, crunchy Puffed Wheat—and with it finest summer strawberries and cream. Always a supreme favorite.



Surprise cookies! Make with a cracker, meringue, Puffed Rice and a dab of jelly or jam. Simple—and good.



This delicious Puffed Rice-date soufflé is an easy summer dessert. See simple recipe elsewhere on this page.



A refreshing mid-day salad: Dip pieces of banana in mayonnaise and roll in Puffed Wheat. Serve on lettuce.



Warm-weather suggestions to brighten luncheons and bring the charm of fresh variety to your table

SOMETHING different! Something new! That is what women of today are seeking to make luncheons attractive, to stimulate flagging appetites during the dog days. Colorful, dainty, dishes that attract the eye, and through it, the appetite.

The recipe suggestions on this page provide quick and simple ways women have found to achieve that result. Try them yourself if finding simple warm-weather delicacies is your problem.

Each recipe has a delicious ingredient, Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, cereal foods wholly and delightfully different in taste and form from all others.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded to 8 times its natural size, then oven toasted to a supremely delicious crispness. The flavor is like nutmeats. Over 20% is bran, but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

Quaker Puffed Rice is the finest selected rice, also steam exploded. The flavor is delicate and unusual. The food value, high in carbohydrate.

Both foods meet the modern idea in diet by attracting the appetite. In both all food cells are broken in the process of steam exploding. Thus digestion is made easy.

Served as suggested here, or plain, with milk, or half-and-half, they in themselves supply the Great Adventure of a Change. Try them today.

Recipe for Puffed Rice and Date Soufflé

In this delicious pudding, Puffed Rice grains crisped in butter, take the place of nutmeats.

3 eggs	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar	with pinch cream of tartar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine cracker crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound chopped dates	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups Puffed Rice

Crisp Puffed Rice gently in warm oven, adding three tablespoons melted butter. Beat egg yolks and add to them sugar, cracker crumbs, dates, baking powder and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and Puffed Rice. Set pudding dish in pan of water and bake one hour in slow oven.



Get Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice at your grocer's.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

Heed its warning—Get IPANA TOOTH PASTE

DO not neglect a tell-tale tinge of "pink" that may appear upon your morning tooth brush!

Do something about it! For it is a sign and symptom that something is amiss with your gums. It is a definite warning that your teeth—though they may seem sound as a dollar and be as white as snow—are faced with some degree of danger.

If you will talk to your dentist he can explain very simply how often serious troubles can start in the gum structure. He will tell you that these distressing ailments, which attack the health and mar the appearance of thousands every year, most often arise from the nature and character of the food you eat.

How your diet damages your gums

For this modern food is too soft. Artificially refined, it is deprived of the coarse fibre and wholesome roughage that should keep the blood briskly astir in the tiny capillaries of the gum tissue.

Result—gums grow idle, inactive, dormant. They become soft and sensitive to the brush. They bleed easily. They lose their normal tonicity, and become easier prey to the onset of gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the more feared, but less frequent, pyorrhea.

Massage of the gums is the simple restorative measure that specialists have found so practical and so helpful. It is easily performed—with the brush or with the fingers—twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. And thou-

sands of good dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush. Massage with Ipana, they say, more quickly revives the flagging circulation within the gums, bringing fresh vigor, health and firmness to the starved and depleted tissues.

Ipana and massage maintain the gums in health

For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziranol, an ingredient well-known to dentists for its antiseptic and hemostatic properties. Ipana has enjoyed the cordial support of the profession for years since first its formula was offered to the profession.

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to make your teeth clean, white and sparkling.

Ipana is worth a full-tube trial

But a far better way to test Ipana is to get a full-size tube from the nearest drug store—more than enough for thirty days' use. Brush your teeth and rub your gums with it, twice a day, for one full month.

Then examine your gums. You will see an improvement—in color, firmness and health. You may decide, as so many thousands have, that Ipana is the tooth paste you wish to use for life!



Modern food is delicious—true! But it deprives the gums of stimulation and health



Tender, weakened gums need prompt attention



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-88, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Editorial



DOG DAYS

LAST month we raced through the Fourth of July; now we merely move through the mauve month of August. For August is just one of twelve, another month—a time of heat, humidity and vacations.

Vacations! How we have changed them in a few short years, for now when we leave on our holidays we must carry with us all the modern conveniences in addition to ourselves. Today when a broker goes on vacation the ticker tape is at hand during the course of his train ride. When he reaches his destination he demands the latest word from the financial front. A business man carries with him many of the notes of his work, or he meets representatives of his company in the cities he passes through.

School teachers, authors, lawyers, lecturers, and the whole horde of the unclassified—we are all alike. We have begun to take our vacations seriously just as we do our play. We are aggressive about our relaxation.

Gone are the days when we might seek solitude and recreation in strange remote corners. Lovely paved highways have etched their way into forest fastnesses. The beauty of a lazy vacation day beside a placid stream, where the buzzing of flies is the only reminder that the day is long, has been lost forever.

Still, in the Mississippi River valley, there are little brown villages that on hot August afternoons remind one of heavy, stolid prairie schooners rolling overland. Barges seep their way slowly upstream in the tow of tiny tugs whose stern wheels stubbornly churn the stream into lacy foam. But do we sit on the bluffs above and contemplate the scene? No, there is work to be done—nine holes to play, or a set of tennis to win, or a drive of two hundred miles before sundown. For the

world moves and so do we—we moderns.

All through New England there are little green and white villages whose church steeples hold the ghosts of bells that ring no more. But there is a beauty and charm in the atmosphere that is lost to the rover who does not walk cross-country away from the highways and into the byways where the best of life is lived.

When we reach the mountains of the far west do we seek to climb their crests and from some overhanging ledge view the imperial scene below? No, we go rushing through in observation cars, or we sit about tables in the lobbies of rustic hotels, playing bridge, game after game. Even the gypsies have left their caravans and taken to automobiles in their search for the end of the road.

We are seeking short cuts to every end—religion, education, marriage and business success. We move, yes—but where?

Yet in the midst of all our dashing and darting, our hurry and bustle, we seem to see somewhere ahead a deal of order coming out of chaos, of understanding following confusion, of hope succeeding despair. For human nature has not changed; it is only human nurture that is different.

We see, for instance, the new position of women in this, presumably a man's world. Of the thirty million women in our country eight million are employed. It is a condition as strange to those native born as to those from foreign shores, for the position of women in industry and in commerce has created a new conception of woman that must be dealt with in an intelligent way.

We see, too, the rise of a younger generation that is

hopeful and not hopeless, as it has so often been described. A generation that is not revolting but actually guiding the thought and temper of the times. We find a Lindbergh winning where older men had failed. We see a host of young writers in their early twenties winning distinction in a field that had long been reserved for their elders. On the stage, in industry, in motion pictures and the arts we see steadily pushing their way forward a considerable group of young people who will not be denied. They are not individual phenomena; they are the collective result of forces growing out of an environment that is new to all of us.

In our effort to correctly reflect the spirit of the changing tide we are constantly gathering together new material to meet new interests. We meet the woman in the home and we interest as well the woman at work. Often these women are one and their interests are ever widening.

In future issues you will read the intimate story of the host of young people who have risen to stardom on Broadway in the last five years. You will learn what Commander Richard E. Byrd has to say to American women before he sails on his expedition to the South Pole. We will bring to you the story of the change in the motion pictures, an infant industry that has grown up over night, new stars replacing those of a generation ago, new standards taking the place of age-old customs and traditions. With the increase of women's interest in athletics, you will find contemporaneously in our pages the accounts of various figures starring in feminine sports. These have been compiled in our endeavor to bring to you through the columns of McCall's Magazine an accurate mirror of the changing times.

THE EDITOR

Mrs. CHARLES R. CRANE II

has these LUXURIOUS Springs and Mattresses

*In Every Bedroom in
her Lake Geneva
Home*



MRS. CHARLES R. CRANE II

is a favorite member of Chicago's young married set. Interested in sports she is a member of the exclusive Chicago Women's Athletic Club and a devotee of golf. Much of the year Mrs. Crane spends at the Crane estate on Lake Geneva, a paradise for her three sturdy little sons.



A CHARMING BEDROOM IN MRS. CRANE'S COUNTRY HOUSE at Lake Geneva. Simple, excellently designed Simmons furniture finished in stippled parchment is used with gay patchwork quilts and hooked rugs to achieve a delightful Early American room. The Simmons "Spool" Beds are Model No. 1850 with the Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Springs which receive such enthusiastic comments from Mrs. Crane's guests. Every bedroom in the house has this luxurious and complete equipment for sound, restful sleep

THE charming home of Mrs. Charles R. Crane II offers an hospitable welcome to many friends.

Its pleasant guest rooms are all furnished with Simmons Beds, a different design and color for each room. And each bed is luxuriously equipped with Simmons Ace Spring and Simmons Beautyrest Mattress.

"A marvelous combination!" Mrs. Crane says of this splendid spring and mattress. "My guests always praise their superb comfort. They are a luxury."

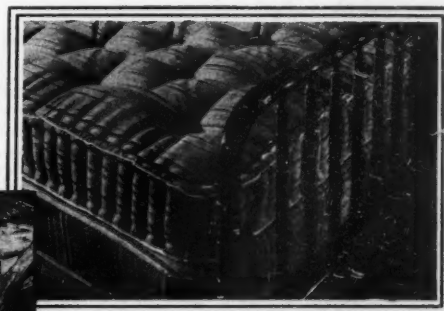
The famous Ace Spring and Beautyrest Mattress are the achievement of Simmons, world's greatest makers of Beds, Springs and Mattresses. They assure the utmost luxury obtainable in sleeping equipment. Years of research and experiment have brought them to mechanical perfection. They conduce to sound, refreshing, energizing sleep.

In the Beautyrest Mattress hundreds of tiny upstanding coils of finest steel are

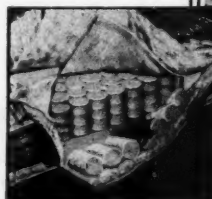
buried deep in layers of luxurious upholstery. What buoyancy, what glorious comfort! And the coils give such smart, well-boxed edges!

The buoyant Ace Spring with its trim tailored cover that makes it look like a box spring, fitly upholds this splendid Beautyrest Mattress. And both keep their buoyancy—their strong firm edges indefinitely.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Beds \$10 to \$60; No. 1850, \$37.50. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is an achievement in surpassing comfort. Luxurious upholstery conceals hundreds of inner coils which give the mattress its enduring buoyancy and smart uncrushable sides.



Simmons Ace Springs: The outstanding modern coil spring, light weight, yet the coils are placed so close together, so skillfully reinforced as to insure the maximum of comfort and wear. The well tailored slip cover makes it look like a box spring.

S I M M O N S

B E D S , S P R I N G S , M A T T R E S S E S {BUILT FOR SLEEP}



Neysa McMein

Royal Brown

Dorothy Speare

McCALL MIRRORS

THIS is a new page for our readers—Mirrors reflecting the high lights of McCall's—glimpses of the writers and artists who make the magazine, glints of brilliant new features to come. You remember the fascinating "penny arcades" of our childhood: drop a coin in the slot, turn the handle, apply an inquisitive eye, and—like magic—twinkling against the rows of mirrors we had a whole movie to ourselves. McCall's Mirrors reflect the personalities, achievements, activities of our contributors.

THOUSANDS of McCall readers have puzzled over the Chinese script that marks each month the signature on our magazine covers. Two tent-like N's and a blur of indistinct little letters. This is the artist's symbol for a name known round the world—Neysa McMein. It was Alexander Woolcott who once said that "Neysa"—once Marjorie Moran McMein of Quincy, Illinois—has made a small town of New York City. Certainly everybody who is anybody knows her. Her success as illustrator, portrait-painter, and originator of magazine covers, plus the magnetism of her personality, have made the very name of McMein glamorous in a city that is spanned by myriads of rainbow arches, each a symbol of success, and each, we might add, leading to its own pot of gold.

A MEASURE of the public's interest in *Mary, Wife of Lincoln* is indicated by the special feature stories on it published in the Sunday editions of the New York World and the Times. So many requests have come to the editor for more information about the author that we are happy to add to the notes already published: Kate Helm, whose home is in Lexington, Kentucky, is the daughter of Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm (Emilie, half-sister of Mary Todd). The biography is based on the diary of Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, a contemporaneous account written by her while living with the Lincolns in the White House subsequent to the death of her husband, Brigadier-General Helm, leader of the famous "Orphans' Brigade" of the Confederate Army.

IT was Lady Kathleen Simon, wife of Sir John Simon, distinguished leader of the Liberal party in England, who was responsible for making known to the outside world that domestic slavery still existed in the protectorate, and as a result legislative action was taken to abolish it. Following the emancipation of 250,000 Negro slaves in the protectorate and in Sierra Leone, Lady

Simon was acclaimed in the press as England's Lady "Abe Lincoln."

WE like to think of the two and a half million ripples of laughter that are going to follow *A Pig for an Hour*. It's author, Dorothy Speare, is a young American writer and prima donna, a graduate of Smith College and a "post" of Radcliffe. During her undergraduate days she wrote her first novel, *Dancers in the Dark*. Last year she shone as one of the season's brightest American stars in that world-famous old opera house, La Scala, in Milan, Italy.

GOOD news! In the future Temple Bailey's novels will appear exclusively in this magazine. You remember her *Wall Flowers*, *The Dim Lantern*, *Trumpeter Swan*, and others. In October begins her newest novel: *Burning Beauty*.

DOESN'T that popular magazine writer, Royal Brown, look exactly as you've always imagined a successful author should look? Mr. Brown was born in Boston, though he says it didn't "take." As an encouragement to aspiring literary folk Mr. Brown sends this word: "Once I sent a manuscript out fifty-nine times before locating its editor." That life is eternally dramatic is a bit of philosophy believed in by the author of *No Trouble At All*; also that "Pegasus is no livery plug, but a bucking bronco that must be broken and even then he has his recalcitrant moments."

WELL, what have women accomplished in politics? "skeptical male voters are very apt to ask. "Women haven't been in them as long as you men," comes the quick reply from the ladies, "but look . . ." and they point with pride. McCall's Magazine is proud to announce forthcoming articles by Mrs. Medill McCormick, nominee for Congressman at large from Illinois, and by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt of the New York State Democratic Committee. Women's achievements in our two great national parties will be set forth in these articles.

IMAGINE being called "Aunt" by a tribe of cannibals! Beatrice Grimshaw has that honor and writes that she feels flattered by the friendliness of the head-hunters known as "that delightful, naughty tribe—the Koiari." Miss Grimshaw's life has held more thrills per cubic inch than any other we know—unless it was Robinson

Crusoe's! She was born in County Antrim, Ireland, but for years has lived in Papua, New Guinea, where she has operated a plantation as a lone woman with cannibal labor most of whom at one time have tasted human flesh. For those who are hanging breathlessly on the thrills of *Paradise Poachers*, the editors announce that they have all the installments of this novel.

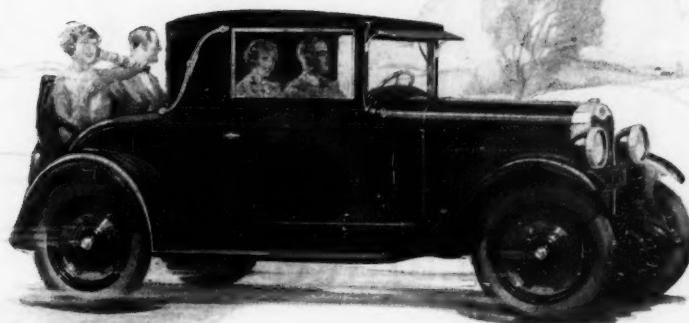
AS long as this world wags, human beings will have problems. What to do in the face of heartbreaking difficulties, how to do it . . . those who live on McCall Street know where to turn for loving counsel and advice. Margaret Severance knows people, understands life's complexities, and her sympathy with these very problems that we all have make her a true friend. If you have a problem that you think just can't be solved, write to Margaret Severance about it; you will feel a healing touch in her letters.

ETHEL DELL—who does not know her novels? The *Gate Marked Private* is one of her most charming and you have a treat in store in reading it. Ethel Dell is an Englishwoman, in private life Mrs. Gerald Savage. But to our knowledge no photograph of her has ever been published in America; the editor of these columns offers a prize to the first person who sends us a picture of this favorite McCall novelist.

PROFESSOR Harry A. Overstreet doesn't say whether he has been successful in "remodeling his wife" or she him; but he does write McCall's: "In preparation for my article I married and had three children. Both the marrying and the children were signal successes—hence my optimism. I also had some education, first at the University of California, second at Balliol College, Oxford, where I achieved a degree ending with Oxon. I am now working toward a higher degree, namely, P. M. T. U. W.—Plain Man Trying to Understand His World. Some of my tentative guesses I have printed in my two volumes, *Influencing Human Behavior* and *About Ourselves*."

WHO makes Broadway's stars? Well, Jessie Bonstelle, actress and director of the Bonstelle Playhouse in Detroit, has helped into the Great White Way a perfect galaxy of theatrical stars. The story of her career, as told to Helen Christine Bennett, is to appear in the next four issues of the magazine, beginning in the September number.

for Economical Transportation



Colorful and Youthful!

Colorful, smart and distinguished . . . and offering all the power, dash and smoothness of an improved valve-in-head motor—the Bigger and Better Chevrolet is a car to be proud of, wherever you go! There's a world of distinction in its low, racy lines and its rich lustrous colors of Duco.

And there's dependability and economy that has added to Chevrolet's fame everywhere. Visit your Chevrolet dealer today and go for a demonstration—for you never can know what a great car it is until you sit at the wheel . . . and drive!

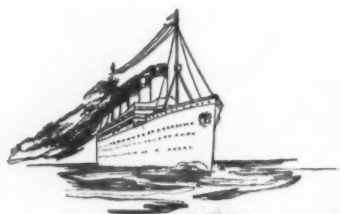
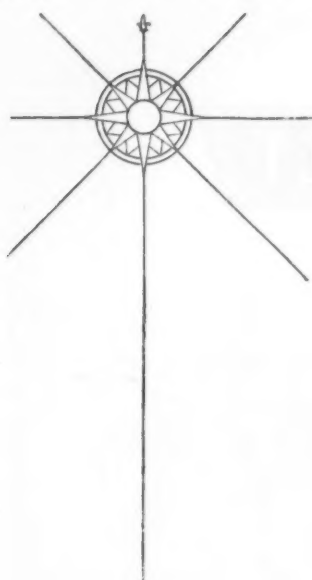
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Roadster, \$495; The Touring, \$495; The Coach, \$585; The Coupe, \$595; The 4-Door Sedan, \$675; The Convertible Sport Cabriolet, \$695; The Imperial Landau, \$715. Prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich.



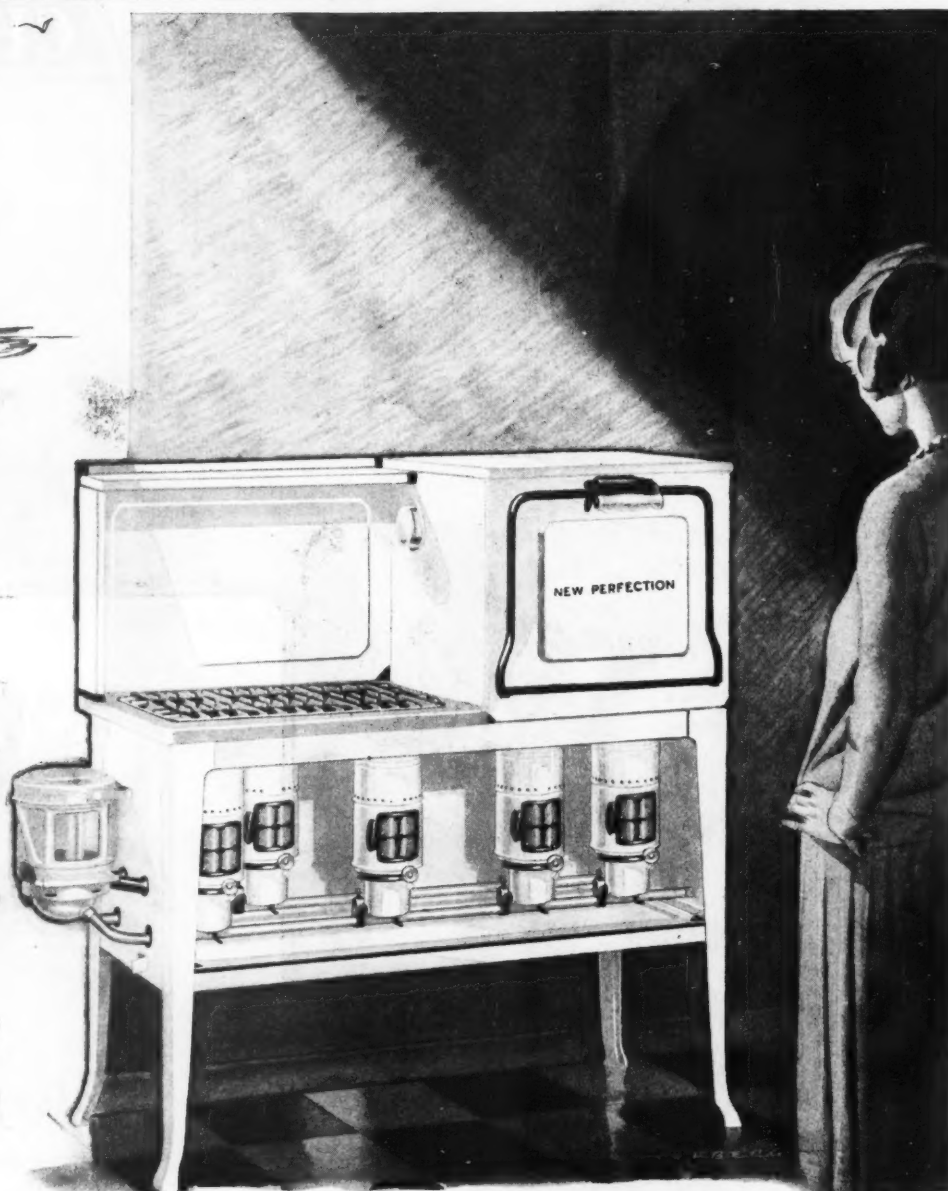
Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

.....BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE AS THE PALACES OF THE SEA!



Finer than
you ever dreamed of

*A full porcelain enamel
oil-burning range!*



HERE, in Perfection's new oil-burning range, is a remarkably beautiful, swift-cooking stove, with 27 modern features! Snow-white porcelain enamel finish that will give a lifetime of usefulness and beauty.

Strong, graceful design, built to fit into small space. Less than shoulder high; but not a single modern feature missing.

Giant Superflex burners. Equipped with automatic wick stops. One "Big Giant" for extra-quick cooking.

Long, double-wall chimneys that multiply cooking heat and keep kitchen vessels clean.

A new, convenient burner arrangement and all-grate cooking top with generous space not only for big-meal cooking, but also for simmering and warming, at the same time.

A really wonderful built-in oven with Perfection's exclusive "live-heat" construction. Enamel lined. Air-insulated. Equipped with a new temperature indicator that simplifies cooking amazingly.

This splendid range, with all its clean, intense heat and up-to-the-minute equipment, is ready for use at any time, anywhere. For it needs no installation; and it burns kerosene, the safe, economical fuel.

It is one of 24 beautiful new models, ranging in price from \$17.50 to \$154.00. See them at your dealer's. You will find new, light colors and new conveniences on even the lowest-priced stoves. And, for the first time on any stove, a new, durable lacquer finish, Perfectolac, like that on a modern automobile.

Q Most dealers will gladly tell you how you can buy any of these new stoves on easy payments. This enables you, if you wish, to take the stove home and use it as you pay for it.

PERFECTION STOVE CO., Cleveland, Ohio
*Sold in Canada by General Steel
Ware, Limited, Toronto, Ontario*

PERFECTION
Oil Burning Ranges

free

A "paper-doll" stove for your little girl. Exact copy of Perfection range. Also full information about the range itself and other new models. Send coupon to Perfection Stove Company, 7528 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Address _____

City _____

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You Shall Have Homes

By Carl Sandburg * * * Decoration by N. C. Wyeth

These are the fair fields I called for.
These are the miles of the long night beginning.
These are the open ways of summer corn.
These are the grass and the moon changing.
Let the riddles of the yellow harvest come.

You shall have homes
out and away in the blue mist,
off and gone in the gray haze;
you shall have homes.

Go, birds, eat the last of the corn.
Pick it up now in the harvest clean-ups.
Then go, birds.

The time of the gardens is come,
The time of the bold last blazes,
The time of the old slow burnings.
Name over their names, bees, goldenrods,
Blues so much deeper than the earlier blues,
Yellows running out chargers of yellow,
Purple putting out new strips of purple.
The crisp of a weaving, dropping time is here.

You shall have homes.
Out and away, off and gone,
In a blue mist, in a gray haze—
You shall all have homes.

Illustrated by
JOSEPH SIMONT



*Was Marilyn born that way,
or did she get that way?*

REMODELING HUSBANDS - AND WIVES

First lessons in understanding ourselves

By H. A. Overstreet

HOWEVER delightful our husbands or our wives may be, heaven knows they are not always perfect. Quite the contrary. We wish at times—even the most courtly of us—that we could take this partner of our soul and shake her well, or we weep tears over this unreasonable husband of ours who will simply not be the kind of creature we wish him to be.

Is there a technique for making one's partner over? And if so how does one do it?

Let me cite a typical case. When Nancy first met Lester, she fell in love with his jaw. It was one of those clean-cut, acute-angled kinds affected by collar models and supposed to indicate firmness and decision of character. Nancy wanted firmness. She got it. The only difficulty was that what she got was the firmness of a mule. Lester, she very soon discovered, wanted things his way—everything, from the exclusive rights to the newspaper at breakfast to the particular position of the padded arm chair in the parlor.

He was always, to be sure, maddeningly polite about it. "Of course, my dear, I want you to say just what you think, but—" When the "but" was fully expanded into a lengthy and emphatic speech, that ended it.

Now here, I take it, is a case where insight into character is needed. There is obviously something wrong about Lester's mental make-up. And yet it is quite impossible to propose to Lester that he be diagnosed by a specialist in mental or nervous disorders.

No, Nancy must herself be the doctor. If, now, she is ignorant of human behavior, she will try sulking. Result: the acute-angled chin will become acuter. There will be ominous silence at the table. Lester, being completely swathed in his own self-righteousness, will pity himself for being married to a person who does not understand him.

Or Nancy may answer him back. The clean-cut jaw will lift to a haughtier angle. Lester will wither her with his sarcasm.

Let me—since we must be fair about this—cite the

case of Marilyn. Marilyn has no sense of time. If guests are invited for seven, the dinner will stagger in wearily at eight. If Marilyn and Frank are to go to the theater, Marilyn will be rushing around furiously hunting for her powder bag when the curtain is rising for the first act. If Frank makes an appointment with her in the city, she will come tripping along, sweetly remorseful, anywhere from half an hour to an hour late.

What can Frank Potter do? He tried joking her about it first, in those early days when the husband is still a little bashful; then he tried being irritated and scoldy. But Marilyn goes on irresponsibly timeless.

Here then is another case for the psychologist. Was Marilyn born that way, or did she get that way? And if she is that way, can she be changed?

The little and the big ills of married life spring mainly out of the defects such as these—not out of the great vices, but out of the personality defects that are trifling but distressfully irritating.

And so we come to our question: Can a wife really make a husband over? Can a husband really make his wife over?

THERE are two things that the troubled husband, or wife, must know: first, the causes; second, the way to bring about a cure.

The causes, of course, can hardly ever be enumerated in a brief article. Lester may have had a too doting mother. Or he may, in his infancy, have secured what he wanted by screaming. Or at some time in his young life it may have been revealed to him that his brains were below par; and he may have been trying ever since to impress the world to the contrary. Hence the lofty look and the protruding jaw. Marilyn may have

had a mother who let her sleep late on the occasion of every little ache. Or she may have

had an over-punctual parent who battered her into resentful unpunctuality. Or she may have been an ardent admirer of another little girl who was slapdash and irregular.

The important point, however, is that the troubled husband or wife *should really search for the cause*. If Lester was a "spoiled baby," his wife has a fairly definite course mapped out for her. Scolding and sarcasm never cure a grown-up spoiled baby. He must be captured through his sense of his own importance—through directing that sense of importance into a channel in which he gets a real satisfaction out of cooperating with others, just as he now gets it by securing things for his own stubborn self. If Marilyn was an over-dominated child, made weak through too much parental supervision, she must somehow regain confidence in herself and the power to organize her own life.

It is perfectly astounding how many grown-ups are really not grown up at all. Most of the emotional unbalances in married life are the left-overs of poor childhood training.

"To understand is to forgive." In studying to know ourselves and others, we now go farther than that. "To understand," we say, "is to begin to cure."

The philosophers of old have had a way of saying that our profoundest life task is always to get behind the *appearance* to the *reality*. All the unlovely traits which our partners have are just their present, momentary appearance. Our first task, then, is to probe back to that deeply important causal past which is the *reality* back of and productive of the present *appearance*.

NOW there are few husbands or wives who are artists at the task of remodeling their partners. For the most part they employ time-honored methods which not only require no brains whatever, but which increase rather than diminish the evil. There is the "hammer technique," reserved usually for the [Turn to page 68]



Golden Treasures

and so good when ripe

BANANAS from the tropics! Sealed by nature in a clean, sanitary wrapper. Each one a deep yellow gold from tip to tip, with just a dash of dark brown here and there.

That's the sign of ripened goodness every child—and grown-up, too—should know. It proves that the bananas are now packed with easily assimilated sugars—and that they are full flavored—tempting—nourishing. They're so easy to ripen, too—right in your home at room temperature. And regardless of

season, bananas are always delicious and easily obtained.

These golden treasures are full of health and energy for all the family. They are specially tasty in the morning, served sliced with breakfast foods and cream. They also fill puzzling niches in the daily menu when served as entrée, vegetable or salad.

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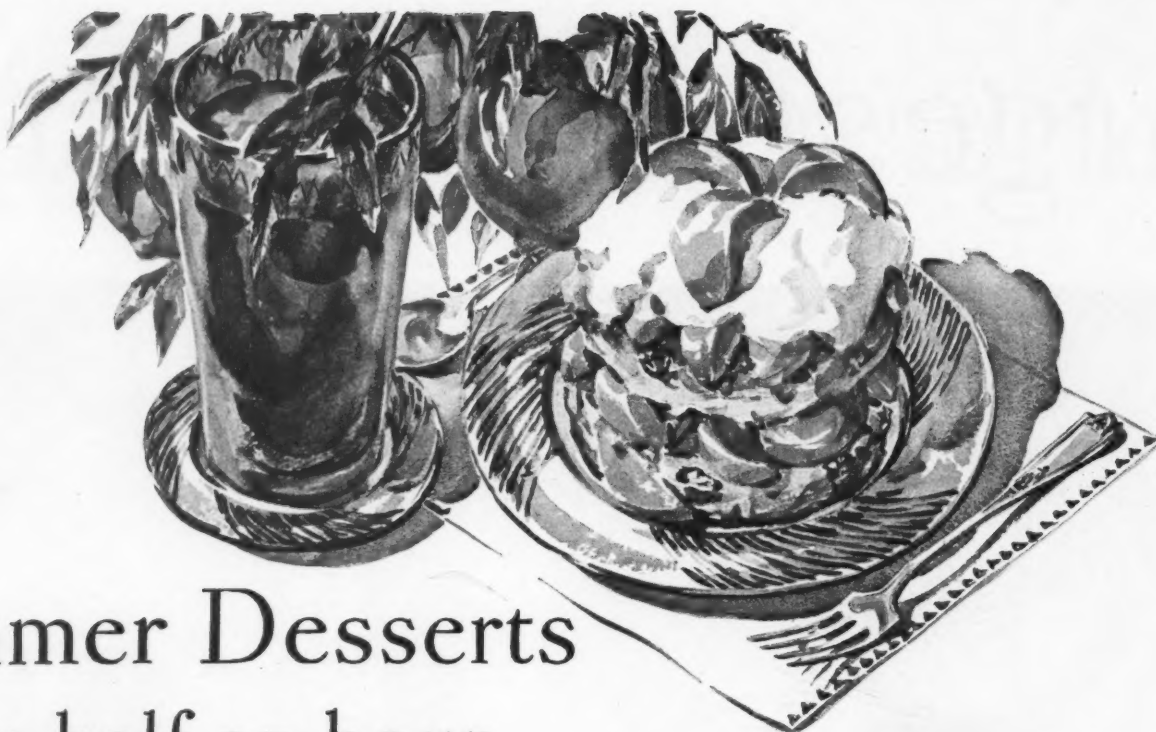
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Summer Desserts

~ in half an hour

But taste your shortening first

Don't you revel in the markets these days—trays piled high with blushing peaches, with blackberries, and huckleberries all blue-black and dewy? This month I am devoting my page to dainty desserts made with these seasonable fruits.

These recipes are just a few among hundreds sent to me from Crisco homes. I have cooked each of them several times—all are simple, inexpensive and wonderfully quick to prepare.

There's just one caution, with which I am sure you'll agree: In making these delicate desserts we must be particular about the shortening we use. Any suggestion of strong taste in the fat may spoil the true flavor of the dish itself.

I for one would not think of using, in any of my cooking, a fat I am unwilling to *taste*. And Crisco is one fat I've found that tastes and smells perfectly pure and sweet, just as it comes from the can.

Have you ever tasted Crisco in comparison with other shortenings? I suggest you do: Place a bit of Crisco on the tip of a spoon; on another, a little of any other shortening. Taste Crisco first, then the other.

Did you ever dream there *could* be such a difference in the taste of cooking fats? Imagine what an improvement Crisco's fresh sweetness will make in the taste of the foods you prepare with it.

Do you wonder that 2,500,000 women gladly pay a few pennies more for Crisco—when they know that it

gives them flakier pie crust, lighter cakes, snowy biscuits, feathery muffins, crispy brown fried foods—each with its natural flavor at its sweetest and best?

WINIFRED S. CARTER

California Quick Summer Pie

(with apples, peaches or berries)

5 medium-size apples 1 tablespoon Crisco ½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sugar (more, if apples are very sour) ¼ teaspoon salt

Peel and slice apples into well-Criscoed pie-plate. Mix sugar, salt and cinnamon together. Sprinkle over apples, then dot with Crisco. Roll pastry to size of pie-plate. Cover; press edges down firmly. Make 4 or 5 slits with knife to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (450°F) 10 minutes, until pie begins to brown. Reduce heat to moderate (350°F); bake until apples are soft—20 to 30 minutes more. To serve, slip knife under edge of crust, turn upside down on large plate; cover with sweetened whipped cream. Will serve 6 to 8. (Use peaches or berries instead of apples, if you wish. If berries, mix 2 tablespoons flour with each cup of sugar; if blueberries, add 1 teaspoon vinegar.)

For pastry, sift 1½ cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt together. Cut ½ cup Crisco in with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold (4 to 6 tablespoons).

By Mrs. J. O. D., Merced

Washington Fruit Boat

An unusually dainty peach or apple dessert.

1 cup pastry flour 1 teaspoon sugar 1 egg, beaten
¼ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons Crisco ½ cup milk
1 teaspoon baking powder 4 to 6 peaches or apples

Sift dry ingredients twice. Rub Crisco in with the fingers. Mix egg with milk. Add to first mixture. Spread over bottom of Criscoed shallow pan (2" or 3" deep and 10" or 11" long is a good size).

Cover with sliced peaches or apples. Over this pour the following custard: Beat 2 egg yolks light; add ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup milk. Bake in hot oven (450°F) about 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (325°F) and bake about 20 minutes longer, until custard is set. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8 people.

By Miss E. B., Pullman

Connecticut Pecan Peach Shortcake

Shortcakes made with Crisco are short, tender, light and crisp.

2 cups bread flour 5 tablespoons Crisco 1 egg beaten
4 teaspoons baking powder ½ cup broken pecans milk or water
½ teaspoon salt 12 to 15 peaches

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together four times. Work Crisco in with fork. Stir in nuts. Beat egg in cup, add enough milk or water to make ¾ cup. Add to dry ingredients. Roll; cut in individual shortcakes or spread in layer cake pans for family-size shortcake. Bake in hot oven (450°F)—12 to 15 minutes for individual shortcakes; 20 to 25 minutes for large cakes.

Peel and slice peaches, mix with powdered sugar. Split shortcake, butter the inside of the two layers. Cover lower half with peaches. Put on upper half. Add more peaches and top with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 8 to 10 people.

By Miss C. L. A., Salisbury

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

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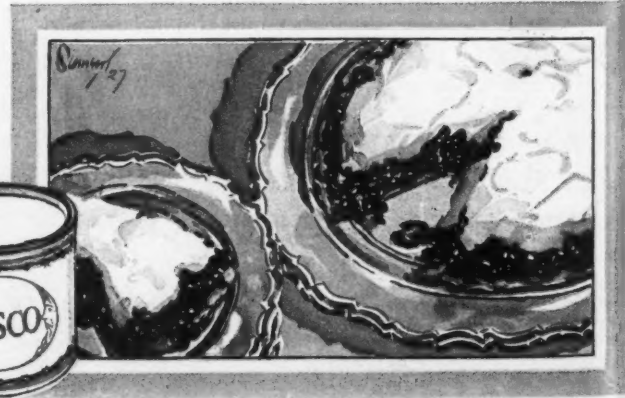
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AUGUST

McCALL'S

1928



"I suppose," she mused, "you men can't ever understand how badly women want things like that"

DOWRY

Sea-born dreams - Oh, wonderful inheritance!

Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and his estate.—Emerson

By Lucille Van Slyke

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

CHARACTER is dynamic stuff. But it grows from strange seed. Sometimes it seems to flower almost spontaneously; sometimes it lies dormant through ineffectual generations. It did in the Tomlinson family. Then came a seeming miracle, a genius—that great scientist, James Tomlinson.

No miracle, really, but a romance far more marvelous than the tale of some swashbuckling hero of mediaeval times. A romance that began years before he was born, on a day when a scrap of phrase found its way to his mother's heart. A trite phrase, quoted so often that it had lost its significance for most persons, but it echoed and re-echoed in her thoughts.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean, roll—"

A prosy country minister had dug it laboriously from a quotation book to dress up a sermon which had been bromidically announced as *Faith*. Faith, he said, could attain all things.

Alice Tomlinson, who, in later years, was to be James Tomlinson's mother, sat in the third row and struggled to keep awake. Through the windows she could see only the drab of November plains. She drew a long breath of discontent. Her whole life had been like those plains,

dingy and monotonous. Mysteriously the blue ocean became a symbol of all she had missed.

She could not adequately visualize the sea, the high sounding phrase of the minister did not describe it for her, it merely tantalized her. Neither did bits of pictures bring it before her. But the idea of the ocean began to be an obsession with her, an inveterate curiosity about it possessed her, began to color her thoughts.

Alice Tomlinson was not a young woman. She had been married for more than ten years, and was already the mother of four children. Her husband had come of a race of patient plodders, unimaginative folk. Pioneers to be sure, but never adventuresome ones. They were the dull sort that is constantly being shoved westward by poverty. From somewhere in Pennsylvania they had crawled to Ohio, the next generation managed to reach Indiana.

Alice met the man whom she married when he was a farmhand in western Illinois. James Tomlinson was very

like the rest of his tribe, big, purposeless, a drifting nonentity. Like many tiny women she mistook bulk for strength, a loud voice for a masterful one, silence for thought.

Three of her four children were girls, colorless little blonde replicas of their father. James was her last baby. A queer lump of humanity, dark, seemingly as docile as his sisters, but sometimes showing unexpected flashes of his mother's restless spirit. He was seven before his mother actually achieved her great adventure and reached her longed-for sea. Three times she had carefully hoarded her funds for the journey, only to have them swallowed by a dire domestic emergency. The fourth time she hoarded more shrewdly. But it was not until her husband began to talk vaguely of moving to Kansas that she dared to speak.

They quarreled bitterly. Steadfastly she refused to go until she had seen the ocean. She was thirty-seven, worn in health and spirit, but she clung tenaciously to her overwhelming desire. She literally forced her children upon her unwilling mother-in-law. The last day, the very day of departure, that imposed upon person, annoyed by some childish naughtiness on the boy's part, flatly refused to be responsible for him.

Jimmy was a little boy for seven. In sheer dejection his mother thrust his scanty wardrobe into her travel-

ing bag, jammed him into the seat beside her and with shaking fingers presented her solitary ticket to the conductor. Her deception about the child's age was probably the only lie she ever told in her life. Nothing but desperation could have driven so deeply religious a person to what she considered sin.

She arrived utterly spent, body and soul, at a tiny fishing village on the coast of Maine one torrid August afternoon. Small as he was, Jim could never forget that as they neared the end of their journey his mother opened the window of the dusty day-coach and leaned her head against the sash for hours before they could possibly have a glimpse of the sea.

She was traveling in an utterly inappropriate frock, her humble best, a dowdy, much remodeled foulard. She wore uncomfortable buttoned boots, ugly new kid gloves, an unbecoming hat, and always she clutched her precious purse, an elastic band snapped tightly about it.

But when the first faint salty smell of the moist marshes began to mingle with the acrid odor of train smoke, magically she became alert. Shining eyed, she leaned perilously from the window.

"Thou deep blue ocean—" she thought ecstatically. Her small son stirred restlessly. The little boy tried to look out of the window, and wept when she jerked him back. He was still whimpering when they got out at a wooden station a full mile from the shore to clamber into a lumbering stage. It was crowded and the boy had to sit on his mother's lap. When they reached the hilltop he felt her tears on his upturned face. It awed him into silence because it was the only time in his life that he had ever seen his mother weep.

"It's gray," she was murmuring, "only gray—"

Whatever the color of the sea might be, James was indifferent. He eyed the embryonic Summer resort dis-

trustfully, he was a bit afraid of everything and everybody. Instinctively he sensed a different people.

Their lodging house, "The Barnacle," was aptly named for it literally clung to the rocky edge of a narrow inlet. At high tide the waves almost splashed against the jigsaw railing of the porches. That first night the sound of the water terrified the child, but they were so travel weary that not even the unaccustomed boom of the surf could keep them awake. And when the boy awakened in the morning and saw the fascinating playground that low tide revealed, he shouted with glee.

Long stretches of shining wet rocks, glistening with wee pools, beyond this a shallow strip of water, then the warm yellow dunes and beyond a sparkling glory of sky and water, bluer far than his mother had ever dreamed.

Startled by his cry she roused herself. She drew a long breath of content, and laughed aloud.

"Oh, ye of little faith," she murmured humbly.

She was even more eager to get out of doors than her son.

THEY had two whole weeks of it—two wonder weeks in which the melancholy splendor of early Autumn flaunted its glories as a feast for her beauty-starved soul. Day after day the hot sun shone on the sparkling water, day after day the last tiny wild roses bloomed and the goldenrod and asters blazed. Beyond the juniper clad dunes the long lazy sweep of the tide rose and fell. Silently the fishing smacks drifted out through the morning mists and sailed back again on evening tides with the sea gulls swooping in their wake.

Long after her son was asleep Alice sat at the window drinking in the miracle of sea under the starlight; long before he was awake she gloried in sunrise over the marshes. A golden mist flooded them.

The salty air brought a shining light to her eyes, the moisture coaxed a hint of curls into her thin brown hair, color came and went in her cheeks, her lips grew scarlet. The foulard dress hung abandoned on a doorpeg,

the ugly hat on a hook beside it. She wore a gingham frock and borrowed a broad-brimmed sunhat from her landlady. She looked younger, almost pretty.

Best of all she liked the sand dunes. She loved to lie in the warm sand and let it trickle through her fingers. But often she sprang up suddenly to catch her son's hand and run along the hard, wet beach with him until they were both breathless. Once she squeezed his fingers until he cried out to her to stop hurting him.

"Look at it!" she commanded him. "Never forget it! It is yours to have always!"

He thought his mother meant the wee tin bucket in his hand. It seemed to him the most thrilling thing he had ever possessed. They had purchased it the first morning after their arrival at a little shop under the latticed porch of a larger hotel half a mile beyond their boarding house.

It was a fascinating shop, filled with alluring smells. The proprietor, a retired sea captain, carved crude weather vanes shaped like little sailors at a littered bench at the rear of the shop. A row of paint cans dripping gay colors cluttered

the back of the table, on a tiny stove a glue pot steamed in an old lobster kettle. Jim longed for one of those weather vanes as ardently as his mother had longed for the sea. He begged for one, he prayed for one, but it was quite hopeless. They cost two dollars.

Lured by his vast longing he quickly formed the habit of playing around the rear doorway. Once when he saw a row of star fishes in the sand, he edged closer and shyly added one to the collection.

"You can have that," he told the shopkeeper hope-

fully.

The captain chuckled. "That's not my stock, that's Sally's. Come out here, Sally—"

Jim could not see the girl but he could hear her gay little giggle. Presently he discovered that she was hiding under the workbench. Sally was half past five, every bit as big as the undersized boy and far sturdier. Two fat stubby braids tied with plaid ribbons poked from beneath her bonnet brim, she jerked the hem of her checked pinafore in her teeth, artlessly revealing the rick-rack ruffles of her petticoats. She was playing with a pink-lipped conch shell. With charming hospitality she held it to his ear.

The faint roar from the shell fascinated him. He clung to it refusing to give it back. His mother, searching for him, found the children squabbling over it, the old man laughing uproariously at their baby battle.

"Just like the rest of us fellers, don't know what he wants until some woman critter shows it to him—"

But in spite of the fact that their friendship started with a quarrel, the children became inseparable playmates. This droll little girl had an odd effect upon Jimmy that years of playing with his sisters had never suggested. She made him want to swagger.

Her lively little giggle at his childish exploits made him laugh joyously. It made his mother laugh too! This wee New Englander possessed something that Alice Tomlinson's children lacked; her play was never monotonous like

theirs, it abounded in climax. Sally liked action. If things weren't actually happening she must be pretending that something was happening. She would play until she was weary and then fling herself at the nearest grownup's feet and demand a story.

Alice Tomlinson could not tell stories. So Sally who quickly discovered this, usually lugged along some of her numerous story books to the beach.

"Read it!" she would coax, snuggling against small Jim's mother, "Read us the story!"

The dog-eared nursery book bored Alice but she could not resist Sally's pleading.

"Pretty please!" the little girl coaxed, her fat little [Turn to page 60]



"All you wanted was to sit on the sand and flirt with those silly girls! I hate you!"

A WOMAN'S FRONTIER OF FREEDOM

Four million slaves for sale!
A titled English woman tells
how these were freed

By Lady Kathleen Simon



Market day on the riverside, Freetown

DO you Americans, whose soil in the sixties was stained red to end slavery, know that there still exist in this day of democracy and freedom between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 human chattels who can be bought and sold like so many pounds of meat? That there are now more slaves in bondage than were set free by Lincoln's famous Emancipation Proclamation? Almost half of these are in China, but it is with their fellow serfs in Africa that we are concerned here, Africa that mother of mystery and terror and beauty.

Slavery, from the dim dawn of history, has been what Livingstone called "the festering sore of Africa." And it still is—not among European settlers, as you might imagine, but among certain native tribes themselves, whose dark practices of kidnapping, raiding, and trading are precisely the same as they were when the triremes of Carthage plied venturesomely back and forth upon the bright and dangerous waters of that strange coast. Back beyond the headlands lies the dreadful stillness of the jungle. There among somber trees decked with orchids and serpents and sluggish rivers hiding crocodiles under their water-lilies, secret things are happening, shuddering terrors, beyond the bounds of one's most fevered imaginings. And the victims are human beings.

Since I, like yourselves, perhaps, have been brought up to believe that slavery, whether expressed as slave-owning, slave-trading, slave-raiding, was dead and buried in the past; that the work of Abraham Lincoln, Wilberforce, Buxton, Clarkson, and others, had been finally finished, it came as a shock to me to discover the conditions which I have just mentioned. At once I joined that little band of statesmen and humanitarians who in Great Britain, have kept alive the flame of the anti-slavery cause. With them I have adopted the ideal of the League of Nations to bring about the abolition of "slavery in all its forms" and I, personally, should like to see added the words, *within this generation*.

The rudest part of the shock was

learning that the power of Great Britain extended over a slice of this slave territory. For some time my mind and energies had been focused upon the tragedies of the slave traffic in Abyssinia, the ancient kingdom of Etheopia, which, ironically enough, though it is the only independent native government that has survived through the ages in Africa, has one slave to every five persons. But for my own country to countenance anything of the



Fine sport for a hot afternoon

natural beauty, perhaps, than any of the other continents. There the frothing surf of the green-blue Atlantic breaks not upon a low white beach or upon reefs of coral but against the unyielding base of mountains which spring straight upward six thousand feet into the pitiless, throbbing rays of the tropic sunshine. Its deep rivers and safe harbors have long beckoned sailors to weigh anchor there; its soil, the richest in the world, has called them to stay. In other days

most of those who dared go did stay forever, having as their portion six feet of that same fatal earth that had seemed to offer them such plenty. For the hot breath of Sierra Leone carried, often in a few weeks or days or even hours, the cold touch of death. It was known, indeed, as "the white man's grave." Even the freed negro slaves transported there from Europe and America, beginning in 1787 with three ship-loads, died until only a handful were left. Freetown, the capital of the Colony, was named in honor of these refugees. Today, however, thanks to modern sanitation, there is not a more healthful place in all Africa. Travelers can even sleep safely there now without mosquito bars.

When Great Britain acquired Sierra Leone by treaty session in 1787, the slave trade, dating back to time immemorial, was still operating in all its barbarity. The chiefs regarded it as part of the burden life had put upon their people and, indeed, the civilized world up till the nineteenth century considered it necessary for "working" the tropics successfully. "Black Ivory" was very profitable. There are not many people who know much about this corner of West Africa, but history has known it as far back as the time of Hanno of Carthage. Its river, Sierra Leona, attracted mariners of all nations down the ages to anchor their ships there. It has been known by various names: Pliny the Elder called it *Flumen Bambotem*, the early Portuguese called it *Rio de Sierre-Liona*, and the ancient Temnes—natives of the country referred to it as *Robung Darkell* or "river of scales."

I knew, of course, that there could be no slavery in that part of Sierra Leone now, for the sovereignty is directly under the British Crown. Instead, I found, it flourished in the *Protectorate* of Sierra Leone, a huge territory sprawling back into the hinterland toward the headwaters of the Niger. This happens to be under the sway of the Governor of the Colony. He rules it only indirectly, however, the actual administration being largely in the hands of native chiefs whose power resembles that of mediæval over-lords. The slave-owning tribes in the protectorate numbered sixteen, by far the richest being the powerful and warlike Mendes who alone held more than 83,000 souls! The Mende war is still a painful memory in the British foreign office. That is why the business of emancipation of these slaves was such a delicate affair.

When the Protectorate was constituted in 1895, it was openly admitted that slavery was general. Under native law and custom a master had always been able to recapture a runaway slave by any means within his



Sunday in the village of Bunumbu, Rendiland



Women of the most powerful tribe—the Mendes

sort was another matter. As a British woman it was a terrible thought to me. While we had been concentrating upon the abolition of slavery among our neighbors, here was this system operating right at our very doors and seemingly under our protection. There were 215,000 slaves in Sierra Leone!

Turn to your map of Africa. Skirt along the west coast until you reach the great equatorial region where the Dark Continent spreads its widest. That little water-mellon-pink spot just south of French Guinea and north of Liberia is the British Colony of Sierra Leone, which is about the size of Connecticut. It has been justly called the most beautiful spot in all Africa, and contains more



Right, Lady Simon



Above, the home of Lady Simon and her husband Sir John Simon, M. P.

power. But written into the declaration that created the Protectorate, was an ordinance that would gradually have freed every slave within the region. From that time forward, all persons born in the province or brought into it were free and all bondsmen became free, automatically, upon the death of their masters. But the process was painfully slow. From January 1920 until September 1922 only two thousand slaves had been redeemed. At that rate eight hundred a year would be emancipated and there were many who would never live to see the light of liberty. The British Colonial office had been trying for six years to find a way to hasten the process, to abolish the system entirely. Various officials in high places had offered various solutions from time to time. Notable among these were Lord Milner, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Amery. Lord Milner is said to have summoned the Governor of Sierra Leone all the way to England to discuss the matter with him. And still the system continued. It continued as such things always continue until an impulse came from the inside.

It appears that when the Protectorate was constituted in 1895, it was admitted that the institution of slavery flourished throughout the territory, and that under native law and custom the right was clearly recognized to recapture a runaway slave, by any means within the power of the owner. From the date of the declaration of the Protectorate, ordinances were issued dealing with the question, and from the very beginning the institution of native slavery recognized, regulated and controlled. It was then only a matter of time before every slave in the Protectorate would become free, owing to the fact that under the ordinance all persons born or brought into the Protectorate were declared free, and all persons became free on the death of their owner. But the feature which ultimately led to the recent abolition of slavery in the Protectorate was that which characterizes every system of slavery in the world—an attempt by the slaves themselves to secure their freedom. It is this feature which is likely to lead to serious international embarrassment around the frontier of Abyssinia. Today slaves are escaping from that country in ever-increasing numbers in the hope of obtaining their freedom. It was this issue which came before the Supreme Court of Sierra Leone, and the presiding judge, who, after very long and careful consideration, came to the conclusion that the law of Sierra Leone did not take away from the slave-owner the right to recapture his runaway slaves and that he had committed no offense against the slaves in doing so. His conclusion made the position quite clear.

"I hold that the defendants in each of these two cases should have been acquitted, and that the judgments of conviction in the court below should be set

aside and the judgments of acquittal in lieu thereof be pronounced and entered in the court records. I should add, perhaps, that both the slaves in question were recaptured in the Protectorate. Had they succeeded in escaping to the Colony it is obvious that their masters could not have touched them so long as they resided there." Mr. Justice Sawrey Cookson supported Mr. Justice Aitken, but Mr. Justice Petrides differed from his two colleagues, and differed rather strongly. He admitted, however, "that the status of slavery has not been abolished in the Protectorate, and that the existence of slavery therein is recognized by necessary implication. Slavery in the Protectorate is a creature of native law and there can be no doubt that according to native law an owner can recapture a runaway slave. But in a lengthy judgment he stated why he disagreed with his two learned colleagues. As this minority statement is of such importance, I append its material passage:

"I have not the slightest doubt that the right of recapture has been recognized by native law and custom ever since the inception of slavery in those territories which are now in the Protectorate.

"It is necessary in this case, however, to consider whether the recapture of slaves in such circumstances is 'repugnant to natural justice, equity and good conscience.' . . . It has been argued that if the law recognizes slavery then the law should recognize the right of the slave-owner to recapture a runaway slave, provided undue force is not used.

"This line of argument leaves me unmoved. Two wrongs do not make a right. The Legislature may have neglected its duty. They may have for many years allowed a wrong to exist. If a wrong has been done by the Legislature it is not for a Court of Justice to do another wrong,

and say because the Legislature has allowed slavery to exist justice will also blind its eyes and approve of assault . . . One has to ask oneself whether one can reconcile one's conscience to the fact that a human being desirous of and seeking to obtain man's most priceless gift of freedom is to be brought back by force, however reasonable, to a serfdom from which he has escaped. One can well imagine the mental torture an escaped slave suffers when his former master approaches to take him back to the state of slavery from which he escaped, no doubt to disciplinary treatment, if nothing worse, for his attempted escape."

This was in July, 1927. The news of the judgment was my first knowledge of the existence of slavery in British domain. I saw Sir John Simon and other legal authorities and put the situation before them. It offered, they found, a close parallel to the famous Mansfield Judgment, in which the right to recapture a slave in London was challenged by Granville Sharp in the year 1772. Whereupon my husband fired the opening shot in our campaign with a letter published in the "Times" August 25, 1927. The British Government and what it represented were inconsistent with the holding of slavery, he said, and it would be lamentable to allow the African chieftains to believe that our power supported them in maintaining such a system. The next day the "Manchester Guardian" published the full text of the judgment. Then the whole press of England blazed away and the fight was won. Mr. Amery, the British Colonial Secretary, took prompt and vigorous action. He instructed the Governor of Sierra Leone to summon a special meeting of the Legislative Council early and last Autumn a law was passed abolishing in Sierra Leone the status of slavery forever. And that is how at the dawn of this year of our Lord, 215,000 slaves entered into freedom.

The uprising of public opinion in England was the real secret of our successful effort, just as it was the total lack of public opinion in Sierra Leone that had hampered the local government and delayed action on the post. In 1924 the Governor of the Colony, Sir Ransford Slater, deplored the indifference of both the natives and the whites in slavery. Even the churches and the missions, he said, ignored it. The only reference he ever found to it in the Freetown press was severe criticism of a district commissioner who had had the hardihood to advocate reform in this "really delicate matter." And Freetown is largely black, many of the inhabitants having enjoyed education for three generations!

Mr. Amery took prompt action by instructing the Governor to summon a special meeting of the Legislative Council, and a law was passed completely abolishing the status of slavery, and setting the whole of the 215,000 slaves free as from January 1st of this year, 1928.

The Sierra Leone Judgment declaring slavery to be in fact legal in the Protectorate of Sierra Leone was issued on July 1927 but for three weeks nobody in England knew anything about it. On July 27 it was brought to the knowledge of Mr. Amery, the British Colonial Secretary, and he took vigorous action.

What, then, is the position today in Sierra Leone? So far as we can gather, the Chiefs have loyally responded to the appeal of the British Government to acquiesce in the legislation which has been passed, but there are two or three main features which should be kept in mind. In the first place, there is abundant work for freed slaves in Sierra Leone, and, therefore, the only economic change which will take place should be one with considerable advantage to the natives. It has always been found that a free man will work better than a slave, and the forests of Sierra Leone abound in natural products, all of which can only be gathered by the natives themselves. And yet we hope for the best. No matter how stubborn its hinges, the last dark door is opening toward the light!



A Mende chief and his "official speaker"

Illustrated by
C. D. MITCHELL

"Well?" demanded Quest.
"Oh!" he gasped, "I didn't know anybody was here"



Carefree and twenty
a girl and a boy discover

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

By Royal Brown

EVER for those who come upon it casually as they motor along the Pilgrim Shore of Massachusetts, Endicott has a charm quite its own. Especially in mid-May, when emerald tints are creeping into grass-filled crevices in the deserted wharves beside which rest unseen ghosts of clipper ships forever done with the Seven Seas. So Quest Collier had always visioned it and so she, who had remembered it through the mistiness of the years, now saw it again, through a sudden unwonted mistiness of the eye. To her, on this mid-May afternoon, Endicott was not a passing picture. It was—home!

Nevertheless no one, to see her, would have suspected that. At twenty Quest masked her emotions as competently as twenty does nowadays.

"I wonder," she thought, letting her habitual matter-of-factness squelch sentiment, "if it's as dead as it looks—or only sleeping."

The old town indeed lay stretched slumberously, like a cat asleep in the sun. Even the smooth whirr of Quest's smart car seemed an impertinence. As she came to a stop before the stately three-storied Colonial mansion, white with red brick-ends, from which her seafaring grandfather had started out on his first voyage at seventeen, not a soul was in sight; she would have sworn that no one witnessed her home-coming. But that was because she knew not Endicott's way.

From behind discreetly drawn curtains one of the Todd girls—she who, aged eighty-two, was always re-

ferred to as the young Miss Todd—was making an observation. The results of this she reported to her sister, who aged eighty-seven, had within the last few months admitted that her sight wasn't quite as good as it had been when she was a girl.

"What," she demanded with asperity, "does she look like?"

"She," reported eighty-two, disapprovingly, "has on those short skirts."

"No man has ever seen my legs and no man ever will," vouchsafed eighty-seven, with a snort of defiance for the whole masculine tribe. "Is she light- or dark-complected?"

"She's dark and awful tanned—"

"Judy Tucker was blonde and so was her husband. She can't favor either of them. What's she doing now?"

"She's going into the house."

"Wait until she sees the inside of it," prophesied eighty-seven. "They had Mrs. Job Jacobs in to clean yesterday, but I'll guarantee that the dust is still an inch thick everywhere."

Nevertheless, when the lock in the beautifully paneled front door had yielded and Quest passed into the front hall it was not dust that she saw. The semi-murk clear-

ing as her eyes became accustomed to it, she saw the old mahogany—inanimate servitors of many generations—and then, with swift remembrance, she looked for the model of her great-grandfather's first ship, the *Quest*, for which she had been named.

It was still there, on the little shelf that had been fashioned for it, beside the silent grandfather's clock. It served to link the past with the present, not as a matter of generations, but in her own short life. And as she stood there, regarding it, there descended upon her the peace that seems to permeate Endicott now that a roaring nor'easter no longer stirs to sleepless nights those left behind when ships set out to sea. Nevertheless, true to her day and generation, she shook herself free from sentiment. "Gosh!" she murmured, "but it's stuffy here."

She had come to Endicott to prepare the house for a wedding in June. She had told her mother, who was in New York, that she would pick up servants in Boston. In Europe this would have been possible. Here—

"Leave it to me, Miss," the manager of the domestic agency had promised her. "I'll have exactly what you want started down to you by tomorrow sure."

This had satisfied Quest, who had yet to learn the way of domestic agencies in this, her native land. She had pressed on alone, adventurous as twenty should be. The lengthening of the shadows, which put a purple haze across the brown and yellow marshes, the murkiness of the house as evening set in, [Turn to page 79]

GATE MARKED PRIVATE

A New Novel by Ethel M. Dell

More real than the realities of life's glaring highways are the shadowy places marked "private" where the best in life is lived

THERE came the sudden, staccato whirl of wings from the edge of the Long Copse on the northern boundary of Staple Farm, followed immediately by the sharp report of a gun, and a bird came hurtling down through the deepening dusk of the November day and fell with a thud on the ploughed land that stretched away from the copse to the skyline in a low even rise. The man with the gun spoke sharply to his dog who plunged forward in a hustle of swift obedience and brought the dead bird to his master's feet. There was a slight movement in the copse as he stooped to pick it up, and another man came out into the open and moved over the heavy ground toward him, a couple of rabbits slung on his ponderous shoulder.

"I'll take the rabbits," said Hickory. "You take the pheasant round to Little Staple, Peter, and leave it with my compliments!"

"Right O!" said Peter. But as he turned to go, he was detained by Silas Hickory's voice. "And by the way, Peter, if you should see Miss Bobby, tell her I'll be pleased to give her a lift into Bode market tomorrow if she cares for one!"

Peter stood considering. "It seems to me," he said slowly, "that you've got such a lot to say to her it wouldn't be unreasonable to go and say it yourself."

Silas Hickory threw up his head with an arrogant gesture, like a well-bred animal resenting the spur.

"You get on with the job!" he said curtly, and turned on his heel in the other direction.

He walked quietly along the ridge with his dog behind him, deep in thought.

He was thinking of Mary, his stepsister and housekeeper, who had managed for Silas and Peter for the past twelve years, and seemed likely to do so for the rest of her life. It was an oddly assorted household, and, curiously, though they all passed as brothers and sister, there was no actual blood-relationship between them. Mary Flight was the stepdaughter of Peter Garnet's mother who in her turn had become the stepmother of Silas Hickory. Silas and Peter were foster-brothers as well as stepbrothers, the marriage between their respective parents having been accomplished as a pure matter of convenience some eighteen months after Silas' mother had died in giving him birth. Not much was known of Silas' mother beyond the fact that she was of high birth and had married his father after a holiday spent in the West of England, in face of the most strenuous opposition from her family. Of his father everyone knew everything. A great John Bull of a man had been Silas Hickory the elder, black-bearded, loud-voiced and assertive as a prize fighter, jealous of his yeoman stock and yielding pride of place to none. His wife, very gentle and retiring, had made no very lasting impression upon anyone, and her memory had quickly died. Mrs. Garnet, Peter's mother, the wife of one of Silas Hickory's laborers, had been requisitioned for the nurture and care of his motherless babe, and had filled the gap with a cheery efficiency which on the death of her own husband a little later had induced Farmer Silas, as they called him over at Bode, to install her in his first wife's place as mistress of Staple Farm. The two boys, Silas and Peter, and Mary had grown up together, and save for the fact that Silas had been a sound Grammar School education whereas the other two children had received the usual tuition at the Local Board School, there had been very little difference in their general upbringing and training.



Yet there was between them a difference. Silas Hickory was never classed in the same category as Mary and Peter. They were plain country faith. Peter belonged to the soil, slow and very sure, like one of his own plodding cart-horses, laconic of speech yet not without a certain humor upon occasion, possessing for Silas a dumb devotion, even as lads. And Mary too, who had mothered them both from infancy, manifested it in a modified degree. An invisible line was drawn between them which placed Silas apart. He was the master, and by an unspoken law as rigid as Court etiquette he was invariably treated as such.

Staple Farm stood in a hollow up a narrow lane that led off the old turnpike rode to Bode. Between the farm and the main road a grass-grown lane, led up a steep slope. A rough stile gave access to it from the sodden field Silas had just traversed, and this he crossed almost without checking his stride, then stood abruptly still, staring up through the darkness as though he listened for something. There was no sound however, beyond the drip of the branches overhead.

He stood motionless for several seconds, then he heaved a sigh of which he was plainly unconscious and wheeled in the other direction toward his house.

Mary Flight looked up at his entrance with a smile of welcome on her broad comely face.

"Where's Peter?" she asked, pausing, teapot in hand.

Silas replied with his eyes on the fire. "I sent him round to Little Staple with a cock pheasant. He'll be in directly."

Mary quietly set down the teapot. When she spoke,

her voice sounded a little strained. "I saw Miss Rosemary this afternoon. She was on her way back from the village and dropped in for a chat."

"Alone, was she?" said Silas, without turning his head. "Yes, she was alone," said Mary. "Miss Roberts was much too busy to leave home, and Miss Matilda is in bed."

"What's the matter with Miss Matilda?" said Silas. Mary slightly shrugged her plump shoulders. "She always is a poor thing," she remarked not very sympathetically. "As often in bed as out of it, it seems to me."

Silas grunted acquiescence. "And what had Miss Rosemary got to say for herself?" he asked, after a moment.

"Oh, she was just as cheery as ever," Mary chuckled a little. "Ready to laugh at everything and nothing, the little rogue! She's getting very pretty, Silas, and actually eighteen next birthday."

"Yes, she's growing up," said Silas.

"She doesn't look a day more than fourteen," said Mary. "Yet she was that when they came here, three years ago. It seems like yesterday, except that the old gentleman was with them, and Miss Roberts wasn't quite so thin as she is now. He was a fine old gentleman, was old Colonel Wendholme."

"Yes," said Silas. "He kept Rosemary in order, which is more than anyone else has since he went on. There'll be trouble with her one of these days if they don't look out."

"Oh, but she's so warm-hearted," pleaded Mary, "and simply devoted to her Aunt Bobby, as she calls her. Besides, Silas, she's too young to know good from evil yet."

"Time she learnt!" said Silas. "Rosemary is like a colt that has never felt the lash. Miss Bobby is much too gentle with her. I should like the breaking in of that young woman. I've a very strong suspicion that she's been riding Leader again lately. He's limping worse than he was."

"Good gracious, Silas! She wouldn't do a thing like that!" Mary gazed at him, round-eyed. "And if you really know that she's been on Leader—though I can't believe she'd do such a thing—why don't you step round and have a talk to her about it?"

"She's a mischievous little devil and she'd lie to me," said Silas grimly.

"Oh, Silas!" Mary's voice held real pain.

"I tell you she'd lie," he repeated, stooping forward to throw a stick into the fire. "And I'm not going to risk hurting Miss Bobby over it. The only person that's going to be hurt is Rosemary—and Miss Bobby won't know anything at all about it."

Mary shifted her ground, according to her invariable custom. "Do remember that she's not a baby nor yet a boy, Silas! She's a lady born."

Silas shook his head and said decisively, "I'm not likely to forget that, anyhow."

The entrance of Peter at this juncture put a timely end to a discussion which Mary had begun to



"Oh, confound it!" he said. "You're not hurt"

Illustrated by
JOSEPH SIMONT

find distressing. She turned to him with relief on her homely face. "Ah, now we can have tea! Are you very wet, Peter? Come along to the fire—I've ham and eggs, and there are sausage rolls too. Come along, Nero! Here's a bone for you! Eat it in the corner, there's a good dog!"

Mary served Silas first, that being one of the rules of the etiquette she had instituted, and he began to eat in silence, while she and Peter exchanged commonplace remarks that left the head of the house entirely to his own meditations. He was halfway through his meal before he uttered another word. Then abruptly he addressed Peter. "Did you see Miss Bobby when you left the pheasant?"

"Yes," said Peter, munching. "I did. She was up with Miss Matilda, but I waited while Miss Rosemary fetched her. She said I was to thank you very much for the bird, but she won't want a lift tomorrow as she's arranged to send her pigs over in Everett's cart, and he's going to sell them for her."

Silas relapsed into heavy silence and drank his tea with the air of one who swallows with difficulty. He was the first to finish, and pushed back his chair. "Do you mind if I go?" he said perfunctorily to Mary. "I'm going up to Little Staple. It's absurd when I'm going in to Bode half empty that she should pay Everett to cart her stock."

He spoke with something more than his usual decision of movement and walked out of the room.

Silas went along in the rain. The drops pattered drearily on his oilskin mackintosh as he trudged along. The mud was thick and clinging, but he tramped through it without pause. There was more than fatefulness about him now; there was fighting determination, as he went the half-mile from the Staple Farm lane till it widened out to a duck-pond on one side and an open space in front of a small garden on the other. Silas turned into this garden, up a row of uneven flagstones to a cottage, white and thatched, smelling of wood-smoke. From two lattice windows a light shone through red blinds. He knocked with his knuckles somewhat imperiously upon the stout wooden door.

The door suddenly swung open and nearly precipitated him headlong upon the threshold.

A gay voice greeted him. "Hullo, landlord! Where have you been entertaining yourself this evening?"

He found himself face to face with a laughing imp of a girl, blue-eyed, golden-haired, bewitchingly pretty, dressed in a white shirt and brown breeches with boots to the knee. She looked like a saucy lad of fourteen.

Silas, ten inches above her head, looked down on her with complete disapproval. "I want to speak to your aunt," he said.

She stooped with careless grace to caress Nero. "Aunt Bobby is busy," she announced, standing up again. "But I'll give her a message if you like."

"Thanks," said Silas grimly. "I'll wait."

"I expect she'll be busy all night now," said the girl, making an impertinent grimace at him. "Will you take a seat on the mat?"

"I'll stand, thanks," said Silas.

Again laughter burst from her; it seemed impossible to keep it in. "Bronze statue of a ferocious cave man masquerading in the fustian of a British farmer!" she observed to the oak rafters.

Silas spoke, with difficulty restraining himself. "I won't detain you, Miss Rosemary. Will you kindly mention to your aunt that I am here?"

She held up her hands in mock astonishment, and was ready with another mocking retort, when a slight hurrying figure came running over the rough matting to join them.

"Mr. Hickory, I am so sorry you should have been kept waiting," the newcomer said.

In appearance she might have been the elder sister



"Let go! Let go!" she cried furiously. "I've done no harm to you"

of the taunting imp in riding breeches, so light a mark had the twenty years that divided them made upon her. A little taller than Rosemary and exquisitely formed was Miss Roberta Wendholme. She had a soft gay laugh, but there was a decision about her straight blue eyes and delicate chin that gave undeniable force to her personality.

She gave Silas a smile of welcome. "And you have come up in all this horrible rain! Do come in to the fire! Rosemary, you should have asked him in."

"He came in without," laughed Rosemary. "And you'd better be very careful, Aunt Bobby, for he's feeling rather prehistoric."

"Foolish child!" said Aunt Bobby, turning to a half-open door on her left whence came the cosy glow of lamplight and firelight combined. "Come in here, Mr. Hickory! How very kind of you to have sent us up another bird! It is such a treat, especially for my sister in her poor state of health."

Into her little parlor a peat fire burned beneath a wide-mouthed chimney. There were many books on the shelves and a few good oil colors. There were rose-colored curtains at the windows and rose cushions on the chairs. A leopard skin rug covered the shabbiness of the settee by the fire. The whole effect was one of comfort oddly mingled with penury.

"Sit down," said Aunt Bobby, pointing to the settee.

Silas hesitated for a moment, then complied. She herself sat down in an old and rickety armchair, and Rosemary came and perched on the arm, her vivid face alight with mocking merriment and derision.

"I went round to see Mary today," she observed. "She told me quite a lot about you, and all about your funny little ways when you were a child. She seems absolutely devoted to you. I can't think why you don't marry her. She'd make a jolly suitable wife."

She shot the words at him with supreme impertinence. Silas stiffened at the sudden attack. She had pierced his armor at last, and he opened his mouth to reply. But before he could do so, Aunt Bobby swooped like an angry bird upon the offender.

"Rosemary," she said, "you annoy me very much. Please go to your room at once and remain there!"

It was a very definite command. Rosemary whizzed round on her heels to face her, and brought her hand to her forehead in a smart salute, her eyes sparkling with wicked gaiety as she tramped to the door.

MARKED silence followed her departure, and when it had lasted several seconds Bobby got up and began with rather fluttering movements to put the fire together. Silas gazed at her and murmured gruffly: "That's all right—I don't mind her."

"It's very nice of you to say that," she said, "but it isn't all right. The child gets more unruly and out of hand every day. It's no good my apologizing on her behalf, for she always does it again."

A faint smile showed through the grimness of Silas' face. "You haven't whipped her enough," he said.

"Oh, but I have!" protested Bobby, her mouth quivering a little. "I used to have a theory that if you kept a child in hand from the very earliest it would never get beyond you. And I have been very strict with her always. But I seem to have failed somehow. I suppose it is the fashion for girls of the present day to behave like spoilt children."

"They are spoilt children, most of 'em," said Silas. "And they ought to be treated as such." He spoke dogmatically. "You mustn't let her defy you, you know."

"I really don't know what to do," sighed the older generation. "Punishments never have any effect. I am afraid only responsibility will ever bring her wisdom. I suppose we were the same when we were young."

"Except that we grew up sooner," said Silas. "But you needn't talk about when you were young. You don't look more than five years older than she is."

She laughed and changed the subject quickly. "Well, what about the pigs?" she said, and then turned quite crimson and laughed. "Do forgive me! You'll think I have pigs on the brain."

He smiled openly, and in a moment his somber countenance was completely transformed. Mary always said that anyone could see he was a born gentleman when he smiled.

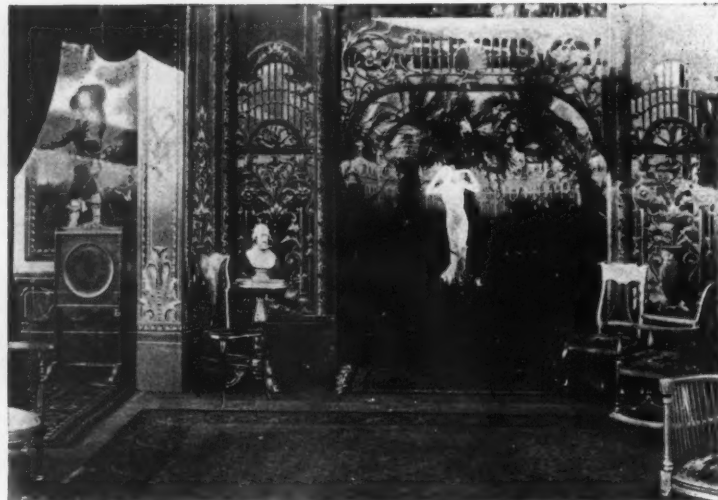
"No, I don't think you have pigs on the brain, Miss Roberta," he said, "but at the present moment, I have. I got your message from Peter, and I've come up to tell you that there's no need whatever for you to employ a man to sell them for you. I'll sell 'em myself with pleasure."

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THE MOVIES ARE GROWING UP



A scene taken fifteen years ago—Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man"



An example of the "still set" used in the films of ten years ago

CONFIDENT that the nickelodeon is here to stay, a group of Eastern men have opened a kaleidoscopic plant in Los Angeles. They have taken over the building formerly occupied by Sing Lee's Chinese laundry."

This notice—the first motion picture news ever printed by a Western paper has a quaint, old-fashioned flavor, yet the date on the Los Angeles newspaper in which it appeared is 1909. The citizens who read it were quiet, simple people, retired manufacturers, Middle Western farmers; the town which they saw when they raised their eyes from the morning *Times* was a rambling overgrown village with wooden business blocks, several hotels for drummers, a brick vaudeville theater and an Opera House.

Certainly they had no idea when they stopped a few days later to watch the strange antics of a little group of "play actors" with the shadows of Sing Lee's shirts and socks flapping across their wooden stage, that they were seeing the first step in a tremendous industry that would change their town beyond recognition in eighteen years and plant a twenty-five story skyscraper on the burdock strewn lot where they stood!

This little group of actors was a company sent by Colonel Selig of Chicago to take scenic pictures through the West. The movie they were making was a one-reel thriller called *In the Power of the Sultan*—and it was the first motion picture to be made in California. Lacking a leading man, Frank Boggs, the director, dropped in at the Mason Opera House to inquire if there were any actors in town who might possibly fill the rôle.

The watchman tilted against the wall yawned and jerked a thumb. "An actor-feller named Bosworth is stopping at the Hoffman Hotel," he offered. "Got a weak chest or somethin', but mebbe he'd do."

If Hobart Bosworth had not been ill the whole future of motion pictures might have been changed! But here he was, a Broadway favorite, exiled on account of his health. It was considered a disgrace among stage players in those days to go into the "flickers," but Bosworth was bored—and they promised not to use his name on the film. He made *In the Power of the Sultan*. He made *The Roman*, and then just as he began to get interested Selig sent for his company to come back to the Chicago studio.

Bosworth sat down and wrote to Selig, putting forth the advantages of the marvellous scenery and continuous sunshine in a fervid style a real estate operator would have envied. He told Colonel Selig that it was the ideal location for a motion picture company—he told him everything except that he himself had a weak chest. That letter convinced Selig, and not long afterward he rented the town hall at Edendale, suburb of Los Angeles



Cecil B. De Mille directs Anna Q. Nilsson. At the right camera is Alvin Wyckoff

Look to Hollywood and see how times have changed! In fifteen short years a country town has become a great city, a barn is now a vast studio, a new generation of screen idols have replaced the stars of yesterday, and what began as a cheap amusement device is now the country's fourth largest industry. This story is told by the films' pioneer.

By **Jesse L. Lasky**
Director, Famous Players-Lasky, Inc.

because it had a great square piano which would do for the interiors of homes of wealth.

IT was three years later that I came to California, but in these years the picture business had made no great strides here. Several other small companies had established themselves in private houses, using the back yards for their open air stages. Blondeau's Tavern, an old wooden building on the country road which is now Sunset Boulevard was closed when the town went dry and Carl Laemmle bought it for a studio. But the name of "Hollywood" was still unknown.

In partnership with C. B. De Mille I was producing vaudeville acts. One day, dropping in at a variety house to watch one of our teams I saw my first motion picture. I was deeply impressed with the possibilities of

this new entertainment, and when I got back to the office I said to my partner, "Cecil, let's go into the moving picture business."

And De Mille, always laconic, answered "Let's."

We pored over the map of the United States and the name "Flagstaff" in Arizona intrigued us. It had a romantic sound. I sent Cecil, with the entire funds of the firm, to Flagstaff to start making motion pictures.

De Mille descended from the train at Flagstaff, looked around and saw nothing but three scraggy trees and a flat plain. He turned and climbed back onto the train and three days later sent me a telegram, "Have rented a barn in a place called Hollywood in California, for two hundred a month."

Hollywood, when I first saw it, was a farming community of barley and oat fields and orange groves scratched here and there by dusty adobe roads. Wooden houses dotted the landscape, with almost as many churches as there were houses. A trolley line led through the town to the beaches, and the wires and poles often appeared in Wild West pictures showing Indians on the warpath!

Jacob Stern, the farmer who rented us his barn, had stipulated that he should be allowed to keep his carriages in one end. When he washed these vehicles a gentle slope in the floor sent the water under the door of my office and De Mille and myself were obliged to sit with our feet on our desks out of reach of the soapy torrents!

For our first picture, *The Squaw Man* we had set our hearts on having Dustin

Farnum, then a popular Broadway star, but our treasury was so low we offered him a third interest in the firm, in place of salary. Farnum, not unnaturally saw little future in a barn with six stalls and haymow and declined the offer. The shares of stock which we presented to him at the conclusion of the picture he tossed into the waste paper basket, where they were found and rescued by Fred Clay, now a wealthy motion picture executive. We reckoned up not long ago that Farnum had thrown several million dollars into that waste basket!

In those days we—as well as all the other picture producers—were always in money difficulties. Sheriffs lounged about our doors, chewing tobacco while they waited to close us up. Many a time Tom Fortune, our business manager, frantically canvassed his friends for a few dollars to stave off disaster another day. The greatest expense was the renting of furniture for stage settings. Whenever we could we borrowed from the neighbors. There was a middle aged lawyer across the street, who disapproved of the movies and refused profanely to allow any of his possessions to be used for a picture which he was convinced was the work of the devil. His

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wife, however, adored the movies and as soon as he had driven off to work in the morning would lend us anything she had, from her cook stove to her parlor curtains, provided we would bring them back before "Father" returned in the afternoon from his office.

Another neighbor, the wife of a prosperous doctor, had a gorgeous plush and gilt parlor set, much coveted by the studios as a setting for ballroom scenes. One day we borrowed the set, but when night came the scene was still unfinished. The director went over to the house to tell her that her furniture could not be returned until the next day.

"But I'm giving a party tonight!" she cried in dismay. "Bring your guests over onto the stage and have the party there," suggested the director. And she did. This prosperous doctor's wife, by the way, works as extra in the pictures now.

Other firms were moving out to Los Angeles. Inceville rose on the shore near Santa Monica. Here *Civilization* was made—one of the first screen "epics." Several hundred Indians and cowboys lived here at one time. Now a single weather beaten set, a deserted chapel, stands forlornly on the rocky point high above the ocean.

THE New York Motion Picture Company, the Bison and the 101 Ranch were deadly rivals of Inceville in the making of Westerns. It was a time of intense jealousy between the young companies which recalled pioneer days. Cameras, being rare, were constantly stolen, until an ironclad rule was made forbidding anyone to approach one nearer than ten feet. To protect finished film from being sneaked out of a studio and sold for use in some other picture, the maker's trade mark was always displayed prominently in the scene. If it was an interior set the trade mark was pinned to the wall of the room, if an exterior it was tacked to a tree trunk.

Any player or office worker who showed signs of being a success would immediately receive offers from rival companies. The scenario department on D. W. Griffith's lot had a stock name which they signed to their best scenarios, "Granville Baker." "Granville" was a purely imaginary character, but every scenario conference opened with the reading of letters from other studios begging "Mr. Baker" to leave Griffith where his talents were wasted, and come to them.

The rivalry was especially keen between the cowboys and Indians of the various Western companies, and led to bloody battles over locations, and fist fights in the



The old barn in Hollywood where Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille made their first picture

streets of Hollywood. At night cowboy guards with drawn revolvers watched their respective studio lots.

The technical processes of picture making were such a mystery that when an imposing looking individual came one day to the Universal Company and assured them that he had a secret formula for developing film, he was immediately hired at a staggering salary. Every day when the ordinary development bath had been prepared to receive the film he would solemnly drive everyone out of the laboratory and close and lock the door, while they waited, awed until he had used the secret formula and swaggered out. After a year of this, an executive was sent from the Eastern office to discover, if possible, some way to cut down expenses.

"Fire that technician," was his first command. "But you can't do that!" they protested, aghast.

"Why, he's the only one who's got the secret formula. He's invaluable."

"Secret bosh!" responded the Easterner, "I looked through the keyhole while he was in there and all he did was read his newspaper. Fire him and see if the pictures aren't developed just as efficiently!"

They were!

The earlier generation of picture players was a mixture of bored and contemptuous stage stars who drifted out from Broadway in the dull seasons, Edmund Breese, Dustin Farnum, Fanny Ward; screen favorites already established in Eastern studios such as Marguerite Clark, the Pickford girls, the Gishs and Talmadges, and last, the local boys and girls who happened to live near the studios. Griffith discovered Bessie Love and Mae Marsh among the high school groups who drifted by his studio. The mothers of Betty Compson and Blanche Sweet were seamstresses who worked on the player's costumes. Bebe Daniels' mother was a casting director.

THE names of the earlier screen stars are almost forgotten now—Kathryn Williams, Betty Harte, Bessie Barriscale, Myrtle Gonzales—But they were as popular as the Negriss, Swansons and Bankys of today. It was their misfortune that in their heyday the movies had not reached the era of high salaries. Seventy-five dollars a week was big pay, leading men and women got fifty and many fine actors were glad to work for half that sum.

The players lived in Los Angeles and commuted to Hollywood and Santa Monica on the staggering trolley. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, her husband, paid thirty-five a month for their apartment; Blanche Sweet and her mother lived in a bungalow, others boarded in inexpensive hotels, or lived in lodgings. Harold Lloyd and his father rented a small room and cooked their meals over a gas jet. Mildred Harris, who afterward married Charles Chaplin was the first of the "movie babies" and lived in a cottage at the beach.

But even if there were no costly country clubs, no estates with marble swimming pools, no limousines and yachts the movie colony, even in those days managed to enjoy life, though their amusements were necessarily simple and inexpensive. They gathered at eating places such as the Hoffman Café of the corner of Spring and First Streets in the evenings for dinner and talk. This particular café was run by Louis Arzner, whose daughter Dorothy, now a Paramount director, has ridden to Bambury Cross on every famous knee in filmdom.

Here was the celebrated Round [Turn to page 76]



Left, park of the Paramount Famous-Lasky studio; above, Broadway, Los Angeles 1907; right, Miss Rachel Smith, instructress of juvenile movie players



On her return to Washington, having nursed Tad through a spell of illness, Mrs Lincoln found her husband weighted down with cares of state, looking thin, haggard and anxious

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The American Romance

A wave of sadness passed over Mary; she was leaving for years, perhaps forever



MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

By Kate Helm
HER NIECE

THROUGH a gay girlhood and the sunny years of growing up, Mary Todd of Lexington, Kentucky, gathered friends as a flower attracts butterflies. She was an impetuous little person whose vivacity was much enjoyed by her father's circle. She and Mr. Henry Clay were fast friends and on one occasion she charmingly remarked to him, "If you were not already married, Mr. Clay, I would wait for you." After some years at an excellent French boarding-school, Mary at eighteen became one of the popular belles of the South, with a galaxy of ardent admirers. In a setting of romantic beauty, Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln met. In 1839, Mary had gone to Springfield to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards. While waltzing at a cotillion, her attention was attracted by a dark, giant-like man who stood watching her from the side lines. It was Mr. Lincoln. After a tumultuous courtship lasting over a number of years, the two were married on the fourth of November, 1842, and spent the first year of their married life at the Globe Tavern in Springfield, later establishing their own home in that city. Four sons were born to them there, and it was there that Mary received news of her husband's nomination, in 1860, for the Presidency.

Part IV

FROM Friday, May 18, 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated President of the United States by the Republican Party, until the day of the election, November 6, he remained quietly at home. The strong men of his party were ardently and harmoniously at work; the speeches of Sumner, Chase, Cassius M. Clay and other eminent orators reported in the newspapers were read by Mr. Lincoln and Mary. All day long visitors thronged the house, impelled by mere curiosity. One day an old woman who had known him in New Salem brought him a pair of woolen socks. She said, "I spun the yarn and knit them socks myself." Many other gifts of wearing apparel were sent, some from distant parts of the country. Mr. Lincoln was very much amused, and laughing heartily, he said, "Well, wife, if nothing else comes out of this scrape, we are going to have some new clothes." Mary's relatives in Springfield were deeply interested and came every day to report any letters or news received by them bearing on

When at dawn the Presidential train drew out of Springfield Lincoln with prophetic vision murmured, "Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave not knowing when or whether ever I may return."

And on another day when the nation was severed by a shot that felled Fort Sumter, Lincoln began his adventure in tragedy. And Mary, torn between southern sympathy and northern devotion, became his companion in martyrdom.

the campaign and to hear any important information received by the Lincolns. The campaign of 1860 was excitingly under way. Mary Lincoln had no misgivings. She encouraged and applauded her husband when he became despondent and rejoiced whole-heartedly at any good news.

On election day, November 6, Springfield was wide awake before daylight and as Mary at the head of her table poured the breakfast coffee for Mr. Lincoln, she said with a light little laugh, "It is well that the strain will soon be over, my hand is trembling so that I nearly spilled your coffee." She was rejoiced to see that her husband was as calm and cool as though this were a colorless day instead of a red-letter one in their lives. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, went to the room reserved for him at the State House about eight o'clock and his friends thronged about him all day. Mary at home was anxiously waiting for news though no returns were expected until after seven o'clock. As the telegrams announcing one Lincoln majority after another came in there was more and more excitement and enthusiasm throughout the city. Mr. Lincoln, who in the afternoon had gone to the hall where the ladies of Springfield had prepared refreshments for the Republican politicians, later withdrew to a telegraph office where returns could be received more quietly. He was now un-

easy only about the vote in Springfield. Before daylight the welcome announcement came that he had a majority in his own precinct; turning to his friends he said cheerfully, "I guess I'll go home now." Mary, who had not gone to bed at all, met him at the door. The strain had been too great for her nerves and she threw herself into her husband's arms in a passion of tears. "There, there, little woman," said Lincoln, patting her shoulder, "I thought you wanted me to be President." "I do," sobbed Mary, "and I am very happy! That is why I am crying," she said, smiling up through her tears.

Two weeks after the election Mrs. Lincoln spent several days in Chicago with her husband, where he was to meet Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President elect. There was a large reception at the Tremont house and a line of visitors passed for two hours and a half shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln, who stood with Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin at his right.

On January 10, 1861, Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. C. M. Smith, and the Honorable Amos Tuck, of New Hampshire, went to New York to make purchases for the White House. After spending a few days in New York they went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to visit Mrs. Lincoln's son, Robert.

A letter from this young man written to Mary in the preceding month will show how calmly and sensibly he conducted himself during this exciting period:

Philips Exeter Academy,
December 2, 1860.

Dear Mother:

You see I am back at Exeter and I feel very much at home. I am here with Dick McConkey. We have been in a constant round of dissipation since we came. On Thursday we were at dinner at Miss Gales'. On Friday Mr. Tuck gave a large party which passed off very finely. Mr. Tuck thinks of going to Chicago in about three weeks and thence to St. Louis, so look out for him. Tonight we are invited out to tea which will wind up our fun, as we have to commence studying again tomorrow. We have only about six weeks more before going home. I see by the papers that you have been to Chicago. Aren't you beginning to get a little tired of this constant uproar? I have a [Turn to page 62]

On her return to Washington, having nursed Tad through a spell of illness, Mrs. Lincoln found her husband weighted down with cares of state, looking thin, haggard and anxious



He forgot to consider it silly that this round pink thing could have a cousin

A PIG for AN HOUR

*A dessert, rich in humor, for all
women who diet and even
those who don't*

By Dorothy Speare

THERE was a girl in that strawberry-patch. This was the first helpful-looking prospect that Jerry Wade had encountered in an hour of painful riding past neat New England farmhouses basking in the noonday sun. Oh, of course there had been various natives who viewed his uneven progress with more or less open derision; he would die on the back of this infernal nag, he told himself grimly, before he asked aid of such uncongenial people.

The girl in the strawberry-patch appeared to be pleasantly unconcerned by any farcical possibilities in the sight of a horse and a young man who seemed to ignore the connection existing between them. One could see that her simple country soul was free from the carping envy which had made the yokels smile at Jerry's ragged transit. She was wholeheartedly absorbed in the duty that lay nearest her, and the unashamed red stains upon face, hands and dress betrayed a personal interest in her work. Jerry had first mistaken her for a scarecrow in the field, and this impression, although now rectified, left a feeling of informality which encouraged him to try to bring Arrow to a halt.

The country road was quite deserted. There was no one to watch and jeer as he followed out his own idea of shortening reins—no one but the scarecrow girl, who was trying to inhale an enormous strawberry at one gasp. Jerry sat back in his saddle and brought all his weight to bear on the double set of reins which until now had been escaping in limp bunches from his flaccid hands. Up Arrow reared on his hind legs, forelegs pawing the air, while Jerry slid from his rump down his tail and landed without dignity on some very hot dirt.

Jerry did not swear, because he had been swearing all morning. He merely picked himself up and turned his back coldly upon Arrow, who was standing at rest with no further ideas visible. In the strawberry patch the scarecrow girl reluctantly added three glowing berries to the collection in the wicker basket poised on her lap.

"I have never seen anyone," said Jerry in a grateful tone, "quite so tactful."

"Are you speaking to me," inquired the girl rather thickly, "or to your horse?"

"I don't think," he responded, "that I shall ever speak to that horse again."

She rose, revealing a gingham-clad figure as rounded as her pink moon of a face. "I am going in," she observed, "to eat these strawberries and quite a lot of food. You had better come too. You can put your horse in my stable—that is, if you can lead him that far!"

Jerry was feeling much too hollow to resent the terms of this invitation. Desperately he seized Arrow's bridle and forged after his hostess up the driveway to the barn that stood a little back from the road, punctuated on one side by a neat white farmhouse with green blinds and on the other by a rolling field of middle-aged grass.

Illustrated by
RAYMOND SISLEY

Once in the barn, the scarecrow girl took the bridle from Jerry's willing hand and led Arrow into an empty stall at the far end.

"I have a buggy," she said, "if you've lost your way I can drive you home after lunch, with your horse tethered on back."

He smiled wryly at the picture of him returning in such a manner to the ultra-pretentious country house where he was supposed to be snobbing through a week-end. At any rate, it was restful to be with some one so far removed from the world that she had neither realization nor fear of ridicule.

She led the way through a windowless wooden passage which brought them from the barn to the farmhouse kitchen, an airy room painted a speckless white. A little old woman, as brown and wrinkled as the harnesses on the barn wall, was bending over the stove.

"This is Cousin Hetty," announced his hostess, "and I'm Eva. If you come into the front room we'll dish up dinner for you in no time."

The front room rioted in roses, real and reproduced—on the faded wallpaper, on the linoleum floor, on the chintzes over the stiff little chairs. The rickety upright piano staggered under a sheaf of gaily-colored popular songs and an immense bunch of Jacqueminots; the windows were shaded by a hanging trellis of Dorothy Perkins.

Eva herself, when she presently came in, looked not unlike a full-blown Dorothy Perkins. She had washed off the strawberry stains and her face shone genially undisturbed. Her gingham dress had been exchanged for another free from the evidence of manual labor. It was the same guileless pink as her cheeks, and brought to Jerry's startled attention several good items of feature which until now had escaped him. Her eyes were large, even in that round face, and their soft brown color was very melting if one didn't happen to think of cows. Her hair reflected the pallid gold of the heart of a wild rose. She wore it parted in the middle and rolled into flaxen wheels over each ear. Her nose was rather lost in the wide, open spaces which surrounded it, but her mouth was widely, merrily adequate.

Jerry gazed at her, registering surprise and approval; she looked back at him, registering almost nothing. There was something elusively familiar in that look. Jerry blinked, and gazed again. It was as if the metamorphosed scarecrow girl stood in a nimbus of suddenly created mystery; the robustly shining flesh tints were veiled by the shadow of a remembered charm. For he had seen that charm before.

Where? Only a moment of conjecture; then she spoke, the matter-of-factness of her tone dispelling all that was elusive in her regard.

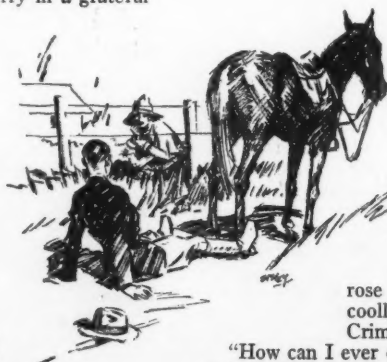
"We'll eat in the back yard, if you don't mind."

The back yard was a rose garden with a table for two set coolly beneath a trellis overhung with Crimson Ramblers—a delicious spot.

"How can I ever express my gratitude?" he began as they sat down. "I was just about ready to give up."

"I thought so," said Eva. "These melons are Golden Demons, and I made those cheese sausages."

Cousin Hetty came from the kitchen with the next course. She had made it clear that she preferred to eat



afterwards. She seemed the taciturn country type, a direct opposite to Eva's open simplicity.

"You've certainly taken me on trust," Jerry began apologetically. "All the same, I must tell you how I happened to fall here—helpless at your feet, as it were."

"You fell because you don't know how to ride. This is my secret recipe for fried chicken."

Poulet that was bronze, sizzling, fried in deep fat and rolled in who knew what spices. Sweet potatoes incrustured with marshmallows and sprinkled with paprika. Asparagus with snowy hearts as accessible as their tender lips. Jerry repressed a start as he saw how quickly these lyric rhapsodies vanished from Eva's plate. Not that he wasn't sweeping all before him, himself, but everyone realized that men must eat and women must diet.

"I know I don't know how to ride," he admitted. "What's more, I don't want to know, but that doesn't help any. Trouble is, I'm *nouveau riche*. Does that term convey anything to you, *ma jolie fille du bon appetite*?"

"First time I ever heard anyone admit it. I made these hot biscuits and the honey comes from my own bee-hives."

Puffs as light and flaky as pastry from the hands of a master; dark, glowing honey that until now had been Jerry's dream of nectar.

"You're right, it's a state no one boasts much about," he said slowly, watching her put an entire pat of fresh butter inside one biscuit and pile it over with nectar. "But my ride has jolted the truth out of me. My father cleaned up on *Special Motors* a little while back. Until then we were just like anyone else. Ever since we've been trying to get into society, if you've heard the phrase."

"I hear enough out here in my strawberry patch," she said from a full mouth. "Enough to know that they call it crashing the gate now."

"For the strawberries we shall have clotted cream," she murmured, watching Cousin Hetty's course-changing with dreamy eyes. "I keep a Devonshire cow, or the next thing to it."

"This morning," said Jerry, "an informal hunt was proposed. Most of the people on this house-party are trying to get into some hunt club or other and they were delighted to rehearse. They've all crammed up on riding by a few lessons in the park. I'd been taking lessons too, so I thought I could make a stab at it. When I found I wasn't stabbing very hard, I lost the others. And then I got lost myself—at least I hope I've lost myself. That's what I wanted to do. And somehow, from the minute I fell off the back of that blooming Arrow, I've felt as if I were succeeding."

She poured the entire contents of the extra cream jug into her bowl. "You didn't realize," she told him tranquilly, "that you were falling on enchanted ground. This place is invented for the purpose of losing one's self. If you don't believe it, watch me eat."

"I have been. Is that your way of losing yourself?"

"One of them. I make jars full of these ginger cookies every Friday."

He was so fascinated watching the steady flow from the plate to her mouth that he had neglected the count of his own cookie consumption. An expansive feeling was beginning to permeate him.

"I feel it," he said. "That I'm on enchanted ground. I was vowing this morning I'd never go back to the dwellers on the fringes and now I've lost myself, that clinches it."

Cousin Hetty set before them great, steaming cups of coffee diluted with cream to the color of a new saddle. Eva seized upon hers and drained its content in one long, but not ungraceful yawn.

"I'd like to know something," she gurgled. "Do you do anything beside your—social work?"

"I am with father. I finger the tickers for a few hours and then leave the city to begin my real work. And it is work when you're expected to have spent your life perfecting your game of golf, tennis, bridge or polo."

"It's worse for a girl," she murmured.

"Worse for a girl! They love it. You don't know anything about it and I'm glad you don't. That's why your house is on enchanted ground."

His eyes met hers in the vehemence of his declaration and stayed with them in quick reflection. There it was again—that elusive, half-remembered look of a charm that had taken him once—sometime, somewhere.

Why couldn't he place it? Where had he seen it before?

"I have a cousin twice removed who's in society," she remarked. "She says she doesn't like it. That it's like being on the stage all the time; and she never could act."

"Then why doesn't she step off the stage?" He was still tingling from the recurrence of that elusive flash. In such a state he forgot to consider it silly that this round pink thing could have a cousin, no matter how far removed, who was "in society" of any description.

"Oh, well. There are families to consider, you know. Girls can't defy their parents and break away—the way men can."

"Anyone," he said firmly, "who lives in a strawberry patch the way you do can develop wild, free theories of life, but come down to practice and you'll find that life is seldom wild and never free."

She rose. "It is, if one can find the enchanted ground. You've found it. Come on!"

In the rose-riot of a parlor she took the most comfortable chair and relaxed with a sigh. "We can now," she told him, "discuss ways and means. I have lots of both." He was not listening. He had not gotten by the upright piano. How could he have missed this thing the first time? Half hidden by the sheaf of bright Jacqueminots, propped upon a copy of a recent popular song, there was a flamboyant portrait of a girl.

"I say," He was stammering with excitement. "I say—where did you get this?"

She replied with dignity. "It was given to me. Why?"

"Nothing." He found time to flash her a glance of annoyance. She did express things so flatly. "Nothing's the matter with me. I just—it's such a coincidence, that's all. Who gave you her picture?"

"She did," said Eva very prosaically. "Isolde Allen is the cousin twice removed, I was telling you about. In society, she is. You've heard of her?"

"Heard of her?" he repeated from a throat suddenly dry. "Why, she's the most famous girl in New York—everybody I know and everybody I'd like to know is in love with her!" He turned

away from the photograph to inspect Eva with a new estimate. "Isolde Allen is your cousin, you say?"

The girl of the strawberry patch met his amazement with a humorous uplifting of eyebrows. "Haven't you got poor relations yourself?"

"I beg your pardon! But it's all so incredible—to fall off like this onto enchanted ground and find Isolde Allen's picture—"

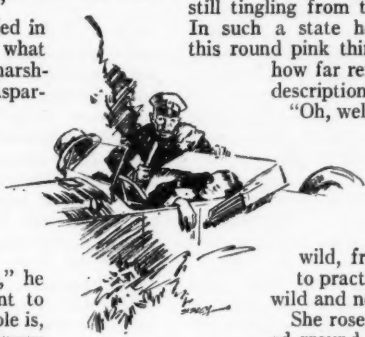
"Just what," she said patiently, "had Isolde got to do with you?"

"Nothing." The animation that had possessed him vanished as quickly as it had come. He sat down limply. "There are some people who just seize one's imagination, that's all. Glamor, I suppose you call it. I've followed Isolde Allen's career from the time she was a sub-deb. I've hounded her through the social news and the roto sections, but I've never been able to get invited to any place where she was going to be. I've gone to parties where there was a chance that she might drop in, but she never did. I've sat and listened to men rave about her, but never been able to get any of them to produce her."

"Her pictures don't look anything like her," murmured Eva. "They flatter her dreadfully."

He paid no attention. "And now I've got to wait till next Fall; she's abroad for the Summer. I learned that much in the Society Notes."

"This is a new side of you coming to the fore." Eva's tone was slightly acid. "I thought you hated society and all that went [Turn to page 77]"



Purple with rage, he wheeled and confronted Eva. She was chewing mints with subdued gusto.

Paradise Poachers



The
most adventurous
mystery novel of the year

By Beatrice
Grimshaw

JOANNET FIELD goes to Kaitupi in North New Guinea to live with her Uncle. On the boat to Kaitupi she meets three people who she instinctively feels will exercise great influence over her life in New Guinea. Peter Hardy to whom she is greatly attracted is an adventurer with a strange mission up the mysterious Sepik River. Gladys Starkey, a fascinating woman, is also much attracted to Peter; her husband, Jim Starkey, is an ex-army officer with an untidy reputation. Strange rumors go about concerning these two and their reason for isolating themselves in Kaitupi. Once there, Joannet goes to live with her uncle, Hardy plans for his mysterious river trip, and the Starkeys open a trading store. Life is uneventful save for Joannet's and Mrs. Starkey's rivalry for the affection of Hardy, who leaves for his unexplained trip. After the unexpected death of her uncle, Joannet is left penniless and helpless until Mrs. Starkey engages her to help around the trading post.

Part II.

NEVERTHELESS, Joannet, nineteen and very sure of her own worldly knowledge, found before three days had passed, that Jim did count. He never spoke to her before his wife, never interfered to protect her from any of Gladys' petty tyrannies, but when she was sent out to the garden to gather oranges, or down to the beach to intercept a native canoe, he would follow her by secret ways and turn up unexpectedly to block her pathway, grinning disagreeably.

When she asked him to let her pass, he would not answer—never was there man so chary of words as the husband of Mrs. Starkey—but he would dodge about in front of her, spreading out his hands, and making attempts to kiss her. Joannet, half frightened, half furious, turned and fled from him more than once; a third time twisted under his arm, and got away; on a fourth occasion she struck out and smacked his face. Jim got her that time; landing home a kiss on one curved rose-petal ear, as the girl fought and broke clear. She reached the house breathless, scarlet. Mrs. Starkey, busy sorting axes in the store, threw one glance at her, another at her husband, who was just coming up the steps, a white long mark across his cheek. She said nothing at the minute, but later, when Joannet was setting the dinner table alone, she came up to her, hands down and clenched at her sides, eyes blazing with black rage. "So you are rewarding my charity by flirting with my husband," she said, panting. "Let him alone, you little hussy, or I'll turn you out to live in the native village!" "Make him let me alone! He's nothing but a brute," answered Joannet sharply, dropping a handful of knives and forks on the table. She knew that Mrs. Starkey

was near striking her; knew that if that happened, she would hit back—knew too, that the bitter spring underlying the whole quarrel flowed not from Jim's conduct, but Peter Hardy's. Some shred of prudence still remaining to her called her to leave the knives and forks where they were, drop the quarrel and flee. But she hesitated. Where was she to flee to?

In the next few moments, anything might have happened, had not the voice that commands instant attention day or night, from busy or idle, placid or angry people, all over New Guinea, suddenly sounded out beyond the reef.

"Sail-O!" cried a native, hearing the thin whistle. Mrs. Starkey paused in her tirade and ran to the veranda. Joannet, with the feeling of a tense cord swiftly loosened, reached for the knives and forks, and began setting them. It would be the last time, her heart cried out with joyous relief. Who would have thought a boat would call so soon? . . . By this time tomorrow she would be a hundred miles away from Kaitupi and the hateful, beautiful beach store. Thank Heaven! It was none too soon.

Mrs. Starkey watched the girl packing up, in the unavoidable publicity of the veranda, with a malicious smile. Joannet did not care. Was she not going away? Would not all this be only a horrible dream in the course of a few short hours? Whatever difficulties Rabaul might bring, they could not but be less than her sufferings here. She folded up dresses and blouses, and laid them one on another, her heart singing with relief and joy.

Out beyond the line of breakers the ship was coming to rest. Joannet locked the lid of her cabin trunk. The captain was getting into his dinghy now; she could see him backing down the ladder. They had shoved off; the boys were rowing through the breakers. The captain had jumped ashore; he was coming up the coral path. Nobody she knew; a dark—very dark—good-natured looking youth, in a suit of clean, worn whites. He was making for the store.

Mrs. Starkey was watching him too. "Who is it?" she asked.

"It's Luther—Luther the half-caste, you know!" Jim answered. "Have we plenty of cowry shells?"

Joannet wondered, rather, what the captain could want with cowries on that part of the coast, where the natives were civilized enough to use European money. However, she supposed that it did not concern her. She had done packing; it now remained to put on her outdoor shoes, and get her hat.

"What have you got your hat on for?" asked Mrs. Starkey when Joannet passed her.

"I am going by the boat," was Joannet's brief answer.

Gladys burst out laughing. She laughed delightfully; no one had such gleaming teeth, such deep, sweet, child-like dimples. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Rabaul."

"Rabaul! It's about twenty-three thousand miles away. On that route you'll be some time getting there."

"What do you mean?" Joannet's breath was coming quickly; she caught at the veranda rail.

"Why, the *Madang* is going the other way."

"I saw her come in from—from—"

"From the islands; yes, she looked as if she were going to Rabaul, but that's because she had to turn round the big cape. She's just up from Rabaul, going recruiting along the coast. She won't come back this way. They usually go out to the islands."

Joannet had her pride, and it upheld her now. She realized Mrs. Starkey was expecting her to break down. She saw the amused gleam in the woman's eyes and pulled herself together. She went back quietly into the bathroom, took off her hat, unlaced her walking shoes, shod herself again with light house slippers. But something had struck fire in her breast; some sharp contact between the steel of circumstance and the flint of a sudden determination. She knew what she would do.

DURING the next hour, Gladys was too busy to think much about the "little cat" and her discomfort. Jim called for her; told her to come in and check for him, and she checked, penciling invoices of knives long and short, cowry shells in bunches, beads, tiny mirrors, yard on yard of red calico; tinned meats, boxes of biscuit . . . also some few cases that were

Illustrated by
MEAD SCHAEFFER

opened, looked at, and not invoiced at all . . .

The doors were shut; the heat was fearful. Knife blades, when you laid your hand upon them, were hot as if new-taken from the forge. Calico felt as warm as fur. Even the half-caste wiped his wet face with his wet sleeve, and asked Jim—"Why not opening the door, sir? There is not any person to see."

"You attend to business, Luther," warned Mrs. Starkey. "Leave the rest to us. We're giving you a big discount on this stuff; you ought to be very glad to get it."

"Yes, but I taking a big risk," quickly countered the dark captain.

"We'll see about that risk by and by. Don't you think you're the only—" Gladys broke off, biting her lip. The heavy foot of Jim had come down sharply on her foot underneath the counter of the store.

"When do you expect to be back?" demanded Jim. He seemed alive and awake now; his blue eyes sparkled with light.

"Well, sir, I don't jus' know. I going a long way up the coast. Maybe I take a little of some of the rivers. Jus' what it comes; if I get plenty boy, I coming very soon, and bring you the small stuff, what I get."

"Very well. Mind you play fair, Luther. You know we could make it nasty for you—"

"Oh, sir, you know that never true, that yarn they telling. I never black-bird any boys. Never! Who that lady I see along veranda?"

"That's the niece of the old chap who died here. Don't you worry about her; she can't do anyone any harm. Hurry up; what more? The tide won't suit all afternoon."

"No, sir, no lady, it won't suit now till half-past twelve tonight; this very low tide, lady."

It was just at that moment that Gladys swung the doors open, the heat having reached a point beyond the endurance of anyone save a Red Sea stoker. Joannet, passing to the bathroom, heard Luther's words. She gave no sign, but her heart beat a little quicker.

JIM STARKEY was a light sleeper. It is not for this tale to say in what strange places the ex-soldier had learned to sleep like a weasel. Late that night he was roused by a faint movement on the veranda near the cot of Joannet Field. There was no sound, but he felt the flooring tremble, as the planks of these high-piled floors do tremble with the passage of anything that lives and moves.

Jim Starkey was curious. Rising with extreme caution he peered out through his doorway. Behind him, Gladys within the ghostly veil of her mosquito curtain, was sleeping as she always slept—deeply, dreamlessly, like an innocent child.

There was a little late moonlight. Jim Starkey could see Joannet's bed quite indistinctly. The tall mosquito net, the long, slight shape of the girl, in her figured wrapper. He could see the mass of her dark hair falling over the pillow and dropping to one side. She did not stir.

"Must have been a dog after all," thought Starkey, going back to bed again, and dropping off to sleep.

Down under the house a slim figure, fully dressed, crouched, listening, hardly daring to breathe. After some minutes, when silence had given way to long, heavy snores Joannet ventured forth. She wore tennis shoes, and trod without noise. In her arms she held a heavily packed suitcase. A paper parcel dangled from her elbow and she carried upon her head a shady hat, sure to be needed with sunrise.

It was cool and scented out there in the solitary night. Strange birds woke to say strange things among the palm tree tops, and drop to sleep again; the stars and the late-risen moon shed pale magic light through sifting boughs. Joannet had never feared the night; she loved it, felt herself its child. And she knew New Guinea too well to think that savages could harm her, or that alligators would leave the creeks to attack.

It would not do to be caught. Gladys might not want her at the store, yet she and Jim would desire even less to see her sail away, to some destination unknown, in

company with the half-caste captain. They had secrets with him, secrets of some importance . . . He would take her along, though; Joannet thought she knew half-caste as well as the next person. And she knew too, that the "specimen" bracelet she had worn most of her life was almost pure Yodda gold, an ounce and a half of it—worth six pounds or so, in material alone. Half-castes like such things . . .

"I would give anything," she said to herself, half laughing, half sobbing, "just to see their faces tomorrow morning, when they find the bolster and the black veil in my bed!"

DAYS and days the boat had been creeping up the coast; and with every day, Joannet seemed to pass further into worlds more wonderful, terrible, than anything she had known. Ages, it seemed to her, had passed since the night she had bribed Luther with a heavy gold bracelet to take her on his boat.

Now they lay for an hour at the mouth of a great green river, so great that its waters, Luther told her, lay sixty feet deep, fresh as rain, two hundred miles out to sea. He told her the river's name, and it was the Sepik.

They had called here and there at different villages up the coast, avoiding the rare white settlements, and taking on a recruit or so for the plantations, with what seemed to Joannet, strange lazy indifference. Luther, on the night of her flight from Starkey's store, had agreed easily enough to take her on in the little steamer. She had told him that she did not care where he was bound to; she was ready to make any round he liked, so long as she got to Rabaul some time or another, and so long as she had not to spend another day, another hour, at Kaitupi. Luther agreed.

The "Madang" was terribly small, shockingly dirty, and slow as a beetle—a typical island craft. But the "Madang" had a cabin for her to sleep in, a tiny cockroach-haunted cupboard where [Turn to page 82]



Her face whitened, but she said casually: "What a splendid clue! I hope you'll trace the murderers"



WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

The Schubert Centenary

FRANZ SCHUBERT

died one hundred years ago this coming November, and the various festivals, concerts, and other activities designed to honor his memory have been as innumerable and world-wide as were those held last year for Beethoven's centenary. The most original of these—in its pristine conception at least, was an international composers' contest, conducted by a large American talking machine corporation, offering prizes aggregating \$20,000 for the best ending to Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. This idea did not prove altogether a happy one, for the proposal to allow the world's musical Toms, Dicks, and Harrys to try their hands at completing a masterpiece evoked such a roar of protest among musicians that the company was forced to beat a hasty retreat.

Of the more orthodox forms of commemoration the most ambitious is the year-long festival being conducted by the city of Vienna, where Schubert was born (January 31, 1797), spent most of his short life, and died. The program began in earnest last May, with a concert on the 26th by the scholars of the Vienna Music Academy. The Summer and Fall will see a long series of concerts and exercises in the composer's honor, culminating in the unveiling of a Schubert fountain in Vienna on November 18th. On the 19th (the date of his death) his house, which has been kept strewn with flowers all year, will be visited by the Schubert Society of Vienna, who will hold memorial services in the room in which he died.

If news of these goings-on should reach the Elysian Fields, Schubert would undoubtedly be delighted. He would likewise, I fancy, be more than a little bewildered and even a trifle distressed, for he was one of the most modest composers who ever lived, and would be overwhelmed if he knew that he was being ranked with Beethoven, who was his lifelong admiration and despair. His modesty was no pose. He took great pleasure in his own work, true enough—any artist worthy of the name generally does. But he was keenly distrustful of his technical mastery of his art, and was forever planning to repair the shortcomings—as he considered them—of his musical education. A good natural contrapuntalist, he was arranging to take lessons in counterpoint just as death cut short his career.

The fact that that career ended in his thirty-second year has inevitably caused Schubert to be placed in the tragic company of the masters who died before their work was done. But it is difficult to make Schubert a really tragic figure. No composer who, in fifteen years

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

of creative life, can turn out two symphonies, an opera, a mass of piano pieces and chamber music, and more than 600 songs, is exactly a thwarted genius. He was undoubtedly underrated by his contemporary listeners, but he was none the less popular among them, and seems to have had a reasonably happy time.

He undoubtedly lived and died poor (the contents of his writing desk, which included, among other masterpieces, the manuscript of the C-major symphony, was officially appraised at about two dollars). On the other hand, he never actually starved—as Mozart often did—and seems not to have minded his poverty. He was, as a matter of fact, the first "bohemian" composer; for he was first among the great musicians to break away from the patronage system that had supported Haydn, Mozart, and—in part—Weber and Beethoven.

Musically he is antithesis of Beethoven. The latter is great, not so much because of the intrinsic beauty of his musical themes as for the power and grandeur with which he assembles and develops them. Schubert's music impresses by the sheer beauty of the themes themselves, and his handling of them is almost naive compared with Beethoven's handling of his.

For all the admiration that has been showered upon the string quartets and the two symphonies, it is by his songs, I think, that Schubert will live longest. For the so-called art-song is virtually his invention. Until his advent, about the only vocal music heard with any frequency consisted of arias and excerpts from operas and oratorios. The public song recital was unknown. The German lyric song, or *Lied*, existed only in a comparatively crude form.

It was a form, however, that exactly suited Schubert's genius. It demanded concentration, subtlety of mood, and melodic invention, three gifts that Schubert possessed to a superlative degree. The 600 songs that he left behind have been the inspiration and incentive of a long line of song composers who followed him, from Schumann and Franz and Wolf to Brahms and Strauss. These have upon occasion equalled him. None has ever surpassed him.



Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his Wife

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

The Awakening of the Middle and Near East

By COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

ONE of the many things for which the Great War is responsible is the awakening of the Near and Middle East. While Europe was bleeding itself, the repercussion of the conflict spread over the area stretching from the Dardanelles to the Red Sea. In

every mosque, in every market place there was quiet exultation that Western civilization seemed bent upon destroying itself.

But the Near and Middle East had too important a bearing on the struggle going on in Europe to be permitted to stand aloof, and finally were drawn into the vortex. The Turks cast their fortunes with those of the Central Empires, and in the end paid a grievous price as a penalty for taking that gamble. The Arabs threw in their lot with the British and gained not so much as they had hoped but enough to influence their nationalist desires.

We of the West are prone to think of those of the East as inactive dreamers, lacking the vital energy necessary to combat the tide of western civilization seeking a commanding hold upon their age-long heritage, and we sometimes fail to reckon on that fierce courage which, when aroused, will dare death and destruction rather than yield. The people of these ancient lands have a different religion, a different philosophy, a different outlook on life than that which we have, and there is an irreconcilable antagonism between the East and the West.

There is one advantage the East has over the West, its people know how to wait. Time is as nothing to them. Their History stretches through the centuries in a way to make our earliest adventures seem modern. To us the rise and fall of Greece and Rome seem very remote, to them they are the happenings of yesterday. They await with patience the man who they feel will sometime come to lead them in victory over their accursed enemies. Some one like Ghengis Khan who will sweep westward with a magic and irresistible force, and leave the East again master of the world.

Meanwhile, the West crowds closer in. While Europe was bent in the Great War, Turkey was all but broken and has no longer a foothold in Europe save Constantinople and a few square miles about it. Even that would not be but for the rivalry among those who possess it, and who prefer it in Turkish hands rather than in those of a rival nation.

Turkey proper has been reduced until she has by a recent census not more than 13,500,000 inhabitants, and in the minds of many of the well-informed grave doubt is expressed as to whether there is anything like so large a number.

Turkey, like Japan of fifty years ago, seems determined to adopt western civilization in all save religion. Apparently, she has abandoned all thought of European possessions and definitely accepts Asia as her sphere of action in the future. This purpose is indicated by the moving of her capital from Constantinople to Angora.

Badly crippled by her national debt and by the loss of territory, she is evidencing an intention to make the best of a bad situation. Mustapha Kemal is a forward-looking statesman who accepts things as they are rather than makes conditions worse by striving for the impossible. Railroads and roads are being built as rapidly as credit permits, and the courts are now being administered under codes, civil and criminal, based upon the European systems.

What Turkey does today, Syria, Transjordan, Iraq and Arabia will do tomorrow. Their men of action will replace the dreamers, and soon the machine-made world of the West will stretch its dominion eastward to the Red Sea. On its onward march, it will drive before it the dirt and squalor of the East, and leave in its wake good roads, sanitation, modern living equipment with what comfort go with them. On the other hand, it will destroy the composure and spirituality of the East and substitute for them the restless energy of the western world.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

Speedy

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE latest Harold Lloyd comedy, *Speedy*, is just one more huge hit to be added to the amazing record of the screen's most popular star. It is a swift and evenly paced succession of uproarious "gags," conceived and executed in the best Lloyd tradition, and calculated to keep any audience in any land in a comfortable state of mirth throughout the several reels of its existence.

In applying the phrase "the screen's most popular star" to Harold Lloyd, I realize that I am provoking possible protests from devotees of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, Douglas Fairbanks and other luminaries. Nevertheless, I stick to my point, nor



Harold Lloyd, Bert Woodruff and Anne Cornwall in "Speedy"

do I do so rashly or without reference to the established facts.

Harold Lloyd has established himself a colossal following, in every known part of the world. The audiences that flock to see each and every one of his pictures are much greater than those attracted by Chaplin or any of the others. The profits derived from these pictures have never been equalled by any entertainments in history.

The principal reason for Lloyd's almost limitless popularity is not hard to find; more than any one else, in any branch of the great and glorious show business, he has managed to be consistent. A few of his comedies—and he has made many of them—have been no better than moderately amusing; but all of them have been substantial successes. In ten years, he has not known a single failure.

That consideration alone makes Harold Lloyd extraordinary, particularly in the movie industry, where the stars are all apt to develop the erratic tendencies of meteors. Lloyd has remained fixed; more than that, he has steadily gained in prominence and luminosity.

When this review reaches the eyes of the reader, *Speedy* will have been exhibited from one end of the country to the other. In my belief, it will already have established itself as the most successful of the Lloyd comedies. It contains more loud laughs than any of its predecessors, and thereby fulfills the destiny for which it was intended.

It is equipped with a plot—barely perceptible, but sufficient for Lloyd's purposes. It seems that a nice, kindly old gentleman owns a franchise for a street-car line in New York City; to hold that franchise, he must run an antiquated horse car over the required route at least once a day. Needless to say, there are rival and villainous traction interests anxious to steal the franchise from the defenceless old man; to carry out their despicable purposes, they kidnap the car and its horses so that the daily run cannot be made.

Fortunately, the old man possesses a granddaughter, who is beautiful enough to qualify as a heroine and to attract the fervent attention of the breezy young taxi-driver who is impersonated by Harold Lloyd. It is Lloyd, of course who comes to the rescue. He discovers the hiding place of the purloined horse car, outwits the villains, and drives the car at breakneck speed all over the startled island of Manhattan.

I have seen many comedy chases on the screen, but never one as spectacular as this. Lloyd and his handsome grey horses charge recklessly and ruthlessly through the most congested districts of New York—Wall Street, Broadway, Fifth Avenue and everywhere else.

There are many other scenes that enable *Speedy* to justify its title: scenes in the subway and at Coney Island, and a long episode wherein Lloyd drives his taxi to the Yankee Stadium, with none other than Babe

Ruth himself as passenger. In this episode is an excellent demonstration of Lloyd's thoughtfulness and foresight: he has taken the trouble to make the sequence funny even to those spectators (and there are several, outside the boundaries of the United States) who have never heard of Babe Ruth.

As to the direction of the picture, the story construction and the subtitles, all are thoroughly representative of Harold Lloyd and of the remarkably competent staff of collaborators with whom he has surrounded himself.

Also recommended: *Sunrise*, *The Circus*, *Wings*, *The Last Command*, *Simba*, *The Trail of '98*, *Skyscraper* and *The Man Who Laughs*.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

The Ladder

BY FRANK J. DAVIS

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THE *Ladder* presents a phenomenon such as has never happened before in the history of the American theater or of any theater in the world so far as I know. It is well known that this play on the theme of reincarnation has been running for almost two years now; that it was but poorly received at the start by both the public and the reviewers; that the theater was almost empty night after night, sometimes a mere handful of people in the audience; that a weekly prize of \$500 was for a while offered for the best letter on the subject of the play's theme; that it has several times been revised and recast by the producers; and that finally the admission was made free. By the present arrangement all that is necessary to see *The Ladder* is to go to the box office the morning of the performance and ask for a ticket.

It is an open secret that this career for the play is made possible through the backing of a certain Edgar Davis, and that he supports the expenses of the production because of his devotion to the idea around which *The Ladder* is written. These expenses are heavy. In addition to the theater itself, there are five different settings, some of them admirable and richly mounted, there are sumptuous costumes for the three historical scenes, there is an orchestra, and a large company of players, some of them of excellent standing.

This idea behind *The Ladder* is not propaganda for some advantageous cause, or for the promotion of a theory that would turn out to the profit of a class or enterprise; it has no political campaign about it, and no furthering of personal reputation [Turn to page 81]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



Kathleen Norris, who wrote "Beauty and the Beast"

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"Shall We... Join The Ladies?"

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

THE old fashioned novelist of five years ago usually turned out to be a man who understood women.

He drew a portrait of a lady in the prevailing Robert Hichens fashion, threw in a few feminine hints about dress and dinner manners, and paraded in the W. L. George manner as a master of feminine psychology. It is useless to add that he is now as dead as a doornail. Even Mr. Tarkington, most thriving and charming of our novelists who understand women, finds his portrait of Claire Ambler languishing in the dark.

Perhaps the gentlemen have been too gentle with the ladies. Dorothy Parker has given them more rope, and the heroines of fiction have hanged themselves high in the contemporary galleries. Even the best of the men novelists, in their portraits of contemporary women, have used them too gently. It has remained for the ladies themselves to join the men for the after-dinner philosophy.

They have joined them in such numbers that one can choose a half dozen or more novels about women and by women from the current month, and find that all of them are studies of a woman's heart.

ROSE MACAULEY has always been a most witty and savage writer, and in her current picture of *Daisy and Daphne* she actually attacks the woman novelist in her own field. Daisy is a newspaper woman in London. She gains her living by writing largely of women's problems (whatever they are) for the magazines. Daisy also turns out a best-seller once a year about the modern girl. Underneath Daisy's skin is a dual character named Daphne. This other self is brave, reliant, true. She resembles a *Vogue* cover-drawing in appearance, and Madam Curie in intellect. Miss Macauley, giving herself over to a brutal inspection of this Daisy-Daphne creature, grins largely. The end of the novel finds the heroine off to America to lecture, with Miss Macauley implying that this is *The End*.

Or there is G. B. Stern with her novel of *Debonair*. Miss Stern has written better books than *Debonair*, but none in which she lampooned her own sex with such gusto. She too, turns to the modern girl; that is, the

nothing is spared in the delineation of their emotions. One thinks of the gentlemanly way in which Stephen McKenna would have treated the tale, or brings his truant memory back to Mr. Booth Tarkington's discretion in a situation where two women, living under the same roof, loved one man.

I AM afraid that the study of the modern girl's heart has been snatched forever from the gentle hands of man. Only the ladies treat them rough enough to arrest attention in the stream of novels flowing past the public. Margery Latimer goes so far as to call her novel *We Are Incredible* and in her portrait of Hester Linden gives us a brilliantly lighted picture of a lady who actually drove men to death. But most incredible of all is the Mrs. Cunningham of Frances Newman's *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers*. This matron, contemplating the spectacle of modern girls, breathes a sigh of relief when [Turn to page 81]

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

A Prophetic Pulpit

BY REV. H. B. KERSCHNER, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, Litt. D.



Rev. H. B. Kerschner, D. D.

DR. KERSCHNER is pastor of the "Old First" Reformed Church of Philadelphia, one of the "campus Churches" of the University of Pennsylvania, where he exercises an extraordinary ministry among students. For such a service he is superbly fitted.

sort of girl Miss Macauley's heroine wrote about. Miss Stern's creature strolls about London living off the fat-heads of the land. In the course of her career she meets all the writers and painters and comes out practically with no expense. The old fashioned male novelist who occasionally implied that all women are not good creatures never saw the day when he could go after the fair sex as rudely as does Miss Stern. Mr. Tarkington's flirt of ten years ago, instead of being an exceptional case, is now in truth the reigning queen.

alike by personality and training, forward-looking in thought, searching in analysis, and winsome in appeal. The sermon here reviewed was delivered before the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church, and it has the forthright accent of a man who sees clearly and speaks plainly.

"The supreme need of our day," says Dr. Kerschner, "is a prophetic ministry, God-illuminated and love-anointed. Such a ministry will be fraternal, ready and eager to cooperate with all Churches in meeting the needs of the age. It will recognize the fundamental importance of the child in our midst, and teach youth in an effective way. It will create a Church architecture that will make God eloquent to man, and a worship that reveals the beauty of holiness. It must win the younger generation to the great loyalties of the life of service. It must deal with many races at home, and with the peoples of mission lands, as brothers. It must add its note to the united voice of the Church, saying that war is a sin."

Here are challenging words, but Dr. Kerschner is not content with vague and general statements. He deals specifically with three main points, the first of which is that all service of man is service to God, and therefore essentially religious. The line between the "sacred" and the "secular" must be erased in the larger vision that all work done for the good of man is holy. President Roosevelt called his high office a "bully pulpit," and so it is. Every office held as a public trust, every honorable profession, every useful trade, is both an opportunity and an obligation to serve God. Of every man it ought to be possible to say as was said of Coleridge, who, when he asked Charles Lamb, "Did you ever hear me preach?" received the answer, "I never heard you do anything else."

"A prophetic pulpit," Dr. Kerschner insists, "will interpret the faith of the Church in the terms of our age, using its accent and idiom which men are able to understand. Old arguments do not prove; old answers do not satisfy. Much of the language of the Church is an unknown tongue today. The pulpit must look with the eye of a fresh mind upon our tangled time, and speak to its need, translating eternal truth into its dialect. Youth today is like a bell-buoy that has got adrift and is ringing wildly over troubled waters; it needs leadership, but it must be the leadership of insight, boldly adventurous—not dogmatically oracular but deeply understanding."

Like all forward-looking men, Dr. Kerschner sees the shame, the waste, the inefficiency of a divided Church. The World War was not won until the Allies merged their forces into a unified effort; and the Church must do the same. The present condition of the Churches is like an orchestra tuning up, each instrument testing itself by itself. When they learn to follow one Master, and strike the great common chords, there will be a vaster music, and its melody will sweep through the hearts of men like a great world song. The power of religion is immeasurable for the leadership and consecration of humanity, if once we tap its resources and obey its law of love.

No one will deny that our generation is marked by an intense, eager, haunting desire for a more satisfying sense of spiritual reality. In no recent age, has there been a more earnest longing for spiritual support from a source hidden in spiritual mystery, as a reservoir of motive, as a spring of health, as a secret of inner peace, as a dynamic of social idealism. Men want religion, but they do not know how to get it, lacking a definite technique of the inner life.

"If we are to exercise a prophetic ministry," Dr. Kerschner concludes, "we must live prophetically. That is to say, we must get out of the rut and routine of petty things, out of the drab colors of mediocrity, into the rhythm of a greater Christianity, more heroic, more magnanimous, more daring. And the pulpit must lead the way. No wonder so much of the literature of the day belittles the pulpit. Much of it is deserved, as a rebuke to our timidity and our lack of prophetic passion and fire. With contrite hearts and awed wills the men of the pulpit must enter the place of hearing, and have the grace and courage to tell what they hear, speaking the word of God for our time."

Such is the newer note and passion of preaching, alert, alive to the issues of our generation, of which Dr. Kerschner is an admirable example. Few young men among the great army of clergymen of today give more promise of constructive Christian leadership, and the development of his ministry will be followed by many outside his own communion.

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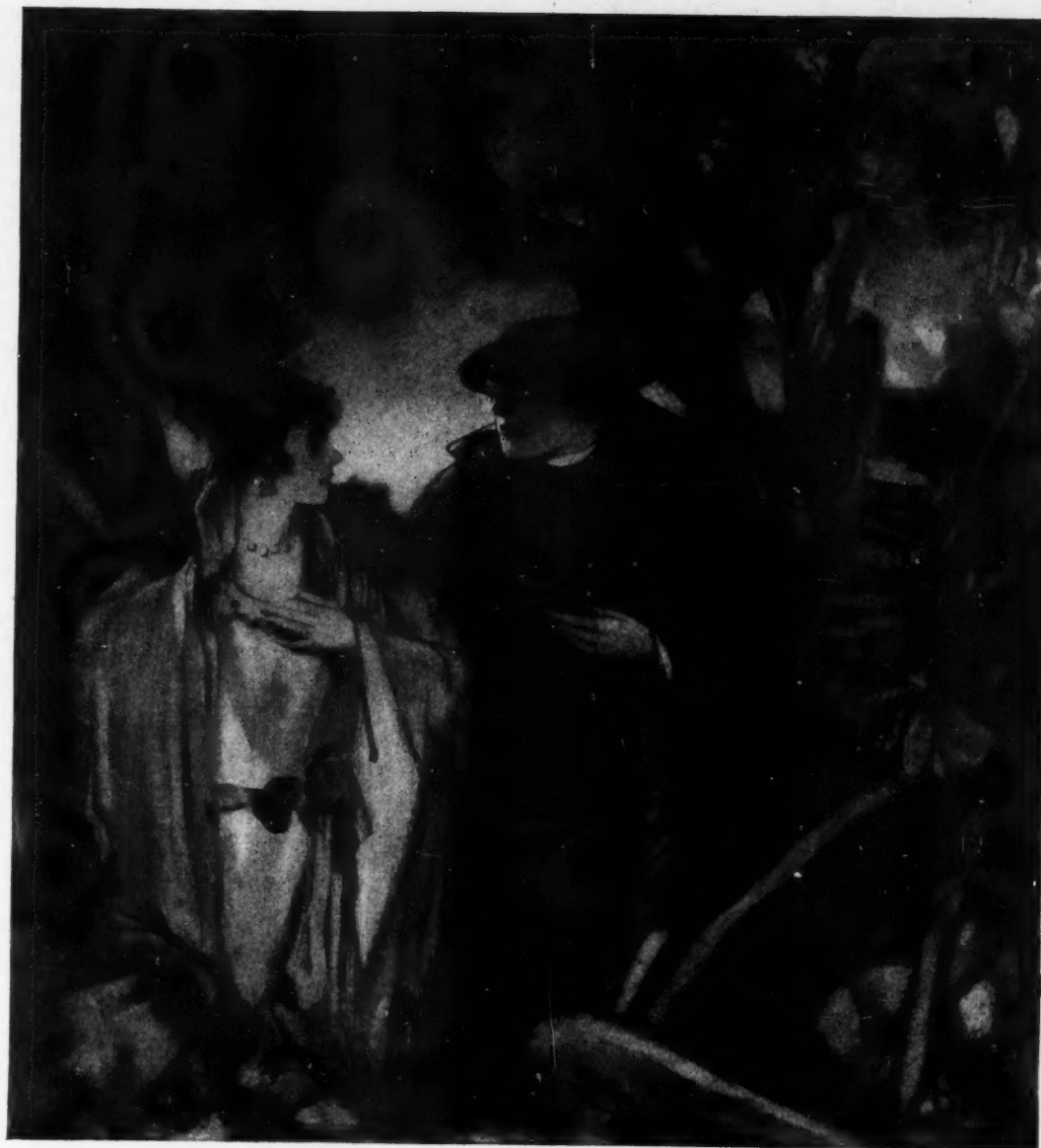
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When Cyril wasn't talking he wanted to make love

HER BABY

Preacher or Poet? - The Baby Decides

By Violet Quirk

Illustrated by
HENRY R. SUTTER

MOTHER sighed as she pondered over her girls. Nerissa attracted attention from everyone, women as well as men.

Jane's sturdy slimness, her flawless complexion, handsome features, and her swinging, healthy walk always attracted a look of admiration which was curiously impersonal. Men frankly admired, but their eyes didn't darken with sudden intensity as they did when they looked at Nerissa. Very few stared at Henrietta unless she was smiling, and then her good, beaming eyes roused an answering smile from passers-by. Alison, as usual, was different. Mother noticed that people either ignored her or else gave her a long, look. She either attracted deeply, or she didn't attract at all. She would alter from plainness to beauty and back again in an hour. If she was tired her bright white skin went whiter and its brightness vanished, her eyes became shadowed, and her black hair lay heavy about her temples.

"She won't be getting married for a long time," thought Mother thankfully, "she's different. And I'm not sorry, for what would I do without my baby!"

ALISON returned from church one day with the Reverend Cyril Goodacre. He was the new curate.

Imagine Byron without his curled lips and his wicked eyes and you have the Reverend Cyril. He had the same waving hair and imperious features, but his manner had nothing imperious in it. His expression didn't match his

looks. In short he had a thoroughly saintly air, which Mother thought right in a curate and wrong in a man.

She saw them through the drawing-room window and her heart skipped a beat. He was bending his neck to talk to Alison, and Alison was listening, her gentle air exaggerated. And when he went, Alison walked up the path with her new slow tread.

"He's told her that that's his idea of perfect womanhood," Mother thought with a sardonic light in her eyes.

HE called the following afternoon and no one could have guessed from Mother's light chatter how critically she was watching this first suitor of her youngest daughter. When he had gone she decided he wouldn't do because he was incapable of laughter; and laughter was essential in the Bradleys.

Alison, as is usual with people in whose nature runs a streak of melancholy, had a particularly keen sense of humor. In certain moods she could see fun in anything, but Cyril in all moods would see fun in nothing. Fun to

him was levity, and levity he regarded as incompatible with his vocation. Mother hadn't the slightest objection to clergymen, but she believed that a clergyman's wife, more than any other wife, married her husband's work as well as himself, and Alison was unfitted for such work.

She pointed this out to Alison one evening, but Alison with her new, patient, aggravating smile said she was quite prepared for sacrifice, that her ideas of life had changed, and that she had promised to be Cyril's helpmate. Mother was profoundly shocked. She had never dreamt that the child's friendship with the curate had gone so far. The idea of her marrying anyone was silly, but that she should marry Cyril, was ludicrous!

The evening on which Cyril kissed her for the first time Alison went straight to bed without supper. She felt she couldn't speak to anybody, even to her mother. She wanted very much to preserve that kiss upon her lips, yet it disquieted her. She said her prayers about it and knelt for a long time. When she got into bed she couldn't sleep, and as she lay awake, all her feelings and all her thoughts arranged themselves rhythmically in her head, sounding like music. Then they turned into song. She got up, wrote it all down, and in the morning found it was a poem.

She sent a copy of it to Cyril and with it her first love-letter. It was an amazing letter for a young girl to write, the words were so passionate and wild, and yet she felt quite calm while she wrote it. The truth is that



She wanted very much to preserve that kiss upon her lips

it meant far less than another girl's clumsy, "I think an awful lot of you," for Alison was as proficient in words as a nightingale is proficient in song. They were to her an easy and natural means of expression. And some of them were so familiar to her through meeting them often in poetry that she hardly realized their full meaning. But her letter read as though it had been written by a woman of experience.

Both the letter and the poem perplexed poor Cyril Goodacre exceedingly. He could hardly reconcile them with the girl who had grown white under his kiss and who had begged him not to do it again for a very long time. He replied in words as passionate as her own.

SOME weeks later when Alison came home from her afternoon walk with Cyril, she found Mother taking tea with a man Alison had never seen before.

"This is Alison," said Mother. "Alison—Mr. Strange."
"How do you do," said Alison absently. She drank two cups of tea and escaped as soon as possible to her bedroom.

"It's great," said Mr. Strange continuing the conversation Alison's coming had interrupted. "It's great, and she's only a child. What will she do in years to come!"

"I found it on her dressing table," said Mother.
Mr. Strange stared at the poem again. "Great," he repeated. "You must stop this nonsense about marrying a young parson."

"How can I? I've done my best, but she's absolutely—"
Mother's voice dwindled—"in love."

"Rot. She's in the mood for love. She's ready for emotion. She's cutting her temperamental teeth."

"She's in love with him," said Mother firmly.

"Then it's got to stop. What's going to happen to her if she marries him? She'll live a little specialized life full of parish work which might interest another girl, but which would stifle Alison. She'll have a lot of babies and very little money. She'll have to make both ends meet. The details of every day will monopolize her thoughts. She'll die of her thwarted genius. Or else it'll turn into a wild beast and run away with her."

"Genius," said Mother startled.

"Yes," he was almost whispering, "genius."

"Good Heavens!" said Mother faintly, "there's never been anything like that before in our family."

"Alison must have lots of flirtations before she marries. That's all I mean. She wants experience of men and matters."

"I'll let her marry Cyril as soon as possible," said

Mother agitatedly. "Then she'll be safe at least."

"She won't. She'll be wretched. You don't want her to be wretched."

"Of course I don't. But what am I to do?"

"Stop her getting married in her childhood. Some girls are women at her age, but she's still a child. Girls of her type always develop late. She must marry not for love's sake, but for a man's sake, and she won't want to do that for a long time yet. The young parson has been useful in that he called out her power of self expression but only in that."

"I can't prevent her forcibly but—" Mother's eyes gleamed—"I can do a lot."

ALISON! It was her Mother's voice calling.

"Yes."

"Come here a minute, dear."

"Where to?"

"The kitchen."

Alison put down her book of verse indignantly. There was something inappropriate in being called out of such thoughts into a kitchen.

"I want you to learn how to make these cakes," said Mother briskly, her hands covered with flour.

Alison opened her eyes wide with surprise.

"You will have to know housekeeping upside down," said Mother busily, "seeing that, unlike the other girls, you are going to be a poor man's wife."

"Flour your hands," she continued, "and sprinkle flour on the board and rolling pin."

Alison mutely obeyed.

"That's easy work," said Mother still busy. "Now break these eggs into a bowl."

"I haven't broken this one properly and there's bits of shell all over the white," said Alison unhappily.

"Take them out," said Mother brightly.

"With my fingers?"

"Well, you couldn't very well use a knife and fork could you?"

"Aren't eggs loathesome when they're raw?"

"Cyril's so fond of cakes. Now hurry, dear. We're going to the Mothers' Meeting tonight."

"What for?"

"What for! And you're going to be a curate's wife!"

"But—"

"You'll have to put in an appearance at all these affairs when you are married. You'll be chairman of societies and all that sort of thing. So you must get your hand in. I once thought the life wouldn't suit you, but now I think it will. That's why I want to get you ready for it. Tomorrow there's the Girl's Sewing Society. Thursday the Literary Talk, Friday, Foreign Missions and—"

"Are we going to all of these?"

asked Alison, in an appalled voice.

"Yes. Won't it be nice? I've also a

list of six sick people for you to visit each week.

Add two ounces of castor sugar, stir well." Alison

stirred and her dark eyes grew darker.

Mother was

right. When she was Cyril's

wife she would have to help

him in all things. So she

went to the meetings and

visited the sick people. People

talked, but Mother didn't

care and Alison didn't know.

The girl lived in an atmosphere of church gossip and parish work. Cyril spoke of little else now that he had got over the speechlessness of early love. When Cyril wasn't talking he wanted to make love. That to Alison was worse than the talking.

She couldn't understand herself. She loved reading about beautiful kisses, but she hated kisses themselves. It was most unfortunate that Cyril didn't.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," thought Alison, in despair. She admired Cyril when she was away from him, but only liked him when he was with her.

She wished he wouldn't talk so much about church work. She was sure the Vicar didn't. People said how earnest and enthusiastic Cyril was, and some of them whispered that he was a lesson to the Vicar. But somehow Alison preferred the Vicar's way. After all it was possible to make a joke, take an interest in the outside world, play golf, have men friends and be a good Vicar as well.

Alison now had so little time of her own, and was kept so busy all day that she longed for bedtime. There was always some meeting in the evenings, and Cyril; Cyril again in the afternoons, and housework in the mornings. Mother—Alison admitted it with sorrow, but she had to admit it—Mother was getting positively selfish and tyrannical. If she were sewing in the drawing room she was left alone, or if she were playing the piano. But as soon as she stole to her bedroom to write in secret Mother would call her down to do something or to learn something. It was sickening. For she was writing a second poem longer and larger in theme than the first, and it depended entirely upon her mood. When she had finished doing the task that Mother set her the mood had gone and she couldn't write a word. Yes, it was sickening, but it was too late to change.

ONE morning when Alison came down to breakfast she saw an unfamiliar envelope on her plate. She opened it, went red, then pale, and faltered, "Oh Mother!"

"What is it, dear?"

"An—an—editor has taken my poem. But who sent it? I didn't."

"Mr. Strange, I suppose. He made a copy. I found the poem on your dressing table and showed it to him."

"Who is Mr. Strange?"

"His wife was an old schoolfriend of mine."

"Look," said Alison shyly, "read what it says."

Mother, her heart beating, read what the editor of a famous literary weekly said about her daughter. He said very little. His whole praise was compressed into one sentence. But it was such praise!

Mother's head swam, but she handed the letter back saying, "I want you to darn tablecloths this morning. You'll have to put your whole attention to it for it's a very ticklish job."

"Aren't you pleased?" asked Alison, her eyes blazing reproach.

"Very," said Mother absently. "I think it's all charming, but of course," she smiled playfully at the girl—"you won't have time for that when you're a poor curate's wife. What a pity neither you nor Cyril has a penny!"

Alison darned tablecloths for an hour then stole upstairs to get to her poem. She finished it two days later and sent it to Mr. Whiteman.

For some time her mind had been in turmoil. Only her writing had the power to still her troubled thoughts. She had honestly decided to help Cyril in his work when she married him. She had looked forward to helping him. She had asked nothing better from life, but she found that the idea of helping in the abstract was very different from the actual help Mother forced her to give in the form of parish work. Then she had gloried in Cyril's poverty. There had been something grand in picturing herself walking about the house economizing, a bunch of

[Turn to page 81]



She decided he wouldn't do, because he was incapable of laughter

More popular than ever in summer!



15 vegetables
Rich broth
Cereals
Fresh herbs
Seasoning

... 32 different ingredients
12 cents a can

My, how Campbell's makes us grow!
Everybody tells us so.
We just beam with health and pride
With our Campbell's Soup inside!



SOUP

*as the one-hot-dish
of summer meals*

DELICIOUS, invigorating soup! In the midst of all the cold meats, salads, iced desserts and beverages of the summer dining-table, good hot soup is a welcome contrast. It appeals to the appetite now with even greater charm. It has a bracing, tonic effect in the cold meal, which makes soup especially beneficial and healthful in the summertime. The hot, wholesome liquid food sets the digestive juices flowing more freely and in this way gives a renewed activity to a digestion steadily confronted with the task of assimilating so many cold foods.

NATURALLY enough at this season, every woman seeks to spread before her family all the cooling, refreshing foods which are so inviting. Her menus must be different and she shows her skill by the variety and tempting quality of the warm weather dishes. She also knows the little secret of the one-hot-dish in meals of this kind—how healthful it is, how necessary to make all the other dishes taste their very best.

This explains the great and ever-growing popularity of soup in the summer months. Whether served as the main dish of the shorter meal or at the beginning of the longer ones, soup is now served by millions of women, as a regular daily food on their tables—summer, winter—all the year.

KEEPING out of the hot kitchen, but still providing the finest of food for the family! Right now, women appreciate this advantage even more than ever. No wonder they are careful to keep constantly supplied with Campbell's Soups, whether away at a summer cottage in the mountains or seashore, or whether back home with the same three meals a day to provide. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering a few minutes. That is all these famous Campbell's Soups require before serving on the table! And they are of such delicious quality that the proudest housewife is glad to serve them.

Read the full list of twenty-one Campbell's Soups printed on every label. Notice how much they help you to give delightful variety to your menus. Make your selections and order from your grocer. He has, or will get for you, any of the Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.



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THE flavor and digestibility of fried foods—particularly fried fish—depend on the fat that is used.

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Although Mazola is a *pure* fat, the foods fried in it are singularly free from grease.



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Enclosed is 10 cents (stamps—coin). Please send me postpaid a copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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A HERMIT'S HOME IS WHAT HE MAKES IT

BY WILL CUPPY

DECORATION BY A. K. MACDONALD

Editor's Note: In the June McCall's, Mr. Cuppy, New York's most famous hermit, described his dramatic arrival at Jones' Island. In this issue we are permitted a brief glance at his hut and at his book reviewing cell, wherein he earns his bread, and sometimes the butter to go on it.

ALL the talk seems to have started when I told a New York interviewer that my hermiting shack on Jones' Island out in Great South Bay measured 20 x 20 feet. It was but too clear, from the peculiar smile which flitted across his irregular features that he was not very favorably impressed. (I forgot to say that this reporter was not interviewing me at the time. He was off duty and we merely happened, on one of my trips to the city, to be lunching at the same counter.)

I see what must have occurred. That newspaperman repeated to somebody else the dimensions of my four-room house—I confessed that, too—and it got around that since the whole thing measured 20 x 20 feet, each of the rooms must measure 5 x 5 feet. Now I'm not going to argue. Anyone who is willing to concentrate, brush up on arithmetic, call in the neighbors, draw a few diagrams or come out to Jones' Island with a foot-rule will eventually find that each room, supposing they were all the same size, must be 10 x 10 feet. Nevertheless, either because the interviewer stopped school in the third grade for obvious reasons or because the faculty for doing simple addition has died out in this nation, I get letters from housekeepers asking me how to become efficient in 5 x 5 rooms. It can't be done.

One of my correspondents has gathered that the shack itself is a 5 x 5 affair and that each room is therefore 1½ x 1½ feet. Next thing they'll have me down a rabbit hole. I have never boasted of the extent of my real estate holdings in Great South Bay, but I will say that I know of larger country places for which I would not trade my *Villa Mon Repos*, which, for that matter, complete with grounds and out-buildings, covers a domain of several square rods. Besides, there's the Atlantic Ocean in my front yard, that's something. And—please get this straight—I really have 400 square feet of floor space. The Coast Guards right next door have a lot more, but there are nine of them.

What I'm getting at is that it takes a bit of work to run the shack, small as it is, with those four rooms which must be kept spotlessly clean, or should be. I often regret that *Villa Mon Repos* is not the naked hermitage of which the Bard has sung, there is so much in it that could do with a dusting. Indeed, my book reviewing cell is far from possessing the austere simplicity I could desire—though I take this opportunity to reply to an anonymous smarty that it is not padded. I cannot honestly say that I have cast away the super-

fluities of this mechanical and soulless age and returned to the simple and natural things when my house is so full of useless knick-knacks that I can't get around in it. My furnishings are all of the kind that you just hate to throw out, but in my heart I know that what the place needs is an utterly ruthless steam shovel, a savage wrecking crew that has been fed on raw meat, or both.

Meanwhile there's housekeeping, and that, so far as I can make out, means cleaning up. Many words have been bandied on this subject by persons who do not seem to know that I own the largest private collection of soaps, washing powders, spot removers, magic scourers and old scrubbing brushes in our part of the ocean. When the proper moment arrives, I shall put them to good use. I do not want to assume an air of conscious merit, but whenever I look at my cleaning things I feel a little thrill of satisfaction in the thought that my home would be as spick and span as anyone's if only it had the proper care. And so help me, I'll do it yet.

Life is difficult for any homemaker, but remember that a book reviewing hermit on an island has to do single-handed in the few moments allowed him at recess what the whole of civilization working in unison for some aeons now on a twenty-four hour schedule has but imperfectly achieved, that is to say keep house. I'm no expert, but I have learned that the price of cleanliness in the home is eternal vigilance, and even then people will talk—ask, maybe, whether you are sure you washed behind the pump. Of course, it works both ways, for the minute I start to sweep up the galley or cut a path through the Lares and Penates in the living room the Coast Guards get all silly and imagine that I'm about to import a permanent hermitess.

There are plenty of tricks I don't know in this game, but I do try, that's the tragedy. Take the time a famous household authority announced in the papers that pouring coffee grounds down the kitchen sink was good for the pipes. Yes, I was up at dawn pouring whole buckets of grounds into my poor innocent plumbing, and what happened? You know well enough that the result was a violent congestion and complete functional breakdown of the Jones' Island drainage system and that Rattlesnake Ned and Portygee Pete from the Coast Guard station were days and days helping me tear up the tiles in the yard. It didn't stand to reason in the first place, but in those days I was a pretty green hermit.

Why do not some of these educators, if they are really sincere, tell how to fill a nickel plated lamp from a five gallon oilcan without ruining the drawing room rug? The upshot of all the centuries of invention is that

you never know when the lamp has had enough until the oil begins to spurt from the little hole in the lamp, with the funnel also full and running over the while you stand there in helpless, baffled rage hoping that it won't catch fire from the kitchen stove, sneering at modern science and wondering if, after all, there is such a thing as progress.

This lamp situation accounts for the fugitive flavor of coal oil noticed by fastidious guests in my clam chowder, corn muffins and sundry. I have nothing against kerosene myself; in time you get used to it with your meals, and I consider it a good, wholesome smell.

Although many other esoteric problems demand research and exposition (and by more experienced hands), I must content myself with a concluding word on feather-catching, an art much neglected in our day but of prime importance to anyone who owns a feather bed or even a pillow, as who does not? Countless thousands will bear me out in my statement that one never knows what real excitement is until the feather bed bursts while being beaten, turned or let severely alone. When this happens, of course, one gets a certain mad, hectic pleasure out of pretending that one is playing the snow scene from "The Two Orphans;" just as surely one finally decides that it cannot and must not go on forever. Something must be done, yet how few housekeepers, when called upon to sweep up a few bushels of feathers which have run amuck, have the faintest notion how to act beyond yelling for the police!

Successful feather-catchers are not born, but made in the give and take of life, tried and tempered in the school of hard knocks, and life has taught them to beware of insensate violence in their chosen field. Probably the only means that would instantly quell an uprising of vigorous, adolescent goose feathers would be a surprise barrage of buckshot or the combined attack of several fire departments, but time has proved both these techniques unwise. Nor can rampaging feathers on holiday be intimidated by wild leavings and cavortings with a broom and dustpan, since for pure impudence, irresponsibility and malicious gayety they are equalled among inanimate objects only by golf balls and collar buttons. When you fly aft in the fine frenzy of misguided confidence, they sail gracefully for'ard, and there you are.

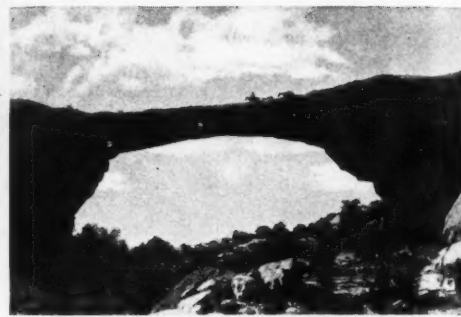
Don't lose your head. Keep cool, and when the darned things appear to have forgotten all about you, advance slowly upon them with outstretched wet newspapers, enfold them gently and they'll never know what hit them, in case you did bag a few. And the moral of that probably is that feathers in their way are a symbol of this our mortal life, which is always breaking out in some other direction the minute you think it's all set. Anyway, once the feathers break loose, the problem of exercise in the home is solved for the next week or so.



Bryce's Canyon, in Southern Utah, vividly colored and known as the "Temple of Osiris", a national monument



Devil's Tower, in the Black Hills of Wyoming, is 600 feet of solidified fire rock, rising above a mound of limestone



Edwin Bridge, one of a group of three in the Natural Bridges National Monument, southeastern Utah

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

A land of Wonders in the West

FOR those who would see the seven wonders of the modern world, it matters little where they start—all roads lead to the Grand Canyon. We are approaching it. Our large and dusty caravan is streaming into the motor camping ground near the tourist settlement which snuggles close beside the canyon's south rim—a unique settlement of especial interest.

The arrival of such an expedition as ours anywhere else in America would create real commotion. Here it does little more than disturb for a few moments the impressive hush which broods forever around the canyon. In the strange village close by, which answers variously to roll-call as "Grand Canyon" or as "El Tovar" or "Grand Canyon Station," it stirs not the faintest ripple of excitement. This, with the possible exception of Ellis Island, is the most cosmopolitan spot in the entire Western Hemisphere. Veritably it is a Mecca for globe-trotters of all nationalities. There have been times, you may hear, when its hotel and camp registers revealed a count of tourists from abroad outnumbering the names of visitors from our own United States.

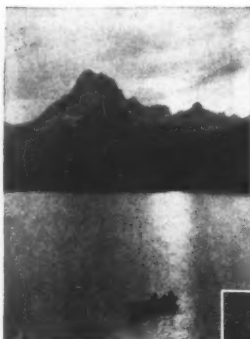
Only a few of our caravan are foreigners. But, at least, we come from afar. That is proclaimed by the wide assortment of states and cities represented in our motor license plates.

We have no schedule, no time-table. Our favorite mottoes are "use your own judgement" and "do a little exploring." The only plan we have in mind is to "see the most striking scenic beauty spots of a country that few of us know any too well." By way of itinerary—and even this is a bit elastic—we are out to "do," as the high spots of our tour, most of our national parks and (now that we've got into the West) a number of national monuments.

With this sort of program we started a month ago way up in the northeast corner of the map at

Second in the series written for McCall's on motoring to the National and State Parks and other famous places in this country
BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

little Lafayette National Park, on the sea-beaten rocky island of Mount Desert, Maine. From there we struck westward, then south as far as Asheville, N. C., then westward again, on a long tour of eastern and southern highlands, several times crossing the backbone of the Appalachians. On then, over the hills and far away, and across the Mississippi, until we came to another little national park at Hot Springs, Ark. Rambling on after that up through the Ozark hills, we swung next—at least, most of us did, but some had other choices—into the transcontinental highway numbered "U. S. 66," and followed this "Main Street of America" across plains and deserts into north central Arizona. So here we are, at last, converging from east and south and west into the national park's motor camping ground back of the



Moonlight on Mount McDermott, a beautiful sight in the Glacier National Park in Montana



A view above the clouds at Harney Peak of the Black Hills. In the distance are the mountains of Montana

south rim of the Grand Canyon.

As the second leg of our journey we mean to take in five or six (we really can't be any more definite

than that) of the national parks in this sector of the west, from Grand Canyon north to Glacier Park, way up next to the Canadian border; and visit, also, along the route, perhaps a score or more of national monuments. "What after that?"

Westward again and then down the Pacific Highway, seeking more national parks and monuments. Then, when frost is approaching in the northerly latitudes, back to the Atlantic Coast once more, by way of the Old Spanish Trail from San Diego, Cal., to St. Augustine, Fla.

For the moment we'll park our cars here in the free motor camp; we are going to have a glimpse of the first of the wonders of the west in store for us, and see if we like it as a sample.

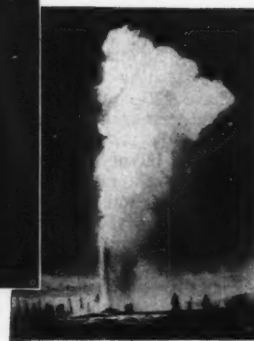
Just a few steps—then it smites you in the eye. There is no word better for it, except in crudest slang, than "smites." So suddenly does this vast canyon swim into view, right at your feet, that you have to catch your breath. We all have seen photographs of it—libels in tame blacks and whites. But no one's imagination, in advance, can get any fair notion of the sublimity of the Grand Canyon's size, or the glory of its coloring. A mile deep. Twelve or thirteen miles across to that higher north rim. As long as from New York to Boston. It is not the widest of panoramas that we see here at El Tovar. But it is stunning enough! "Sublime" is the adjective most often used. Or "stupendous." After all the desperate

searching others have done in the dictionaries before us we can find nothing better to offer. "Gorgeous"—in reds, purples, blues, greens, grays, yellows . . . Everything we may try to say merely echoes what others have said innumerable times.

Now we've begun to breathe with a little more regularity; now we can pause to reflect. Some one has remarked that it is "twelve miles across there to Bright Angel Point." What more natural, especially in a

[Turn to page 40]

Old Faithful, in Yellowstone National Park





Youth and love...
keep them by keeping
a beautiful skin!

THE WONDERFUL PRESENT—it is all that really belongs to us!

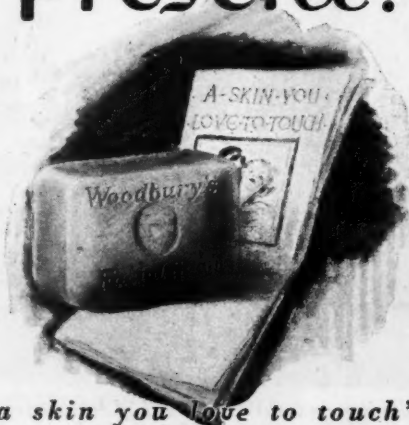
If you long for a beautiful skin—begin now to give it the day-by-day care that will build up its resistance—keep it smooth and clear and brilliant with health and vitality!

Never again will your skin respond quite so quickly and satisfactorily to the right care as now—this very night! In a month—in a year—it will have lost a little of its power to recuperate; you will find it harder to bring it back into perfect condition.

Begin now, to give it the habit of health—of beauty. Care for it in the way skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap, the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

Thousands of beautiful women—debutantes—college girls—women guests at America's most exclusive resorts, most splendid hotels—are today building up a clear, lovely complexion with Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury skin treatments—treatments

The present.. the wonderful Present..



based on the clean, sure methods of modern science.

The right treatment for *your* skin is given in the booklet that comes free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you have a smooth, naturally good complexion—use the treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blemishes, blackheads, oily skin, or any similar defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble. See what a noticeable improvement you can bring about in even a week or ten days.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Begin, tonight, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch!"

Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1515 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

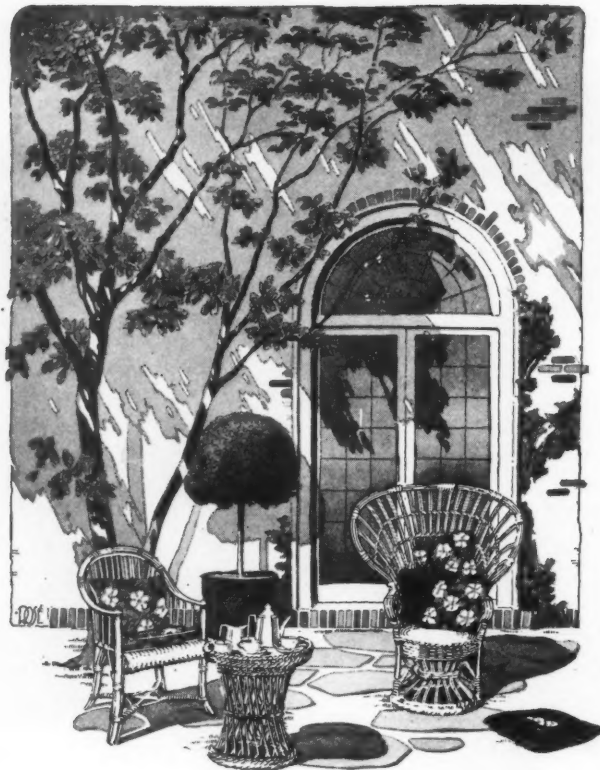
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1515 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

You too can have the charm of "a skin you love to touch"

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FURNITURE FOR THE PORCH AND GARDEN

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

FURNITURE suggestive of leisure and Summer comfort is always of interest at this season when we are tempted to live out-of-doors rather than within the house. In the garden where the choice is limited somewhat to enameled or painted iron, there are chairs with arms and without, gay in their orange, green and red colorings with black bandings that are most attractive. These may be grouped about a folding metal table or may stand beneath a stencil decorated umbrella, correspondingly colorful, supported by a table base.

For the children, the shops are showing a lawn umbrella in red canvas decorated with clowns and performing animals. It shades a low base, some three feet square, in which is a galvanized iron container to be filled with sand, or water stocked with goldfish. With this there are four tiny green painted chairs to place around the box.

Folding chairs with removable footrests and adjustable canopies have reappeared this season in brilliant striped canvas with swinging canopied couches of the same material and in sizes suitable for children.

In wicker a comfortable lawn lounging chair has a special base with stretchers, so that the legs will not sink into the grass. For permanent use, benches and

PARTIES!

THREE new McCall leaflets this month! They are: "A Motor Supper" (two cents), a jolly stunt for warm weather entertaining; "Leap Year Parties" (two cents), some amusing dance suggestions; and "A Mother Goose Garden Party" (two cents), a colorful affair for the children, with all sorts of games and contests.

If you would like to have these leaflets, write to:

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236 W. 37th St., New York City

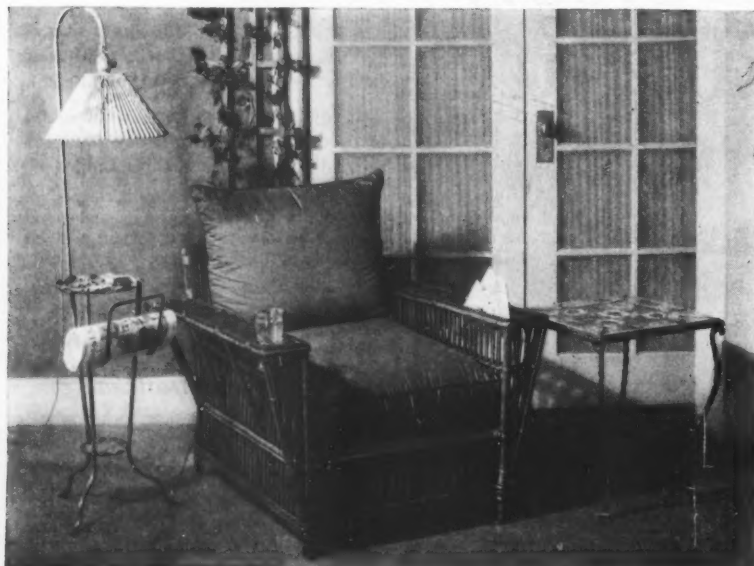
wand willow appear in deep loungy armchairs with box spring seats and down cushions and a magazine pocket or a collapsible writing table, at one side. Waterproof glazed chintz in plain colors with contrasting pipings or in a checked, moiré or basket weave, make effective and practical cushion covers.

Sofas or swinging couches similar to the chairs may likewise be had, finished to meet the requirements of any color scheme. End tables, also in stick reed, denote modernistic influence in their sturdy outlines and many shelves. The porch glider divan, another type of moving couch, is to be had in a variety of new coverings (such as that illustrated with its wisteria stencil decoration on black radiant cloth with tangerine pipings).

One of the new side chairs in wand willow finished in antique parchment color shows Gothic outlines in its high arched back. The fan-shaped peacock chair is another decorative yet comfortable type that is now obtainable in red and black or other painted finishes, as well as the always popular natural color. Woven grass rugs for the porch or sun-room have departed from the prim regularity of even squares and appear in rainbow colorings and modernistic flower and bird designs.

chairs painted white make a pleasing contrast against a green background.

For the porch, sun-room or terrace, stick reed and



Willow chair in antique parchment color, box spring construction, cushion in green waterproof chintz. Green wrought iron lamp, chintz shade, iron stand with tile top.



Porch glider divan covered in black with wisteria decoration. Iron armchair finished in baked enamel, many colors. Folding tea table in green enamel finish. (Diameter 27 inches)



"The Golden Turban" hangs in a notable private collection.

Go, fashion me with jewell'd gold,
With coral pink and ivory white
And delicate as the tints that hold
Lily and rose by pale moon-light,
Go, fashion me with loving care
And all the skill that art can bring
A figure of my Lady fair,—
A gossamer and dainty thing.

—from a poem
dedicated to Lady Lavery

LADY LAVERY

Subject of Celebrated Paintings

The greatest beauty since Lady Hamilton

RED-GOLD Titian hair crowning a lovely Grecian head, like a torrent of sunshine enveloping some exquisite flower; great amber eyes; ivory skin, "... delicate as the tints that hold lily and rose by pale moonlight,"—this is the wondrous beauty of Lady Lavery. Beauty which vividly attests that life has its masterpieces just as music has, or sculpture, or painting.

The wife of Sir John Lavery, the internationally known British painter, Lady Lavery is the inspiration of many of his portraits which hang in the famous galleries of Europe.

Such beauty as Lady Lavery's gives so much to the world. To the artist—inspiration; to life—color and romance. And nothing contributes to this precious quality more delicately—more elusively than the exquisite beauty of her lovely skin.

Knowing well the irresistible charm of her "lily and rose" complexion, Lady Lavery has considered—perhaps more than most women—the art of cultivating a beautiful skin.

ABOVE everything—she believes in a simple method of care. "For, after all," she told us with knowing conviction, "the secret of a lovely skin lies in keeping it clean. My formula is a simple one. I always use Pond's! The Cold Cream, the fine silky cleansing Tissues, a dash of the Skin Freshener, then the Vanishing Cream—that is all."

To achieve the same wonderful results which cause Lady Lavery to prefer the Pond's method of care to all others—use the four products daily. Use them together, as she uses them, in the new Pond's way.

FIRST—as always, apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores lifting out every particle of dirt.

THEN—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine without a trace of oiliness.

LAST—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Just one treatment—and your mirror will reflect a new, enchanting loveliness. Daily treatment—and you will see in your own skin that glorious opalescence of youth—that smooth, soft texture you have so often envied in others.



This portrait hangs in the Guildhall Gallery, London.



"Hazel in Mauve and Rose" by Sir John Lavery



Utterly enchanting is Lady Lavery's Dressing Table. Its priceless Venetian glass mirror of that wonderfully subtle gray-blue tone, hangs above tremulous ruffles of palest pink—like a moonbeam hovering over a rose. On its crystal top stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the Tonic Skin Freshener.

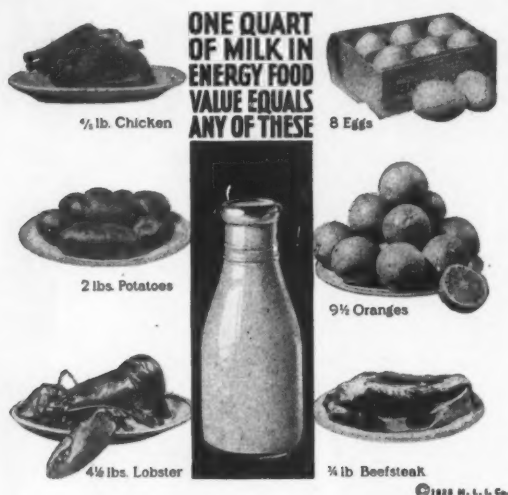


MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—for a week's supply of all four preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., DEPT. H
111 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

Milk ~ the Builder



Each of these foods has its own value. The comparison is only for "energy value"—the property which gives the body strength and power to carry on its activities.

FROM the moment baby's eyes open upon a strange world his demand is for food—food that will build a sturdy body. Nature provides milk for his needs. In milk are found in right proportion all the many kinds of food required in the business of body-building. Throughout babyhood and youth the elements contained in milk are essential to sound growth.

As a general rule, milk should not be regarded as a beverage to be taken when thirsty, like water. It is a food and should be sipped (eaten) slowly. In milk are found a greater number of the materials required by the body than in any other one food.

Milk contains minerals from which the bones and teeth are made, elements which produce strong muscles—as well as vitamins to assist growth and to ward off disease. There is no part of the body which it does not nourish.

The boys and girls who have milk regularly all through childhood have a better foundation of health—more rugged bodies to carry them through life—than those who have little or no milk.

A quart of milk a day, in some form, should be the rule for every child all through the growing period. A few children have a real or imagined aversion to milk. But the doctor may find

that they can take it and enjoy it if served as cocoa or in soups, sauces, custards, puddings, or frozen desserts.

Encourage your boys and girls to appreciate milk. Make them understand that for most people it is the finest all-around food in the world. Tell them what it will do for their bodies. Children love games. Teach them the game of body-building. Protein "bricks" for strong muscles; lime "bricks" for bones and teeth; milk sugar "bricks" and fat "bricks" for energy and warmth.

Not only is milk a builder—it is a repairer, as well. That is why it is important that adults also should have a regular supply—not so much as children—but a glass or two a day or the equivalent amount served with other foods. Milk is a great help to men and women who want to keep strong, vigorous and youthful. But remember that milk has so much food value that when added to the diet a smaller quantity of other foods may be sufficient.

To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

Give milk to the children and—take it yourself.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wishes to emphasize the importance of getting clean milk and keeping it clean after it reaches the home. Much of the difficulty in bringing babies safely through their second summer comes from the dangers which lie in impure milk or milk improperly cared for—milk left uncovered or without sufficient ice-protection.

Find out whether or not the milk you buy comes from a dairy where every scientific precaution has been used to keep the milk free from contamination—from the time of milking to its delivery.

Many of the great dairies, realizing the difficulties of safe-guarding every bottle of milk during the hours in transit, take no chances and pasteurize it. Many cities

and towns demand that practically all milk must be pasteurized. In some cities special certificates of quality are issued upon convincing evidence of clean and safe handling and the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Dairies which have such recognition are glad to show copies of dairy reports upon which their special certificates are issued.

If your milk supply is not pasteurized or certified, it is advisable that you pasteurize your milk at home. Complete and simple directions together with other valuable information will be found in our booklet, 88-M, "All About Milk". It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

[Continued from page 36]



Photos by Ewing Galloway, Keystone View, Publishers Photo

Cliff Palace, one of "the best preserved cliff dwellings in the United States," Mesa Verde, national park in Colorado

wonderland, than to begin to wonder: "What's it like, on that other side? And how far do you suppose you'd have to drive to get over there in a car?"

It will open your eyes further to the immensity of this canyon to give you the answer. If there were an airplane waiting upon this terrace beside the south rim—unfortunately, there isn't—you could hop in and, after a few minutes skim, a mere flight of a dozen miles, you could taxi in the plane down upon the wooded Kaibab Plateau behind Bright Angel Point. But by the best motor road, that Point is so far away that you probably won't take my word for the distance until after you have studied the motor maps for yourself.

Far around into the southwest you must circle, tracing out a gigantic letter "C." Out of the state of Arizona, into California and Nevada, on up into south-

U. S. Official: "None but experienced drivers over bad roads should attempt this trip. Those who undertake it must carry a reserve supply of gasoline and oil."

There is, however, a third way to get across—and this a fairly short one. To make it you first store your car at a garage in Grand Canyon Village where you'll hear, "the charge, lady, is only six bits a day." Then you take to the saddle of a horse. This ride requires two days. The first relay, of twelve miles, sees you across the canyon by way of the Kaibab Suspension Bridge, passing the night at Phantom Ranch; the second, of twenty miles, takes you on up the gorge of Bright Angel Creek to a camp in the pine woods just back of the north rim at Bright Angel Point for the second night.

Of course, if you are in a hurry or can't

afford this sort of excursion, you may content yourself with walks and drives along the south rim and a one-day trip to the bottom of the canyon and back. All three ways to reach the north rim require a good deal of time. "Is there anything on that other side worth all the pains and the extra cost?" Enough, certainly, to warrant your serious consideration. The view from the north rim is one which many prefer to that from the south. And at not too staggering a price you there can take automobile stages through Kaibab National Forest, where you will glimpse hundreds of deer in a real forest primeval; then a past Pipe Spring National Monument, with its big oasis spring and ruins of a stone fort of pioneer

[Turn to page 58]

A VACATION HELP

IF you want to spend that precious two-weeks of vacation time in a pine-scented mountain resort, or a breezy little point on Long Island Sound, or at a salty fishing village of New England, or in romantic Mexico or beautiful Canada or any other place hereabouts, hurry up and send for our vacation leaflet.

It's a leaflet of where, when and how to spend a vacation on the American continent. In it are listed railroads and hotels, with rates and other important and necessary information.

Send a two-cent stamp with your request to

THE SERVICE EDITOR

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236 W. 37th Street, New York City



WAY



Silk stockings worn by this sparkling chorus from Ziegfeld's "ROSALIE" are kept new-looking with Lux. (Marilyn Miller, center)

EVERY Musical Show in New York uses Lux to *double* the life of stockings



IRENE
DELOY
charming star
of
"HERE'S HOWE!"

says, "I find Lux perfectly marvelous for stage frocks and stockings, as well as my personal things." And the management of this sprightly show insists upon Lux for the stockings of the cast.

Every woman faces the silk-socking problem—how to make sheer hosiery last longer . . .

New York's gorgeous musical shows face this very same problem—on a vast scale!

Thousands of dollars' worth of silk and chiffon stockings are worn by the gay choruses of these famous shows—danced in night after night.

In the bright blaze of spot-lights, these stockings *must* look brilliant and new. Yet they must last through many performances.



To find the *safest* way to wash silk stockings, various methods of cleansing were tried, different soaps used.

And now the fact is disclosed that stockings washed in Lux wear twice as long.

Twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings!

This means so much in dollars and cents to the producers of New York's dazzling shows, that each one has standardized the method by which stockings are washed.

Now the wardrobe mistress of every musical show in New York—without exception—specifies Lux for washing silk stockings—to get *double* wear!



MRS. BEATRICE CONIFF,

wardrobe mistress with Shubert productions, says—"Garter runs are more to be feared than any other stocking trouble. Anything which weakens the fabric must be avoided. That is why our laundresses use only Lux."

The Shubert general manager adds: "We would use Lux if it cost \$1.00 a box, for it cuts our stocking bills in half."

Like the wardrobe mistresses of Broadway, women everywhere use Lux for silk stockings. They know rubbing with cake soap may weaken fibres—that many soaps (whether flakes, chips or cakes) contain harmful alkali that may fade lovely colors. So they make sure of extra wear—with Lux.



YOUR CAR AT THE FILLING STATION

What is bootleg gasoline? Poor substitutes sap the life of any automobile

BY DOROTHY REID

THE general manager of a Western territory of a large and well known oil company, showed me a report sent him by one of his many detectives. The man was employed to report instances of maltreatment of customers at filling stations.

The detective's report read in part:

"At six-thirty a woman drove an eight cylinder car into the filling station. She leaned from the driver's seat, said to the attendant, 'I have ten gallons of gas, give me ten more!' Then continued her interrupted conversation with the companion sitting beside her with not a glance at the gas gauge.

"The attendant removed the tank cap, inserted the hose from a gasoline pump and drew off five gallons from her tank. He then collected two dollars, and the woman drove off."

She was poorer by exactly three dollars since gasoline was selling that day for twenty cents.

"Anyone," said the General Manager, "who drives into a filling station and does not watch the gasoline register while the tank is being refilled deserves to be gypped. Every reputable oil company is working constantly to protect its customers, and unless customers will try to protect themselves we cannot expect to overcome short measures and the bootlegging of adulterated gasoline and oil."

Short measure can be guarded against rather easily; substitution is a more difficult thing to detect, and it is a great deal more common and vastly more costly because of the injurious effect on your car.

There is a federal law on trade marks applying to substitution in general, and several states have enacted laws which specifically cover substitution of gasoline or lubricating oil. Other states have similar recommendations before their legislatures. When crusades against substitution are being waged by oil companies, civic bodies, private organizations and individual states, and the corruption continues, what is the answer?

Chiefly that the consumer must do his part.

There are approximately 250,000 filling stations in the United States, and new ones are continually springing into existence. Certainly a large proportion of them are strictly honest and not to be classed with the fly-by-night, unscrupulous fellow who operates just around the corner.

The question is, how can one determine which station is honest and which one is not?

The gasoline companies themselves cannot answer such a question for you. They may only tell what protective measures they are taking and advise you to use ordinary caution when buying.

Every oil refining company produces a number of grades of gasoline. The man who sold you your car would tell you if you asked him that only the best grade—the refiner's premier quality—is a satisfactory fuel for that expensive mechanism. The secondary quality gasoline, and lesser grades on down the scale, are likely to be a fluid much less volatile than first run gasoline. A varying amount of it that is heavy with kerosene, is difficult to burn in an automobile engine. Most of the larger companies are equipped to re-run these less volatile grades and turn them into standard motor gasolines; other companies not so equipped must sell them, so they find their way into the market—at the correspondingly lower price that its "lower" quality commands. Dealers, in turn, sell this inferior gasoline to the filling station proprietors whose ornate little buildings are placed

THIS is the third of a number of articles on automobiles and motoring to be published for McCall's women readers. What are your car problems?

Every woman who drives or is learning to drive is faced with bothersome problems. A special free consultation service on the care and use of cars is offered all readers.

Address your questions to

The AUTOMOBILE EDITOR,
McCALL'S MAGAZINE,
216 W. 37th St. New York City

where they are likely to catch your eye when the gas tank of your car is nearly empty.

Some of this gasoline is so poor that the companies that deal in it are ashamed of their wares. Their tank trucks are unmarked by any name. They send out drums of gasoline in trucks that are, to put it mildly, traveling incognito. Some of those trucks make deliveries after dark, even after midnight. You and I may suspect that these deliveries are intended to attract as little attention as possible. If ever you see an unmarked truck making a delivery after dark to a filling station displaying some well-known gasoline company's pumps, it is time to be suspicious. First quality gasoline is rarely delivered after dark.

Filling stations are often the property of an oil company, but more often they are privately owned and operated, in which case the only portion owned by an oil company is the series of pumps bearing its trademark and leased to the operators. The storage tanks underneath are supposed to contain the brand of gasoline plainly marked on the pumps. Unfortunately for unwary drivers, however, this is not always true, because sometimes the tanks are filled with the fluid delivered by the "night riders." Laws, vigilance and fines have only succeeded in checking substitution; they have not yet overcome it and varying qualities are sold.

When selecting a filling station on the road, choose one that is both clean and businesslike in appearance. The man who maintains a dirty establishment may be equally careless in his business dealings. If you cannot get the gasoline you are in the habit of using, stick to known advertised

brands. Know the market price, and while I would not advise paying a premium, neither would I advise trading with any station that advertises a cut price.

The dealer's profit is approximately three cents a gallon, and on that basis he cannot afford to be altruistic. If he reduces the price on one thing he undoubtedly raises it on something else. Too often that cut price is for an inferior grade of gasoline, and in reality you are paying more than the mixture is worth. Dim lights may not mean shady business, but I would be inclined to distrust any poorly lighted filling station. Instead of patronizing the hot dog stand which, as a side line, supplies gasoline, I would advise driving on to a station which concentrates on feeding automobiles and not human beings.

After driving into a filling station, get out of your car and see what is put into it by the attendant. You may lose from half to three quarters of a gallon of gasoline, unless the attendant tilts and drains the hose into your tank. Stand where you can see the pump gauge, and where you can hear the gasoline going into your own tank. The splash should be heard almost immediately after the attendant starts pumping. A friend of mine once saw two gallons register before any gasoline flowed into his tank. If you order five gallons see that the gauge registers that amount; it is a common practice for attendants to give four gallons and collect for five. And, like the woman driver observed by that oil company detective, you may have gasoline syphoned from your tank instead of having it put in. None of these things can happen if you watch instead of sitting idly in your car.

A poor grade of gasoline will do untold damage to your engine. It will cause an excess carbon formation and rapid oil dilution, resulting in pitted valves and undue wear on cylinder walls, rings and pistons. The average automobile owner may not notice this premature wearing out of parts, but he can immediately detect loss of power through the sluggish behavior of the engine. If he is wise, he will replenish with a good grade of fuel, and prevent further damage to his engine.

Guarding against spurious lubricants is a simpler task. It takes less oil than gasoline to run a motor, and it is entirely feasible to carry sufficient oil with you. No matter how suspicious you may be of a roadside filling station, and regardless of its shady reputation, you may safely purchase a lubricant if you insist upon a sealed can, and see that precisely what you order and pay for is what goes into your engine.

Package goods, whether groceries, candy or automobile oil, cost more. You pay for the container, and for the assurance that your goods are clean and unadulterated. It is frequently better to pay the few extra pennies and save the subsequent dollars which repair bills inevitably mean when your car is damaged by inferior oils.

Dr. Henry J. Masson, professor of chemical engineering at New York University, who tests a large proportion of the samples taken from questionable filling stations, has said that bootleg oils have made millions of dollars' worth of machinery worthless. [Turn to page 52]

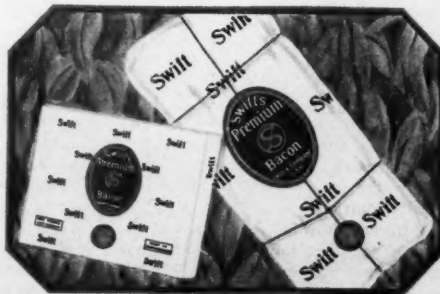
SWIFT



Now ranked high among health foods—the old-fashioned dish of liver and bacon! Eminent physicians recommend it for its iron and vitamins. To make this dish unusually tempting, many women choose Premium Bacon, knowing that Premium's distinctive savor invariably adds new goodness to liver as well as to other foods.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

There are two convenient ways to buy Premium Bacon. Many women like the whole piece in the original parchment wrapper as shown at right—a generous supply in one purchase. Others prefer the smaller pound and half-pound cartons, with Premium sliced evenly and thinly, free from rind, ready to use.



Liver and Bacon Country Club Style

Place slices of Premium Bacon in shallow baking pan and bake in hot oven (450°F) until done, turning once. At same time, cover slices of liver with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes. Drain liver, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Remove bacon to hot platter and place liver in bacon fat remaining in pan. Bake 15 minutes, turning liver once. Serve with spiced peaches or peach preserves.

Swift & Company

And it's
DELICIOUSLY GOOD
just by itself—
on salads or vegetables

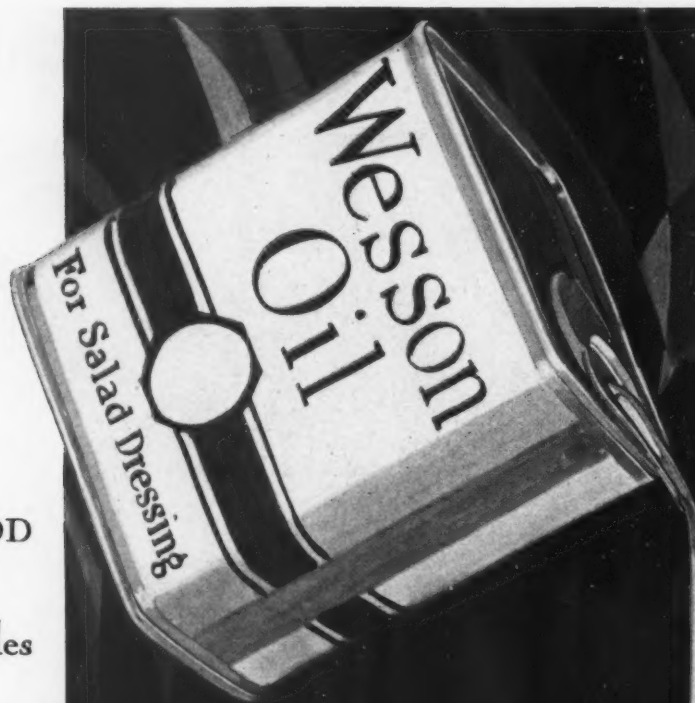
Women who have the greatest
flair for unusual salads will tell

you that more often they prefer
to serve something quite simple.

Hearts of lettuce, perhaps. Or
endive. Or diced pineapple on
lettuce.

And you'll find too that many
women like to use Wesson Oil
plain, just as it is—on salads as
well as vegetables. And keep a
cruet of it on the table along, per-
haps, with a cruet of vinegar.

They recognize instinctively
that Wesson Oil is a *food* that's de-
liciously good to eat all by itself.
An unconscious tribute, indeed,
to its purity and wholesomeness.



For Wesson Oil is an exceed-
ingly choice salad oil . . . Pour
some into a glass and hold it
against the light. See how clear
and light it is—a pale straw
color. Then taste it and see
what an exquisitely delicate
flavor it has.

Surely, if proof were needed,
there it is. And surely, here is
a salad oil that you'll *trust* and
like to use.

All of which may suggest
why Wesson Oil has become
so universally a favorite . . .
For French Dressing, of course,
there is nothing that serves
more perfectly as a base. And no
French Dressing that gives to a
crisp, fresh salad so piquant and
appetizing a touch.

By the way, wouldn't you
like us to send you our new
little book of recipes? It's free
if you'll just drop a card to
the Wesson Oil People, 210
Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

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a card to
people, 210
Orleans, La.

ILLUSTRATED BY
O. F. HOWARD



Music and
news far from
the maddening
crowd

SUMMER CARE AND USE OF THE RADIO SET

BY STUART HAWKINS

One of the first "Reviewers" of broadcast programs, and in charge of a daily radio criticism department on a N. Y. newspaper

ABOUT this time of year, when the advent of the Summer solstice has turned even the most amorous poets into serious golfers, a strange label is wont to arise from what is commonly called the radio world. The public raises its murmuring voice to state the paradox that Summer-time radio reception is not so hot; and the radio experts, advertisers and commentators hasten into print with reassuring denials. This mild disagreement is an annual occurrence, and is as popular with the radio manufacturers as the black plague is with public health authorities. The impression that June brings something of a blight to the nightly broadcast harvest is, according to the radio people, a deleterious hang-over from the early days of broadcasting; and their efforts to eradicate the unhappy belief are sincere and persistent.

Foremost among the superstition-slayers are the writers of radio advertisements, from whose pens come inspired portrayals of the benefits and pleasures to be derived from Summer-time radio reception. Realizing that the world and his wife are afflicted with wanderlust during this season, the advertisers sing the praises of portable receiving-sets—by which the migratory millions may have their vacation cake without losing the sweet frosting of radio entertainment. Persuasive photographs and etchings show care-free pleasure-seekers paying rapt attention to little knockabout receivers, and neat paragraphs seek to convince us that he who plays tennis without a vest-pocket loudspeaker is less *au fait* than he who visits Atlantic City in long trousers instead of the prevalent plus fours or knickers.

The spells woven about the portable receiving set are potent and seductive ones, and it is not for me to strengthen or dispel them. The blessings to be gained by taking a four-tube loop-antenna contraption out automobil- ing are said to be many. There are many good people who like to take under-sized gramophones for moonlight paddles, and to them the water-going receiver should be a boon—since the volume of its output can be controlled where that of a talking machine cannot and certainly the strains of dulcet music add to any canoe ride.

Dancing on the sand in bathing-suits to fox-trots picked up by a suitcase radio set seems to allure many. Campers and hunters have told me that nothing lightens the chores of bacon-frying and mosquito swatting like music from a fifty-pound receiving set—and they have been very sincere in telling me so. For the Summer cottage or camp—or for any other warm weather headquarters—the portable receiving set is just as much a necessity and pleasure as is the perma-

nent home radio. Vacations are notoriously liable to rainy days wherein the radio can serve as a lively preventive of ennui; and in regions where newspapers are anywhere from a day to a month behind times, the portable radio follows the stock market and the headline news events as promptly as a Philadelphia ticker-tape.

There are one or two important considerations which the prospective or actual owners of portable receivers should not overlook. Since a portable radio set is designed first of all to be portable (even though many of them cannot be carried comfortably with one or both hands) something of tone quality must be sacrificed in attaining lightness. A harmonica does not pretend to match a church-organ in tonal beauty, but it has its advantages when it comes to moving around. Furthermore, no radio set is better than the treatment it receives; and portable receivers, though designed to withstand the shocks of careful transportation, are not to be handled like wardrobe trunks. A radio set taken into a good reception area may give amazing results, while the same set when taken into a "dead spot" will occasion large disappointment; in neither case is the set responsible for its performance, and portable sets must go into areas of unknown radio virtues. A portable set is nothing

more nor less than a convenient substitute for a permanent receiving set, to be used when and where circumstances or conditions make the latter a practical impossibility.

Close behind the advertising gentry and their portable refrains come the radio experts and engineers, bursting with precept and opinion with which to rout the bugaboo of poor Summer-time radio reception. Being careful scientists, they do not disregard or deny the fact that distance reception is less favored between June and September than between September and June—they merely claim that the extent of the Summer-time doldrums is often exaggerated. Such natural phenomena as the increase in static interference, the diminution of what they call the effective service area of a broadcast station, and the prevalence of thunder or electrical storms, are as much a part of Summer as is sunburn. So they point out that Summer is not the happiest time for the DX (or distance) fans, but that with the advent of high-power transmitters and the growth of the chain-station system, there is no necessity for distance reception. In fact, Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, who is one of the most prolific of the expert advisors, goes so far as to request that set owners spend their coatless evenings listening to their local stations only, since by so doing they will hear more program and less extraneous noise than by tuning in remote carrier-waves for more variety.

Dr. Goldsmith and his fellow experts are wisely zealous in urging the radio listener to perform nursery duties for the receiving sets at this time of the year. Outside antennas, they say, should be replaced by shorter indoor antennas wherever possible during the Summer months, since the short indoor antenna will pick up less static than the long outdoor one. In suburban or rural locations where an indoor antenna fails to pick up sufficiently strong signals, the outdoor antenna should be carefully groomed and rubbed down, corrosion removed, insulators repaired and supports strengthened wherever necessary. Battery connections—or battery eliminator connections—should be cleaned and tightened, and ground connections should be similarly overhauled. Tubes should be examined for signs of senile decay and decrepitude, and depleted ones should be pensioned and replaced by fresh young ones. When those simple services have been rendered, the receiving set will be rejuvenated and ready to make the best of warm-weather reception conditions. It is surprising, to experts and to laymen alike, how much of the noise and crackle commonly attributed to static are really caused by poor connections, exhausted batteries, or worn-out tubes. Give the radio a Summer overhauling to improve its behavior.

BOOKLETS!

IF you are planning some novel parties this Summer, you will find many new ideas in McCall's service booklets. For instance, our booklet *Unusual Entertaining* (ten cents) includes a Treasure Hunt and a Who's Zoo Party—a unique affair for week-end guests. *Parties For Young Girls* (two cents) contains a Faery Garden Party for children. In *Bridal Showers* (two cents) you will find a Bridge Shower, a Book Shower and other entertaining novelties. Delightful picnic menus are given in the booklet *What to Serve at Parties* (ten cents).

If you're interested in travel, or cookery, child care, etiquette, beauty, home decoration or budgeting—you will want to own the other booklets on the McCall list. We are glad to send you a list of all such publications upon request.

Send your order to

The SERVICE EDITOR,
McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th Street,
New York City.

FREE
Enough Hires Household Extract
to make
8 BOTTLES
(pint size) of delicious root beer.
Just mail the coupon.



This Liberal Trial at Hires' Expense

We invite you and your family and friends to join the millions who for 50 years have been our patrons.

To win your friendship we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Household Extract, sufficient to make 8 bottles of delicious, cooling root beer.

All you add to Hires Extract are water, sugar and yeast. Then after it sets 2 days, you're ready to offer your family and friends one of the finest beverages that can be made.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers, you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1½¢ per bottle, as compared to the usual price of 15c to 25c for bottled beverages.

Thousands and thousands of families all over the nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage at an economical price.

Hires created the original recipe and today it's better than ever. It is made of the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients, rich in vitamins.

Get this Free trial bottle of Hires Household Extract, together with simple directions, by mailing the coupon at once—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa. (M-8)

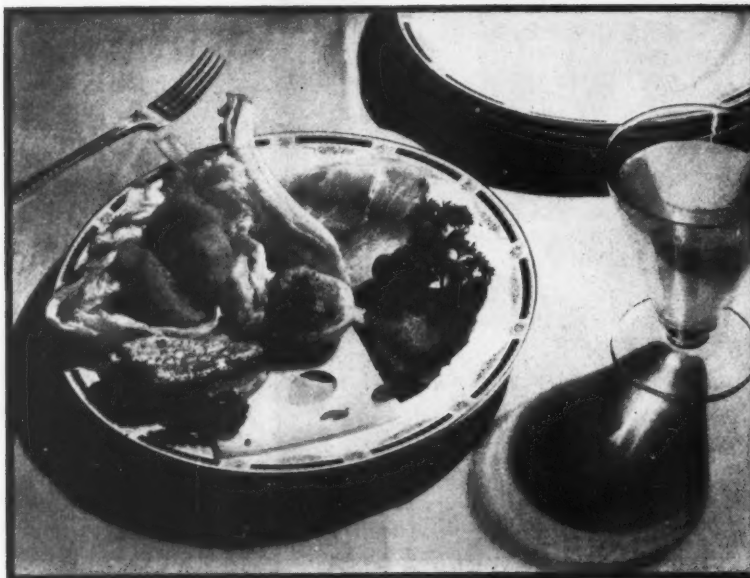
Please send me sample of

Hires
Household Extract

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



This "cold plate" makes a delicious main course for summer meals

Photos by Robert Walda

WORK LESS - REST MORE IN SUMMER HOUSEKEEPING

THE trouble with lots of us women," said Alice, stirring her iced tea thoughtfully, "is that we're waiting for some one else to work out our problems for us—our husbands or our children or our rich aunt—or somebody."

"Just what has that remark to do with housekeeping in the dog days?" I asked patiently.

"No, I haven't wandered from the subject," she answered firmly. "I'm just getting deeper into it. Wasn't I sighing a few minutes ago about the discomforts of cooking for five in hot weather, and hoping that Al's increase in salary would come *this* week, so we could buy that electric fireless cooker we want? And didn't I hear you say something about how worn out you are from cleaning, cleaning, cleaning these sticky days?"

"Well, at least I'm not waiting for a husband or children to help me out of my difficulties," I declared.

"No, you're doing something worse," Alice said with all the frankness of a girlhood friend. "You're letting your vanity run you ragged, and don't even know it. What difference does it make if your house is spotless, if you're too tired to enjoy your friends when they come to see you."

And then, as I sat meekly silent, she went on. "What

Plan meals to be cooked in advance and easily served

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director McCall's Department of Cookery
and Household Management

we both ought to do is to make a list of all the duties that worry us, and looking at them cold-bloodedly, decide whether there are any we can get rid of. Then let's find easier ways—if we can—of doing the absolutely essential things that are left."

What follows here is the result of that suggestion of Alice's last Summer, when we sat on her big porch and took stock of our troubles. Some of them we helped each other to solve right then; others have been answered from time to time by our friends and by a more thorough study of labor-saving methods and equipment.

Meal Planning

Plan menus for two or three days ahead. Make out the order lists, and do as much of the marketing at one time as you possibly can.

Buy a note book or card-index and divide it into sections, heading them as follows: Soups, Meats, One-dish Meals, Fish, Made Dishes, Eggs, Vegetables, Salads, Sandwiches, Desserts, Beverages. (Other headings may occur to you which you will want to add.) Under each heading keep a list of the foods popular with your family in Summer. For instance, under "One-dish Meals" (which as you know, save washing of platters and vegetable dishes) you may write: Casserole of Chicken with Vegetables; Hot Beef Loaf, new potatoes and baked tomatoes; Hot Fresh Vegetable Platter, with or without poached eggs; Macaroni and Ham Au Gratin.

Old favorites will go into these lists, and new ones will be added as you try them out and find them satisfactory. Do not write recipes in this book. Its value lies in its being a concise, rich treasury of ideas when you are in need of suggestions for your menus. I should hate to lose my "Idea Book." In the course of this year it has saved me hours of wasteful wondering and hunting through cook books.

In planning Summer menus ask yourself two questions. Is this an easy meal to serve? Can I do much of the preparation in advance?

Meal Preparation in Advance

In the morning get as much of the cooking and food preparation out of the way as possible. Shell peas, string your beans, scrape asparagus and put in cold water. Beets may be cooked and reheated just before

dinner. Boil potatoes in the morning and in a large enough quantity to last for two or three meals; they can be creamed,

hashed browned, or cooked in a number of other quick and novel ways. (For recipes see "Sixteen Ways to Cook Potatoes," McCall's, February, 1928). If your family likes vegetable salad and escalloped vegetable dishes, provide for these by cooking extra amounts of dinner vegetables. It is wasteful to do special cooking for such purposes.

Once or twice a week buy a cut of meat that will last for several meals. For instance, ham can be baked and served hot the first time, then sliced and served cold; next, thin slices can be broiled and served with a fried egg on a hot toast sandwich for luncheon or supper. Corned beef has similar possibilities.

Wash salad greens in the morning, put them into a cheesecloth bag and place them in the coldest part of your refrigerator. Skin tomatoes, peel cucumbers and, if you are using fruit which will not discolor by standing, get it ready by all means.

If you make your own salad dressing, prepare it in large enough quantities to last for several days. Or keep on hand any of the many [Turn to page 48]

SUPPER OR LUNCHEON MENUS

Cold Ham	Jellied Consomme	Creamed Potatoes
Iced Cocoa	String Bean Salad	Ice-Box Cookies

☞ ☞

Baked Tomato with Egg	
Scalloped Corn	Jelly
Hot Biscuit	Iced Cocoa or Milk

☞ ☞

Noodles with Cheese Sauce	Tea
Asparagus Salad	
Muffins	Sliced Peaches and Cream

☞ ☞

Vegetable Soup	
Fruit Salad	Cottage Cheese
Rolls	Chocolate Malted Milk

HOT WEATHER DINNER MENUS

Fruit Cocktail	
Chicken Casserole with Vegetables	
Lettuce and Watercress Salad	
Strawberry Shortcake	
Iced Tea or Coffee	

☞ ☞

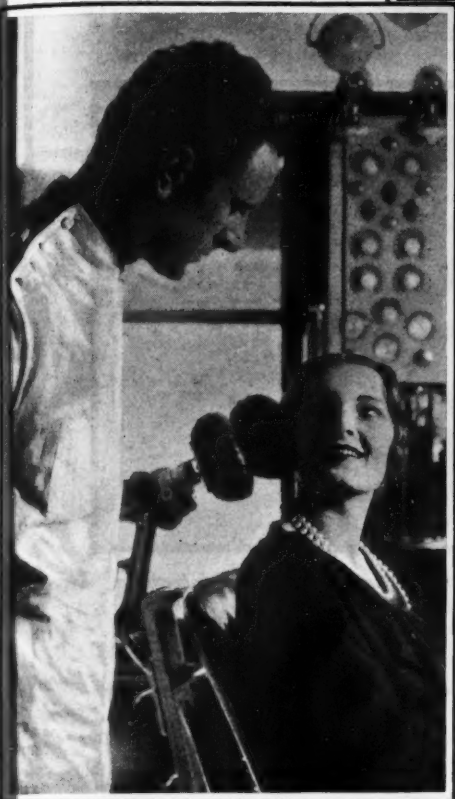
Tomato Bouillon	
Beef Loaf	Green Corn
Creamed Peas	Peach Tapioca
Tea or Coffee	

☞ ☞

Cream of Corn Soup	
Special Hors d'Oeuvres	
Toasted Rolls	Fresh Berries
Vanilla Ice Cream	

☞ ☞

Boiled Salmon with Mock Hollandaise Sauce	
New Potatoes	String Beans
Tomato and Cucumber Salad	
Banana Fluff	Wafers
Tea or Coffee	



DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why Pepsodent is recommended to Miss Gurle Andre by her doctor.



SPONSORS OF A NEW SPORT, lawn bowling, are the Misses Irene Carter and Muriel Wies of Long Island. Here is a charming illustration of the part Pepsodent plays in safeguarding lovely teeth and dazzling smiles.



WINNER OF HONORS at Aurora. C. E. Allen, jockey, receives the congratulations of the Misses Vera Maroz and Eve Strohm, of Chicago. Whenever you see smiles like these there is but one explanation—Pepsodent.

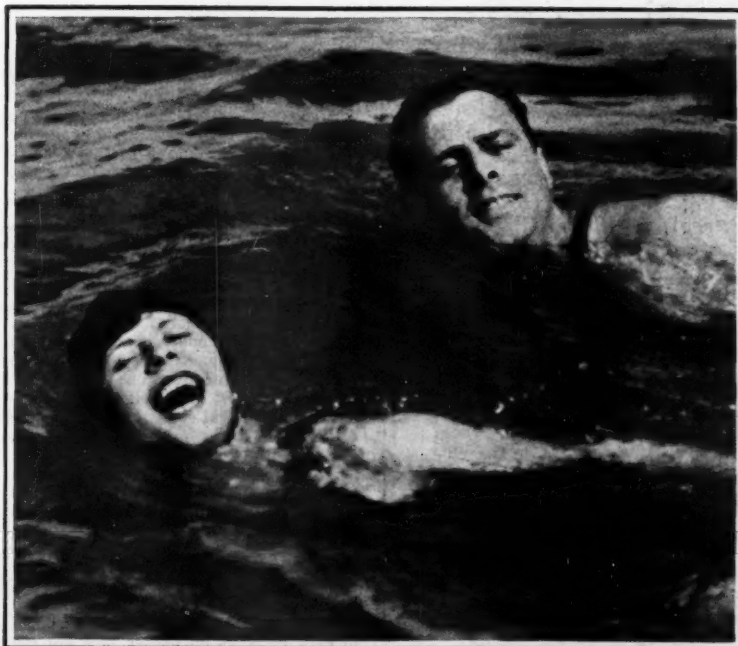
Dazzling smiles are gained so easily

This special film-removing dentifrice is advised for twice-a-day use in cleansing teeth and combating the commoner tooth and gum disorders

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *Tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—every day.

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery, waxy coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and aged. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with gums, is a cause of pyorrhea.



THE LADY WINS or the gentleman lags. Both, however, possess those gleaming smiles that make you think of Pepsodent. Their names are Betty Frye and Donald Royce.

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It aids in firming tender gums in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

Teeth lighten as dull film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Please get a tube at your druggist—only a few cents—or write to nearest address below for free 10-day supply.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., Toronto 2, Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

See what this does to "YELLOW MASK"



Marvelous Ingredient embodied in New Dental Cream removes that Yellowish Tinge from Pretty Teeth and Works Quick Miracle of Whiteness . . . Just Try It!

NOW even the most yellowish teeth can be swiftly whitened to the soft beauty of polished pearl!

Without harm to the most delicate enamel. Without the use of grit or coarse materials.

A valuable ingredient embodied in a smooth, creamy dentifrice works this miracle of whiteness. An ingredient that dental science has sought for years to incorporate in a tooth paste because of its magic whitening powers. A white, silky powder technically known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Used by the foremost dentists for the specific purpose of removing stubbornly clinging stains from the teeth and imparting a high

"Best teeth whitener I have ever seen or used"



"In twenty years of dentistry I have never seen a dentifrice that could so whiten the teeth as Orphos does. It certainly does clean them. It can be used three or four times a day without harm. A. E. T., D.D.S. A prominent Eastern dentist"

and lustrous finish.

Embodied in ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE this remarkable "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" banishes that hateful yellowness much as an eraser wipes out pencil smudges. Even the first brushing is a revelation. The result is simply dazzling. And each succeeding brushing intensifies the

glorious whiteness brought to light. And how teeth do glisten! Just like newly manicured nails.

"Yellow Mask" is so unbecoming. If present (look now and see!) ask for ORPHOS tomorrow at your favorite drug or department store. Whiten it must, and will . . . just read the guarantee below.



Whitens..or costs you nothing

ORPHOS won't fail. If by a single chance it should, after 20 days' usage, return unused portion of tube to druggist and your money will be returned.

WORK LESS — REST MORE IN SUMMER HOUSEKEEPING

[Continued from page 46]



(1) A waterless-cooker with insert pans (2) a bake-pot in which even muffins may be baked (3) and a top-stove broiler; any one to be used over one burner of any stove

excellent prepared dressings. Keep jars of delicious relish and sandwich fillers ready for use.

Most Summer desserts can be prepared in advance. Berries can be picked over and chilled. Fruit tapiocas, custards, jellies or bavarian creams can be prepared either in the morning or on the day before. The dry ingredients for shortcake can be measured out and mixed and the shortening cut in; just before baking the liquid is added.

To serve a delicious cold plate, prepare the following:

Special Hors D'Oeuvres

Arrange on a chilled plate thin slices of whatever cold meat you may have on hand (ham, tongue, beef, lamb or chicken) and one or two slices of Swiss cheese. Place a small whole tomato, quartered, in a nest of crisp lettuce and just before serving pour over it a little French dressing. Half of a hard-cooked egg, stuffed, one large sardine on a strip of toast and a heart of celery complete this cold plate. It may be varied by serving a fresh vegetable combination salad, shredded cabbage, or potato salad instead of the tomato. Celery stalks may be stuffed with softened cheese; in this case omit the slices of cheese. Radish roses add a festive touch, and large stuffed olives or sweet pickles are always a popular addition.

Chicken Casserole with Vegetables

4½ pound fowl	1 green pepper
Butter	8 small onions
Salt	1 stalk celery
Pepper	1½ cups potato balls
1½ cups boiling water	2 tablespoons fat
1 cup carrots	2 tablespoons flour
	1 cup cooked peas

Dress and clean young fowl and cut in pieces for serving. Cook in butter until delicately brown. Put in casserole and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour over the boiling water, add carrots cut in thin strips, green pepper chopped, onions and celery cut in small pieces. Cover and bake until chicken is tender. Melt fat, add flour, stir until brown and add to liquid in casserole, stirring gently until well mixed. Add potato balls and cook until they are soft. When ready to serve, add peas and reheat in oven.

Baked Tomato and Egg

6 tomatoes	¼ teaspoon paprika
6 eggs	3 tablespoons butter
	Pepper and salt

Remove the center of each tomato with a sharp knife and teaspoon. Place half a teaspoon of butter in each cavity, then drop in an egg. Sprinkle with pepper, salt and paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until egg white is firm.

Banana Fluff

Rub two or three ripe bananas through a ricer and mix with a cup or more of stiffly whipped cream; sweeten slightly to taste, pile in sherbet glasses and put a very little grated chocolate or cocoa on top of each. Serve very cold.

NOTE: If you wish more recipes for delicious and easily prepared dishes for Summer menus send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Service Editor.

Advance Cooking

Many meat dishes can be partially cooked in the morning and reheated just before meal time. Among these are casserole dishes, stews, meat pies (the crust is put on, of course, when pie is reheated just before meal), and some of the less expensive cuts of meat which require top-stove cooking—with a final browning in the oven. (For recipes see "Cut the Meat Budget and Gain Variety," McCall's, April, 1928.)

Escalloped or au gratin dishes should receive their top-stove cooking in the morning and be put in the refrigerator to await the final twenty minutes or half hour of baking.

Final Cooking

When it is necessary to light the oven before meal time, make use of that heat for cooking several things. This is the psychological time to bake biscuit for strawberry shortcake, or to bake tomatoes, stuffed peppers or Summer squash. Remember this thrifty idea when planning your menus.

A portable oven, to be placed over one burner of a gas or oil stove, is a useful piece of equipment for Summer. So are the meat broilers which can be used in the same way. Some of them stand upright, and others lie flat over the flame.

The waterless cooker is another device which enables you to cook several foods at the same time over one burner. By means of its nest of vessels you can prepare a whole meal consisting for example of fricassee chicken, new peas and rice.

For the small family the bake-pot oven is a fine investment. Baked tomatoes with egg, escalloped corn and hot biscuit will cook together happily and come out at the end of less than half an hour done to a turn.

The menus given suggest types of food that can be prepared in Summer with a minimum of work and effort. You will see that at least one hot food is included in each meal, as no matter how hot the weather, few persons enjoy an exclusive diet of cold foods. Many other ideas will occur to you as the Summer grows.

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recipes for
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Vivaudou Mavis Talcum for the Whole Family

After your
Swim

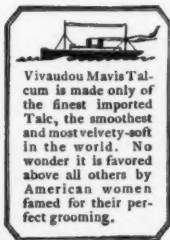


always take
your Mavis Talcum shower

AFTER a swim, shower yourself generously with Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. It helps so much to keep you cool and refreshed. For Mavis banishes all the sticky dampness of bathing . . . and serves as a fragrant film of comfort between tender sunburned skin and clothing.

Test Vivaudou Mavis Talcum for Yourself

You and every member of your family will never be without the daily comfort and luxury of Vivaudou Mavis if you will give it one trial—one test. Compare it with the most expensive talcums made, and you will find it smoother and softer than any of them! And you'll like the Mavis fragrance, too . . . it's so delicate, refined and distinctive.



Price
25c

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MAVIS
TOILETRIES

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

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Vivaudou Mavis Toiletries

richly merit your *exclusive* use. You will find in them all the distinctive and appealing charm which has made Mavis Talcum the first choice of millions of fastidious American women. The full line is at your dealer's; those most essential to your comfort and charm are listed below.



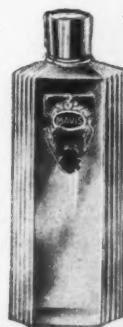
Mavis Face Powder—Marvelously soft and fine, conferring a transparent youthful bloom and freshness. It adheres wonderfully . . . even on a windy day. In shades to blend perfectly with every complexion. Price 50c.



Vivaudou Rouge—A NEW Rouge Compact . . . conveniently wafer-thin, dainty and charmingly decorative. Vivaudou Rouge spreads smoothly and evenly, bestowing the glowing tints of youth and beauty. In shades to give a natural coloring to every type. Price 50c.



Vivaudou Lipstick—A NEW Lipstick, brilliantly gay in red enamel and gold—as warm, rich and charming as the tint it imparts to your lips. In shades for all types and colorings . . . or to match your rouge. Price \$1.00.



Mavis Toilet Water—A few drops make your bath delightfully refreshing and luxurious, and impart to the entire person a delicate, lingering fragrance . . . the perfect beginning for the most feminine of *toilettes*. Price \$1.00.



Vivaudou Astringent Cream—Quickly eradicates wrinkles and "crow's feet" . . . and leaves the skin smooth, firm, soft and alluring. Its daily use will bid defiance to the tell-tale lines which so soon destroy beauty. Price \$1.00.

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*cordially invites you
to become a member of the
League of
Domestic Diplomats
whose ideal is
to keep their husbands
satisfied*

FREE—Your name and address on this coupon will bring you a set of the newest French recipe cards, together with "Flavia's Flavor Talk No. 3" to help you plan interesting and savory new salads, entrees, dressings and other appetizing dishes.

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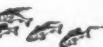
State



Domestic happiness is made or marred in the dining room. For success with a husband ... for matrimonial harmony ... do this ...



See to it that his meals at home have interest ... flavor ... an appetite appeal that leads to well-fed contentment.



Here's how. To hot or cold meats, fish, salads or fowl ... add a flick of that flavor called French ... the flavor of French's Prepared Mustard.



Imported mustard seed, combined with savory spices ... a secret recipe ... a flavor inimitable. Don't wait for him to ask for it ... anticipate his wants. Your husband will love it ... and you.



THAT FLAVOR
called
FRENCH



Photo by Robert Walda

WE DISCOVER EUROPE'S BEST DESSERTS

BY DAY MONROE and MARY I. BARBER

PRESTO, chango!" It seemed to us the chefs in the European countries through which we travelled last Summer must murmur some such magic words, as they took the most commonplace ingredients and, with a simple turn of the wrist, created one delectable dessert after another.

It was in Norway that we began to make our list of interesting and out-of-the ordinary dishes. Returning from a cruise to see the midnight sun, we landed from the little fjord steamer at a small town about dinner time. The dining room of the hotel was glassed in, with views to delight the most blasé tourist in any direction he might look. The waitresses, wearing costumes gay with peasant embroidery, served us at tables brightly lit in red and blue.

The dessert of that meal went down in our notes as an idea worth carrying back to America. Our waitress brought us two low glass bowls and from the first served us with chilled rhubarb, faintly tinted pink with strawberry juice and a very few sliced berries. From the second she dipped a thin boiled custard, so cold that it was partially frozen. The combination of flavors was delightful.

In Stockholm we had tea high up on the terrace of the highest building, not just because Americans are supposed to have an especial interest in skyscrapers, but because from there we could see the harbor and the city. When we explained to the head waiter that we wanted something unlike the food at home or in France, he beamed. "Then, of course, you must try our Swedish cake," he urged, explaining that there was one which he had never seen elsewhere, though he had travelled far. With that he brought forth a most colorful and fascinating concoction—a large round cake, its top covered with a layer of pink gelatine, in which were arranged designs of red raspberries, peaches, apricots and pineapple. Why hadn't we ever thought of this ourselves? It is simple to make, and we urge it for all those who fear the fattening effects of a rich sugar frosting. As the cake should be about three inches thick, you can use your favorite loaf cake recipe, and bake in a round pan.

The secret of success with this dessert lies in having the cake thoroughly cold before the gelatine is spread on it; otherwise the gelatine will melt and run off. First cover the cake with a layer of gelatine; the gelatine should be just ready to stiffen when it is spread. In this, place the fruit, putting a border of cherries around the edge as a sort of fence to prevent the escape of the gelatine. (A stiff paper "collar" may also be pinned closely around the cake to hold the gelatine in place). Arrange the other fruits in conventional designs and cover them with more gelatine, making a layer about an inch deep over the top of the cake. The sides of the cake may be sprinkled with powdered sugar. For your encouragement, let us assure you this cake is not nearly as difficult to make as it sounds.

In Vienna our first breakfast was almost ruined by the lack of a coffee cake. Why talk about Viennese coffee cake all

one's life and then find only rolls in the restaurant, and, as a crowning blow, whipped cream on the coffee? But at four o'clock in the afternoon when we came from the palace and found a cool table in a garden with an orchestra playing in the pavilion, there was the coffee cake, just as we had imagined it should be!

Viennese Coffee Cake

1/2 cup milk	2 tablespoons lukewarm water
3 tablespoons shortening	2 to 2 1/2 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	1/3 cup brown sugar
1 yeast cake	1/2 cup raisins

Scald milk. Add shortening, sugar and salt. When partly cool, add yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water. Add 1 cup flour and beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise in warm place until light—about one hour. Add beaten egg, brown sugar and raisins and enough flour to make dough. Knead on slightly floured board until smooth and elastic. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Knead again, put into turk's head pan (see photograph) and let rise until light. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with shredded almonds and brown sugar and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 to 50 minutes. Sprinkle with powdered sugar when ready to serve.

And the dessert at dinner! Sweet fritters, while very hot, had been rolled in a mixture of cocoa and sugar, and were served while yet warm. Since coming home we have varied this by adding shredded coconut to the fritter batter to give it a little more character.

Sweet Chocolate Fritters

1 1/2 cups flour	1 egg
1 1/2 teaspoons baking-powder	1/2 tablespoon butter (melted)
2 tablespoons sugar	1/2 cup shredded coconut
1/4 teaspoon salt	1/3 cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking-powder, sugar and salt; add milk, well-beaten egg, and butter. Beat until smooth. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat (380° F.). Cook until brown. Drain. Roll in a mixture of 1 part cocoa and 2 parts confectioner's sugar.

In Dresden when we ordered compote of fruit we expected a mixture of canned fruits, but instead there appeared, in a soft green pottery bowl, ice-cold apple sauce in which were mixed red raspberries, canned apricots and small green canned plums. Decorating apple sauce simply can't be put into the same class as painting the lily. The apple sauce is improved.

At Prague the waiter beamingly told us that there was a real American dish on the menu for us—apple pie. Although we would have preferred something Czecho-Slovakian, we ordered the pie, for we could not disappoint his expectations. But no apple pie we have ever seen in our United States was quite like that one. It was baked in a square pan and cut in rectangles. True it had two crusts and apples between, but there the resemblance

[Continued on page 59]

It ruins romance

*Popularity passes by those
who have halitosis*

WHEN you go away on your vacation you expect to have a good time—to meet and like others and be liked by them.

Is there anything that may prevent this? Yes. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can minimize every other charm you have.

Don't fool yourself, as thousands do, that you never have halitosis. The insidious thing about it is that it does not announce itself to the victim. But it does to others. And that offends.

Why take this unnecessary risk when by using Listerine with its powerful deodorant properties you can put yourself on the polite and popular side?

Keep a bottle handy always and rinse the mouth with it often—especially before meeting others.

By the way, if you are going abroad we suggest that you take several bottles with you. There will be dozens of times when Listerine will come in handy. For freshening up after a long motor ride, for instance; as a stimulating substitute for a bath when a bath cannot be had (you know how it is in Europe), and for the daily care of the mouth. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

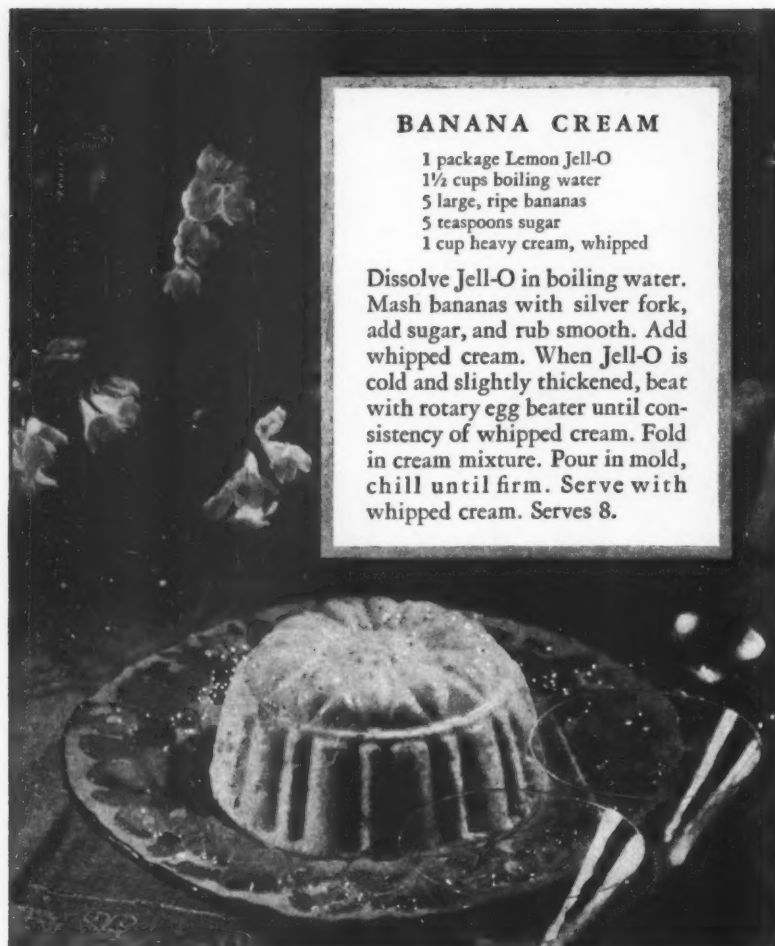


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The safe antiseptic

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.



BANANA CREAM

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups boiling water
5 large, ripe bananas
5 teaspoons sugar
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Mash bananas with silver fork, add sugar, and rub smooth. Add whipped cream. When Jell-O is cold and slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in cream mixture. Pour in mold, chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

Dessert JOYS
without digestive sorrows

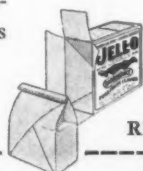
that's **JELL-O's**
cheerful message!

LOVERS of dessert, we bring good news! You can have dessert—you don't need to worry about overburdening digestion with the crowning glory of the meal—if the dessert is Jell-O!

For scientists have discovered that this is a truly unusual food. Crystal-clear gelatin—sparkling sugar—pure fruit flavor—these are Jell-O's constituents. And it happens that this combination, in addition to being

always delicious—always welcome—is always easy to digest.

So take heart. Enjoy dessert to the utmost. There are so many ways of preparing Jell-O that it can be served often without monotony. Send for the fascinating booklet, "Through the Menu with Jell-O." It brings dozens of interesting recipes for Jell-O desserts, salads, appetizers, and entrees... Mail the coupon now!



FIVE FLAVORS—FROM FRESH,

RIPE FRUITS—10c a package

J.—McC. 8-28

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.
Le Roy, New York

Please send me, free, the new recipe booklet, "Through the Menu with Jell-O."

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In Canada, address the Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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YOUR CAR AT THE FILLING STATION

[Continued from page 42]

You can purchase lubricants in containers convenient to carry in your car. This will obviate the necessity of buying possible substitutes on the road. You can buy larger containers which may be kept in your own garage, and attend to filling your oil receptacles before starting on your drive.

Automobile engineers report that more damage is done to motors today by improper lubrication than any other cause. The correct grade and body of oil for the first five hundred miles is often incorrect for the second five hundred. In order to protect drivers, these engineers have thoroughly tested their motors and have supplied directions for lubrication. Oil companies have cooperated by refining various grades and bodies to serve with different motors and different mileage. In many cases, they have not only charted this information for drivers, but have advised their filling station salesmen to check the mileage of cars driven in to them to be lubricated and to call the owner's attention to the grade of oil he should be using. Wherever you find such attention you may be sure that that particular filling station is putting forth every effort to give you reliable service. However, it is your business to know what oil you should be using and to see that you get it. Blindly ordering OIL without specifying grade, quality or make marks you as a careless or ignorant driver, and makes you legitimate prey for the unscrupulous filling station.

However, even the cautious have been

known to be cheated. A certain motorist watches his car as a mother watches her baby. Flushing the radiator regularly is almost a religious rite, changing the grade of oil according to mileage is as important to him as his daily food. He never neglects the batteries nor forgets to check up on his tires. Consequently, he has very little trouble with his automobile. He left New York City, planning to drive all day and part of the night. On the way, his speedometer showed it was time to drain the crank case. Accordingly, he drove into the next filling station and said:

"Do you carry Blank oil?"

"Sure," was the prompt answer, "how much do you want?"

"Drain the car and fill it up," was the order.

The car was drained and refilled from a drum plainly marked with the requested brand. He drove off, and later his engine, which had beat so rhythmically before, became erratic and sluggish. Fortunately he had sufficient knowledge of mechanics to realize that his engine probably was protesting against faulty lubrication.

He stopped at the next filling station.

"Have you Blank oil in sealed cans?" he asked. "If you have, drain my car, flush it and fill up. I am having some engine trouble."

The attendant said he had that brand in drums only, but it was just the same thing and would not cost him so much. "Sure," said my friend, "so had a fel-

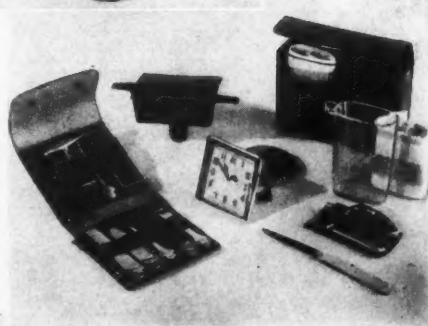
[Continued on page 59]

FOR THE AUTOMOBILE



This luncheon case is equipped for six persons. Below the removable tray are compartments for vacuum bottles and foods. The flash lantern, handle adjustable to any position, is fitted with two sets of three batteries. The vacuum food or ice crock is gallon size.

Nickel 8-day motor clock, radium dial, with a detachable back; miniature tool kit; leather case containing two glasses, napkins and sets of folding knives, forks and spoons; metal ash tray with a sliding top to hook on an auto window.



A case with space for many things; zipper cushion, pockets within, for a backrest and bag.



This baked enamel metal 27" table, folds like a suit case, the four folding chairs pack into it. Easy to carry in a car.

NEW! *Beads of Soap*

**banish
washday
drudgery**

*Super Suds dissolves quicker . . .
works faster . . . rinses out easier*

HERE is a way to wash clothes that's faster . . . easier . . . better. Saves one rinsing. Gets clothes whiter. A revolutionary discovery that brings you soap in the form of tissue-thin beads—the fastest-working form of soap ever made.

*First bar soap—then chips
. . . now Super Suds*

Years ago women had only bar soap. How hard they had to work rubbing the soap into the clothes, and how hard it was to rinse out those clinging soap particles!

Next came chips. Many women changed to this form of soap because it could be stirred into a cleansing solution. But clothes and dishes had to be rinsed too much in order to get rid of the undissolved soap.

Now comes Super Suds, and women are changing to it by thousands in preference to all other forms of soap because it dissolves twice as fast as any soap they have ever seen before.

Super Suds is not a chip . . . not a powder . . . but a remarkable new form of soap in tiny hollow beads, so thin that they burst into suds the instant they touch water.

Four times as thin as chips, Super Suds

is the thinnest soap made.

In this new soap women have discovered two distinct advantages.

First, Super Suds is so thin it dissolves instantly . . . saves time and trouble.

Second, Super Suds dissolves completely . . . no undissolved soap to leave spots on clothes or film on dishes. Women like Super Suds because it does the work faster and better than other forms of soap.

Super Suds is simply wonderful for dishes. It makes them sparkle and glisten like jewels, and yet you never even touch a dishtowel. Just give them a quick hot rinse—and let them drain!

Already thousands of progressive women have been delighted with Super Suds. Won't you try it today? Just say "Super Suds" and your grocer will hand you the biggest box of soap you have ever seen for ten cents!

An Octagon Soap Product. Every box of Super Suds carries a premium coupon, our discount to you!

A PATENTED PROCESS . . . Super Suds is made by a process covered by exclusive patents. Product, process, and apparatus covered by U. S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,651,441; 1,690,740; 1,600,503; 1,634,640; and Reissue No. 16,749.



Wash dishes the new scientific way—with Super Suds. Glasses and silver gleam. China needs no wiping.

No waste—no undissolved soap—no chance of soap spots or yellow stains. Super Suds is perfect for washing machine use.



The BIGGEST box of soap on the market for 10¢



Smooth riding ease and restful comfort make the new Ford an especially good car for women to drive

WHEN you see the new Ford, you are impressed instantly by its low, trim, graceful lines and the beauty of its two-tone color harmonies.

As you watch it in traffic and on the open road you can note how quickly it accelerates and get some idea, too, of the speed and power of its 40-horse-power engine.

But only by driving the new Ford yourself can you fully appreciate the easy-riding comfort that is such an outstanding feature of this great new car.

One reason, of course, is the use of Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers, formerly furnished as standard equipment on only the most expensive automobiles. Yet even Houdaille shock absorbers of themselves do not account for the complete riding comfort of the new Ford.

Equally important are the design and construction of the new transverse springs, the low center of gravity, and what engineers

speak of as the low ratio of unsprung weight to the sprung weight of the car.

All of these factors combine to soften or eliminate the force of road shocks and to make the new Ford an exceptionally comfortable and easy-riding car at all speeds. Even rough roads may be taken at a fast pace without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing rebound which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

You have a feeling of mental comfort, too, in driving the new Ford because of its reliability and the safety afforded by its steel body, four-wheel brakes and Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield. This freedom from mechanical trouble—this security—means a great deal to every woman who drives a car.

Prove this for yourself by telephoning the nearest Ford dealer and asking him to bring



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

the new Ford to your home for a demonstration.

Check up on comfort, on speed, on power, on acceleration, on hill climbing, on gasoline economy, on safety, on low up-keep cost, and

you will know that there is nothing quite like it anywhere in design, quality and price.

The low price, in fact, is the result of new manufacturing methods and production economies as unusual as the car itself.

The new Ford comes to you equipped with four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers, four-wheel brakes, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, five steel-spoke wheels, four 30 x 4.50 balloon tires, electric windshield wiper on closed cars, speedometer, gasoline gage on instrument panel, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, theft-proof coincidental lock, oil indicator rod, and high-pressure grease gun lubrication.

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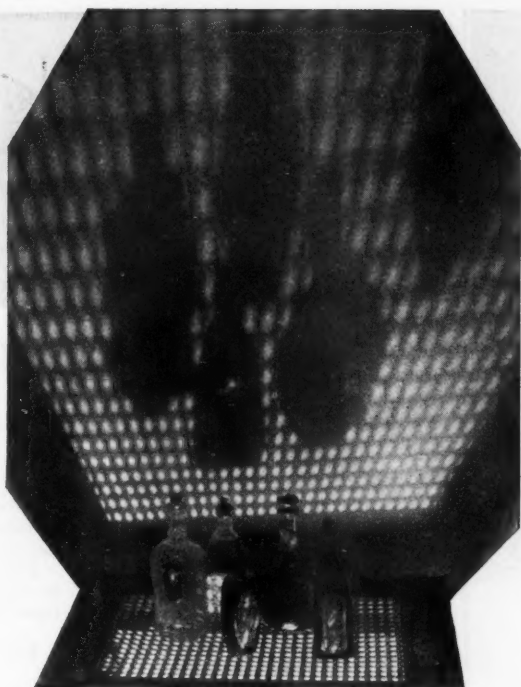


Photo by Barron Callen

YOUR HAIR IN SUMMER

Hot weather interpretations of some old rules

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE
McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

THE other day I read of a fascinating theory about our hair health in Summer in a new book called "The Story of Hair."* The author, whose experience covers about thirty years of scientific hair observation and experiment, called attention to the well-known fact that the hair of fur-bearing animals falls out in patches and is generally of poor quality in the warm weather. He opposed the idea we have held so long, namely that the fox's coat in Winter is heavy and silky because he must have warmth in his hunting over ice and snow. "The real answer," says this expert, "is that the covering of the animal is regulated by the intensities of its life struggle. In the severe Winter months . . . food is scarce and obtained with greater difficulty than in . . . Summer." In other words, the arctic fox produces more hair because he is forced to work harder in cold weather than in warm. Application of this theory can hardly be shortened into a sentence, but the theory remains, according to this observer, that hair production depends on physical and nervous activity. Whether we subscribe fully to this theory or not, we can safely agree that the devitalized, lazy body produces "lazy" hair. In other words, if your hair is poor, you may find that some of the internal mechanism is slacking on the job.

Hair has a definite relation to blood supply. All hair specialists I've ever interviewed agree on one point: that the stimulation of the blood flow to the scalp, by massage or by the use of certain chemicals which hair preparations contain, is the secret of increasing and strengthening hair production. I asked the author of "The Story of Hair," "What is the modern woman's greatest sin against hair health?" He answered without hesitation, "Not enough brushing!" It's brushing that gives the tiny muscle which holds the hair tight and erect, the exercise it needs. When hair falls out and is not reproduced the follicle, the tubular opening in which the hair "root" is embedded, shrinks up because of insufficient blood supply and the muscle becomes atrophied.

In Summer, when warm weather makes us a bit indolent, we need to remember that our hair is apt to react to this sluggishness within. It needs constant massage and blood stimulation. "But," says one worried girl, "if I massage my scalp as

*By Charles Nessler, Boni and Liveright, New York.

SO many women are letting their hair grow that the leaflet this month contains some helps on hair which has reached the awkward stage. There is also a simple set of rules for dressing hair to frame every type of face. And in this month's leaflet are the names, addresses and prices of the preparations and accessories described. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for "Hot Weather Hair Helps" to:

THE BEAUTY EDITOR,
McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St.,
New York City

often as you say—morning and evening—and if I brush it hard, from the scalp straight to the tips, as you have directed, it takes all the curl out." Or, "It makes my hair terribly oily." Or, "I can't do anything with it; it's so stubborn after a treatment." Or, "It comes out in handfuls!"

As for the wave, if it's naturally curly hair, proper care will eventually increase its curliness. This is what happens when we begin "exercising" the scalp: the sebaceous, or fat glands take a new lease on life and become very active. For a time the flow of oil out of the channel of the follicle is so great that it tends to straighten out the hair. But common sense should tell us that this is a signal for the application of a cleansing agent—not necessarily water—which will dissolve the oil deposits and keep the excess off the hair itself.

If your hair has been permanently waved by all means brush and massage the scalp as if the hair were naturally curly. Modern permanent waving means simply that the conditions of naturally curly hair are artificially produced in straight hair, or in hair which has lost its curl through neglect. You can be sure that your hairdresser is behind the times if

she tells you not to brush your hair after a permanent wave.

Remember, too, that hair cells are formed only in the scalp itself. You can clean the hair shaft, polish it by brushing, but you can't affect the growing portion unless you treat the scalp itself. Those who specialize in making scalps healthy are eager and will-

ing to teach their many clients to care for their hair at home. They know that they can get much better results from the shop treatments if you cooperate with them. For the vigorous, scientific massage, and perhaps the use of certain light rays which have been proved to have a beneficial effect, you should go for treatment often at first, perhaps twice a week, or even oftener in extreme cases. Then the visits may become less frequent and you should continue to massage your hair and brush it with greater care than before. Reproduce each morning and evening, for about five minutes, the massage movements of the professional. Try to get the tingling, stimulating effect you notice from an expert treatment. Then brush the strands from the "roots" to the tips, lifting each strand up and away from the scalp. When you brush down and flatten the hair you're merely matting in the accumulation of dust and dandruff. Your brushing may be made more cleansing occasionally by packing the bristles with cotton. After using, remove the soiled packing gently with your comb.

Between shampoos cleanse the scalp often. All good tonic lotions act as cleansing agents. Separate the hair successively in parts all over the head, apply the tonic with cotton to the scalp and wipe briskly along the part till dry. For dry and brittle ends use one of the good oil preparations on the market. A new cleansing cream for use between shampoos has been prepared by one hair expert; many women find it particularly effective. If you like to shampoo your hair yourself, but dread the horrid feeling of soap in your eyes, you may use a clever device of transparent celluloid which is adjustable. It fits the forehead and clings by means of soft rubber sponge pads which absorb the little streams of soapy water that run down toward the eyes. For traveling you may find that your favorite shampoo is conveniently carried in granular, flake, powder or solid soap form. Southern women have discovered a new shampoo in a fragrant pine jelly preparation. It is applied with massage and there is no waste.



Djer-Kiss Face Powder—petal-smooth . . . 60c

Now . . .
*she is gay,
fascinating!*

WOMEN marveled—men were intrigued. Overnight the pale calla-lily had turned flaming peony! Now she was gay, enchanting, magnétique!

She had discovered the allure of a fragrance. Now her talc, her toilet water, her sachet, her face powder, all breathed the parfum of love . . . of romance . . . of melting moods—Djer-Kiss the unforgettable fragrance—the parfum that adds to mere prettiness the charm and mystery of magnétisme!

At your favorite beauty counter

Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff-Paris

Alfred H. Smith Co., Sole Importers
New York . . . Paris . . . Montreal
Chicago . . . Los Angeles

DJER-KISS
TOILET WATER
—the fragrance
magnétique! \$2.00

DJER-KISS
TALC—chiffon-
soft! Enchanting!
25c





What will a Marinello Treatment do for your skin?

Just the hour of complete relaxation, under the fragrant ministrations of an expert Marinello operator, will refresh your tense body and lagging spirits like a night's sleep. The gentle electric current which she uses to supplement her scientific massage movements—a characteristic feature of the Marinello method—will release tight nerve centers, remove congestion, quicken circulation, *renew* the cells that make your beauty. A Marinello girl is trained to prescribe for your skin just the treatment it needs, for dryness or oiliness, for coarse pores or wrinkles. She centers her manipulations on the very muscles which are relaxed in your face. She chooses the special Marinello Products which the condition of your skin demands. These treatments deal in fundamental causes. No wonder they accomplish results Look in your local telephone book for your nearest Marinello Guild Approved or Registered Shop And telephone today for an appointment.

And why are Marinello Products so good to use at home?

Because they are made in a modern research Laboratory, by chemists and dermatologists, *scientists* who know the structure and the functions and the needs of the skin. Because the ingredients are the finest that money can buy. Because years and years of widespread use have proved their quality and efficacy. *Marinello Lettuce Brand Cream* cleanses the skin exquisitely. *Tissue Cream* softens and smooths it deliciously. *Combination Cream* bleaches gently. *Skin Toning Lotion* refreshes and tones like a spring rain. If you paid \$10 a jar, you could not buy better beauty aids than Marinello Products. You have only to try them to recognize that Ask at a Marinello Beauty Shop, or at drug or department stores where Marinello Products are sold, for the free booklet on "How to care for your skin by the method of a Marinello Treatment."

marinello products



Mfd. by The Marinello Company, 22 Fifth Avenue, New York—Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Sales Representatives
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McCALL'S BOOKLETS Will Solve Your Vacation Problems

VACATION TIME! How we all thrill at the prospect and spend our days consulting guide books and tourist agencies! McCall's travel leaflet, *A Vacation Guide* (ten cents), will help you plan a delightful trip to points of interest and beauty in the United States. Or if you are going abroad, our leaflet *When You Travel* (two cents) will suggest all sorts of fascinating and inexpensive trips to foreign parts, and tell you what clothes to take, how to procure your passport, and other useful details.

Summer parties for children or for adults, and other timely suggestions, are included in McCall's booklets listed here.

ENTERTAINMENT

Parties For Young Girls (two cents). This leaflet includes a garden party and a Flower Contest.

Birthday Parties for Tiny Tots (two cents).

An Alice in Bookland Party for Boys and Girls (two cents).

Parties for the Bride (two cents). Engagement announcements, a luncheon for the bridesmaids, a housewarming, and other novel affairs.

Bridal Showers (two cents). Includes a Honeymoon Shower.

Four Fairs That Make Money (two cents).

Money-Making Affairs for Churches (two cents).

Club Parties (two cents).

Wedding Anniversaries (two cents).

Unusual Entertaining (ten cents). A Bridge Engagement Luncheon; a "Going Away" Dance For Students; a Summer Dance; and other festivities.

Parties all the Year (ten cents). Includes a church bazaar and a Strawberry Luncheon.

Antiques (ten cents). A charming little one-act play for five characters, suitable for clubs and church societies.

COOKERY

What to Serve at Parties (ten cents). Picnic menus, wedding breakfasts, and so on.

Time-Saving Cookery (ten cents). Recipes for cooling beverages and easy Summer menus.

Some Reasons Why in Cookery (ten cents). How to make luscious mayonnaise, ice creams and ices.

Master Recipes (ten cents). Recipes for salad dressings and other delicacies.

HOMES AND DECORATION

The Small House (ten cents). Attractive designs of reasonably priced houses. Plans only \$15.

McCall's Home Decoration Course: Lesson I (six cents) "The Walls of Your Home." *Lesson II* (six cents) "Choosing and Arranging Your Furniture." *Lesson III* (six cents) "How to Treat Your Floors and Woodwork." *Lesson IV* (six cents) "Building the

Color Scheme."

Decorating Your Home (ten cents). Other suggestions and helpful information on home decoration.

The House of Good Taste (ten cents). How to instill charm into each room of your home.

BUDGETING AND BANKING

The Family Budget (ten cents). How to budget your household expenses.

Suggested Budgets for an Average Home (two cents).

How to Use Your Bank (two cents). Your bank account—and how to understand it.

ETIQUETTE

A Book of Manners (ten cents). Includes information about weddings.

The New Hospitality (ten cents). Correct table service.

The Etiquette of Afternoon Tea (two cents).

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman (ten cents).

Exercises for One and All (two cents). Reducing and developing exercises.

Internal Bathing (two cents). A treatment for chronic intestinal troubles.

Menus for Winter and Summer (two cents). Includes the food principles necessary to a healthful diet.

Menus for Two Weeks (two cents). Other healthful menus.

A Simple Guide in Selecting Food (two cents).

CULTURE

Better Books of Today (two cents). A list of worth-while books.

Your Child's Own Library (two cents). Popular children's books.

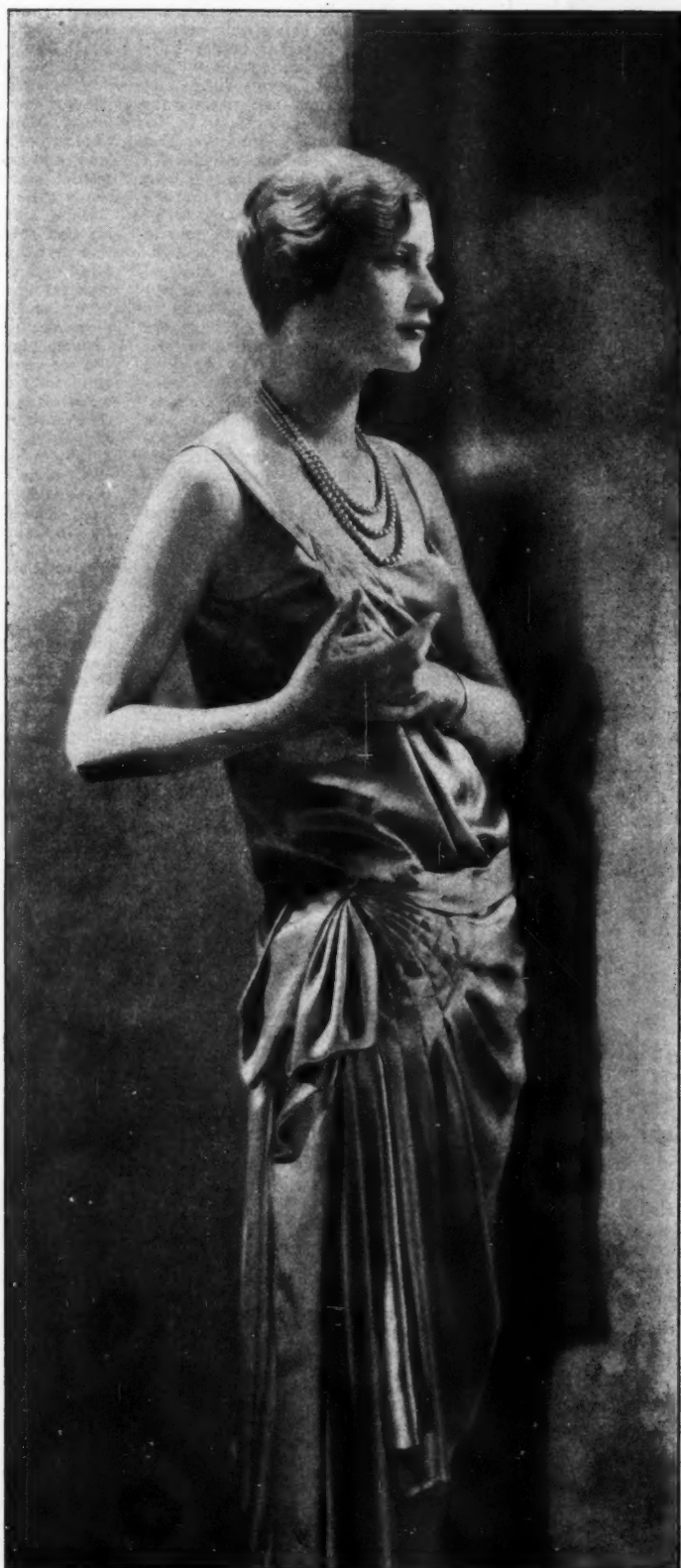
CHILD CARE

Is your baby a Friendly Baby? Is he rosy-cheeked, fat and jolly, with the friendliness that comes from intelligent mothering? McCall's booklet *The Friendly Baby* (ten cents) gives you all the information that every modern mother should be well acquainted with—healthful feeding schedules, weaning, the technique of bathing, clothing, and other necessary details.

And if a new baby is expected, another of our booklets, *The Friendly Mother* (ten cents), is an invaluable aid to the inexperienced mother-to-be. This booklet contains expert medical advice on important matters. Designs for a layette are also included.

You can procure these McCall booklets by sending the necessary amount in stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

"It has women's enthusiastic approval!"



The IMPROVED KOTEX

combining correct
appearance and
hygienic comfort

HOW many times you hear women say — indeed, how many times you, yourself, say: "What did we ever do without Kotex?"

This famous sanitary convenience is now presented with truly amazing perfections. And already women are expressing delighted approval.

"It is cut so that you can wear it under the sheerest, most clinging frocks," they tell one another. "The corners are rounded, the pad fits snugly — it doesn't reveal any awkward bulkiness. You can have complete peace of mind now."

The downy filler is even softer than before. The gauze is finer and smoother. Chafing and binding no longer cause annoyance and discomfort.

Positively Deodorizes While Worn

Kotex is now deodorized by a patented process (U. S. Patent No. 1,670,587), the only sanitary pad using a Government-patented treatment to assure absolutely safe deodorization. Ten layers of filler in each pad are treated by a perfect neutralizer to end all your fear of offending in this way again.

Women like the fact that they can adjust Kotex filler—add or remove layers as needed. And they like all the other special advantages, none of which has been altered: disposability is instant; protective area is just as large; absorption quick and thorough.

Buy a box today and you will realize why doctors and nurses endorse it so heartily—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; supplied, also, in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



KOTEX

8 Superiorities of Improved Kotex

1—*Softer*—by an exclusive process—no chafing.

2—*Corners rounded* and tapered for perfect fit.

3—*Deodorizes* actively when worn.

4—*Adjustable*. Make it any thickness desired.

5—*Light and cool* when worn.

6—*Proper absorbcency*.

7—*Pliable*—soft and resilient.

8—*Disposable* without embarrassment.



Keeps your mouth young



A Mother of Five Writes us

Top All, Mt. Airy, Georgia
Dear Makers of Pebeco:

Having babies and nursing them is hard on the teeth. I have been to a dentist regularly; but it has been the year in and year out use of Pebeco that has kept me from losing any of my teeth. Pebeco has kept my gums hard, my teeth white and given my mouth that well-groomed feeling.

There's something exhilarating about Pebeco, like a frosty morning, or a west wind. I have used it for sixteen years and have never become indifferent to its tingling appeal.

My children are unswervingly loyal to Pebeco. Not one of them from thirteen-year-old Julian down knows what a toothache is. Not a child has a decayed tooth.

(Signed) MAY FLINT

Keeps breath
sweet . . . teeth
sound as a child's

SMILES come more gayly if you know that your teeth are white, your breath sweet.

Middle age can be met lightly, mockingly, with the fresh smile of youth, if teeth are kept sound and sparkling.

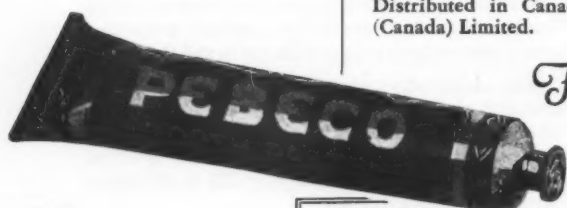
A famous physician—a specialist in oral hygiene—discovered a slowing up of the mouth fluids to be the greatest cause of decay and other unhealthy mouth conditions.

So he gave Pebeco its special salt which keeps the mouth fluids youthfully active, diluting and washing away the acids before they can cause damage.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth these fluids begin to flow more freely. They bathe the mouth thoroughly, washing the surfaces of the teeth where even the tooth brush cannot reach.

The morning brushing keeps your mouth fresh and sweet for hours. At night Pebeco's invigorating salt protects your teeth while you sleep.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



**Keeps
the mouth
young . . .**

©1929, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Free Offer:

Send coupon today
for generous tube.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. J-25, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco
Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER AUGUST, 1929)

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

[Continued from page 40]

days; and on to a new and strikingly beautiful national park, Zion in Utah. Mammoth gorges, vividly colored and fantastically carved, are the outstanding features of Zion and of its neighbor Bryce, another national monument. Perhaps, after the Grand Canyon, any other canyons for a while may seem unnecessary. One of our mottoes is "use your own judgement." But another runs: "do a little exploring."

Back to the south rim again; then just one thing I advise before this caravan starts toward the Canadian border. That is to stop in at the National Park Service office in Grand Canyon Village and get a copy of a precious map prepared for the use of just such motorists as us, by the National Highway Association and distributed free by the Parks Service. We don't this time have to outline our own tour, as we did (so painfully!) for the highlands of the East and South. All of the high spots of a park-to-park tour in the West are linked in a great scenic highway; and this map of the "National Park-to-Park Highway" shows everything we need and eliminates all that we don't need. As one more "tip," get the government booklets on each of the national parks you plan to visit; and along with these another very valuable booklet called "Glimpses of our National Monuments." (Perhaps it would be wise to write for them and for the map in advance, addressing the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.)

By this time you may be wondering what is a "national monument," as distinguished from a "national park." It is a distinction, in most instances, chiefly of size—that national monuments are smaller brothers to national parks; another difference is that only a presidential proclamation is required to create a monument, where an act of Congress is necessary to authorize a national park. But these distinctions are of small moment to us. They're all in the national family of public playgrounds; and all, as the inscription over the old gateway to the Yellowstone advertises:

"For the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

With all the booklets you need, and with that precious map in your case, the route ahead should be plain sailing. Aside from the forest of petrified trees which you will see shortly after passing Holbrook, Arizona, (on U. S. 66) the sights of the most interest in the first stage of our journey are ruins dating from the Stone Age. You are in America's Egypt. In Mesa Verde National Park, shortly after you cross the line into Colorado, you will view the "most notable and best preserved cliff dwellings in the United States, if not in the world." Other ruins, if you crave more, are within reach along the road: Montezuma Castle, in Arizona; Chaco Canyon and Aztec Ruins in New Mexico; Yucca House in Colorado; Hovenweep in Utah. All are preserved as national monuments.

Real world wonders are the great natural bridges in southern Utah; but the choicest of these are not to be reached in motor cars. Rainbow Bridge is a great arc of symmetrical stone, so gigantic that the capitol building in Washington could be tucked under it without grazing the tip of the cast iron dome; a span fittingly named, too, for it is tinted with all the hues of the rainbow. After approaching it by motor across the Painted Desert from Flagstaff or from Grand Canyon to Rainbow Lodge, a pack train journey—requiring three or four days for the round trip—must follow. Three more natural bridges, of which Edwin Bridge (though the smallest) is the best known, are to be

reached from the Mesa Verde Park approach. Here, again, through a land almost uninhabited, you must hit a long trail by pack train.

As you roll on again, to the east and north, after seeing the Mesa Verde Park, you leave an Egypt to enter a Switzerland in the Colorado Rockies. From this point onward no one will thank me if I attempt to bellow often through a rubberneck chariot's megaphone. To rise occasionally and cry "picture ahead!" should suffice. Wolf Creek Pass, Poncha Pass, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. Denver's wonderful system of park roads inviting many miles into outlying territory. Finally, Rocky Mountain National Park, upon the Continental Divide, with pasture-like lands and Long's Peak, 14,225 feet, shimmering highest at the end of many a lovely vista.

On to Cheyenne; then we are heading for the giant of all our national parks, that vast disturbance of the Yellowstone, 3,348 square miles of wilderness and tumult, at the far northwestern corner of Wyoming. But at Casper or at Worland—depending upon what report you get in Cheyenne upon the condition of the roads—it may suit your taste to vary the program from mountains to hills. There are many of us of that temper, who confess that we enjoy Berkshires and Adirondacks and Ozarks more than dizzy peaks. The hills seem more "friendly," and to many eyes more beautiful. For all such the Black Hills here invite a side trip. If you insist upon something really stunning before you'll budge from the broad red line, the Devil's Tower may lure, as a natural wonder deserving to rank among the most notable in the world. Through a mound of limestone, which tops Belle Fourche River by about 600 feet, a great pillar of solidified fire rock thrusts upward another 600 feet. From a distance Devil's Tower resembles a gigantic tree stump.

To the Yellowstone next; another place, like Grand Canyon, of which little can be said that doesn't sound trite and inadequate. Here even a conductor who does no more than cry "picture ahead!" may develop a slight hoarseness. Geysers spouting, "more than in all the rest of the world." Hot springs boiling over. Waterfalls roaring. Mud volcanoes erupting. Bears ambling and deer bounding around. Woods, lakes, mountain peaks and petrified forests. Then the Yellowstone's Grand Canyon, vivid in coloring, and with one of the best features of Niagara as an added attraction. Since so long ago as 1872 (no member of our family of national parks except little Hot Springs is older), the Yellowstone has been pleasing the most divergent tastes of thousands of tourists; so it not only has a lot to show, but also knows how to show all its scenic wares to the best advantage.

In another Switzerland jammed up against the Canadian boundary line in Northwestern Montana, this month's stage of the journey ends. Everything Alpine that you might voyage across the Atlantic to see is to be found, and plentifully, here in Glacier Park one of the most beautiful of all our great national parks. Challenge this statement. Thereupon, Glacier Park will show you. Then, after you've been properly convinced, spin the steering wheel, and on to Spokane and Seattle.

NOTE:—Inadvertently two copyright notices were left off the photographs used in the July issue, page 36. The photograph of Big Moose Lake is copyrighted by Ewing Galloway; the photograph of Mt. LeConte by the Thompson Company of Knoxville, Tenn.

The glories of Mount Ranier, Mount Hood, Crater Lake and many sights down the Pacific Coast will be given next month by Mr. Cushing in the third of the series of articles on National Parks and Monuments.

WE DISCOVER EUROPE'S BEST DESSERTS

[Continued from page 50]

to our pie ceased. The crust was sweetened and slightly spiced—just a suspicion of cinnamon and clove. To the apples had been added a generous amount of seedless raisins and candied orange peel.

This pie has become instantly popular with the men to whom we have served it since we came home. We follow our regular pastry recipe, merely adding $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, and clove to the flour before cutting in the shortening.

In Italy we made the acquaintance of Zabaglione, that bit of golden fluff which is not like custard, nor whipped cream nor anything but itself! All Italians are friendly, at least all that we met were, and in a little restaurant in Sienna we were invited into the kitchen to watch the chef make the Zabaglione we had ordered. Nothing could be simpler. Constant beating is the secret, and while the chef talked with us, and with his right hand filled the waiters' orders, his left hand, holding a wire whisk, kept briskly at the Zabaglione.

Zabaglione

4 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooking sherry or fruit juice

Break eggs into bowl and beat until very light. Add sugar gradually. Pour in slowly the sherry or fruit juice, continuing to beat steadily until all is added. Turn into upper part of double boiler (over boiling water) and cook over a low fire beating constantly while mixture thickens. When it begins to stick to the sides of the pan, lift the pan from the boiling water, stir it all loose and return to double boiler to cook one minute longer, taking care to stir constantly. It should be smooth and frothy. Serve immediately while still warm in cup or sherbet glasses.

It may seem a long jump from Italy to

England; but we stopped off at Paris on the way for a final orgy of shopping, souvenirs and fall clothes, and a few more meals at the best restaurants in the world. Of our many discoveries there we have told you in previous articles.

Then by aeroplane to London where we established ourselves in a tiny hotel, perfectly run by two English ladies. To our question one day as to what they considered a typical English dessert they replied mysteriously, "Wait." That evening they introduced us to

Raspberry Trifle

Slices of sponge cake
Raspberry jam
Macaroons
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups fruit juice (orange or pineapple or other canned fruit juices)
2 cups milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 cup cream, whipped

Slice stale sponge cake and spread sandwich fashion with jam. Place cake in a deep round bowl to half fill the bowl. Cover with a layer of macaroons, then pour over the fruit juice. Allow to stand until this is well soaked up by the cake. Make a soft custard, as described below, cool and pour over the trifle. Let stand in refrigerator until custard is set and the trifle is thoroughly chilled. Before serving, spread lightly with jam and top with whipped cream. Garnish with shredded almonds if desired. *Soft Custard:* Scald milk. Beat eggs slightly, adding sugar, flour and salt mixed together. Pour into the scalded milk, and cook all together over hot water until custard thickens. Stir constantly during cooking to prevent custard from lumping. Cool and add lemon juice and rind.

Having sampled this rich and delicious dish we became enamoured of it, and we often serve it now, using whatever jam or fruit juice we find convenient.

YOUR CAR AT THE FILLING STATION

[Continued from page 52]

low several towns back, and it is because I took it that I am here now. I'll drive on till I find the sealed cans."

Too often honest drums are refilled with inferior lubricants. The figures in any oil company's files showing cases of just such substitution are appalling. The ordinary driver cannot afford to analyze every quart of oil that goes into his car; he is at the mercy of any filling station, and must be on his guard.

One oil official told me recently that on a trip he made to check up filling stations, he found forty-three stations out of fifty where substitution was attempted. I asked him what his company did to insure honest dealings in their own stations, and learned that practically all well organized and carefully supervised stations are managed on the basis he outlined. Men are taught the proper display of merchandise. They are instructed in various grades of oil. They are trained to be courteous and helpful to all customers without being officious. They remind the driver of his batteries, ask if they may fill the radiator and test the tires. With local trade, they make a note of purchases and follow up later with a postal card reminder that it is time to change the oil, or that possibly batteries may need recharging. In other words, each station's crew is made to realize that they are salesmen.

Oil companies do not rest with these endeavors. At unannounced intervals, they send detectives or agents who take samples of gasoline and lubricants. These are analyzed to see if, by chance, substitution is being practiced. They do this, not only at their own stations, but wherever their merchandise is sold. Offenders are threatened with punishment.

Usually, attendants will supply the brand you request if they carry it, but watch out if something just as good is recommended. Possibly it is as good, but not as good for your engine. It may be

strained crank case drainings which do immeasurable harm to your motor. Substitution means one of two things. Either the salesman or attendant does not carry your brand and rather than lose your sale, will substitute, or else he is cheating by charging the price of a good lubricant for a cheaper grade.

Filling stations offer a more extensive service than supplying gasoline and oil. They are usually prepared to service batteries, make minor adjustments on motors, and test and repair tires.

It is a natural thing for an attendant to test tires and forget to take air caps from his pocket and replace them, or to leave off the gas tank cap after filling. The service man would not knowingly omit them, but his carelessness in forgetting to replace them can have just as serious complications as though he purposely took them.

A common cause for complaint is failure to return tools. It is, of course, easier for an attendant to use the patron's tools than to walk ten yards and get his own. But if he forgets to return them to the tool box, it is as costly for the owner as if he had stolen them. In watching your gasoline gauge, caps and tools, in addition to seeing that you get precisely what you order, you are not only saving yourself money and inconvenience, but you are doing your bit toward helping to drive the inefficient, dishonest and otherwise discreditable filling stations out of business.

The Honorable George W. Simpson, Presiding Justice, Commercial Frauds Court of New York City, said recently: "It is the duty of those who are directly interested in guarding the nation's enormous investment in motor cars against undue depreciation and loss, to detect these fraudulent practices and bring the offenders before the bar of justice." There is no one who should be more interested than the car owner.

You Needn't Ever Guess at a Woman's Age

If She's Reached 30,
Her Skin Will Show
a Certain Darkness

The Simple Way Science Has
Found to Correct It By Whiten-
ing the Skin 4 or 5 Shades,
UTTERLY WITHOUT a
Harmful Bleach!



THAT one of the most unfailing signs of age in a woman is the color of her skin is now known in beauty science. As years go by, the skin darkens . . . noticeably. Look at your friends and note how true this is.

To overcome that situation, an utterly new way of whitening the skin has been perfected. A way that not only lightens the skin to ivory tint almost overnight, but that contains none of the irritant features of old-time "bleaches."

Thousands of women are gaining new Youth in this way. Largely on expert advice, women are flocking to its use.

It removes freckles of course. Erases blotches, liver spots and moth patches.



Paris now decrees—"back to the feminine": dainty, filmy and the allure of an ivory skin

It eliminates blackheads almost unbelievably.

What It Is

It comes with the warranty of a world-noted laboratory and ablest research to commend it. A laboratory, purposely situated in the center of the South, where hot sun and dust make darkened skin woman's greatest problem, whose sole scientific goal is skin lightening.

Over 1,000 laboratory tests were made in its development. Some 30 eminent doctors, scientists and skin specialists helped to perfect it. Over 10 years' research was spent attaining it.

**Golden Peacock
Bleach Creme**

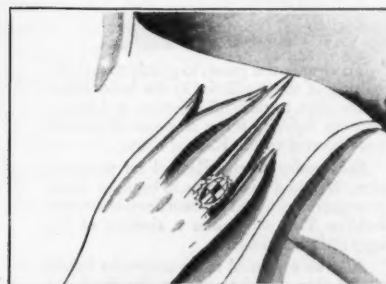
Instead of harshly "bleaching" the skin, it acts to neutralize the elements in the skin which cause yellowness and darkness. And thus marks a new era in skin care.

Old-time bleaches depended often on instant bleaching agents for their results. And thus were warned against. This new way employs, as its bleaching element, one of the most potent healing agents known to science.

An agent employed by virtually ALL doctors in combating skin disorders. And rated as such by the world's highest printed authority, the United States Pharmacopoeia. And thus makes it folly to endure a dark skin even another day.

Results Overnight 4 Shades Lighter in 3 Days

A single application will prove its powers to you. Prove them beyond all doubt or skepticism.



Thousands of women have learned that shoulders and arms, too, may now be made faultless in this way

Apply it tonight. Tomorrow your skin will be appreciably lighter. In three days it will be 4 to 5 shades lighter—no matter how dark it may be today.

Unqualifiedly Guaranteed

It is called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. And is unqualifiedly GUARANTEED to bring those results to you, or the purchase price refunded without question.

Please learn what it means to you. Some 500,000 women now use it nightly. Results to you will prove a revelation. To obtain it, go to any drug or department store.



Almost all Skin Blemishes are really from this one cause

"Is there any ONE cause back of skin blemishes and faults?" a prominent skin specialist was recently asked. The answer he gave means a new hope to thousands.

"Every skin," said the specialist, "would normally be clear and unblemished. It is only the abnormal conditions of modern life—the dirt and soot, the lack of exercise, the rush and worry, and the rest of them—that cause blackheads and blemishes, and bring even the more serious skin affections."

And then he went on: "If one cannot change these conditions of daily life, one must at least use some corrective to start the skin again acting normally, and keep it so."

To keep skin acting normally

You cannot "plaster on" a clear complexion with makeshift cosmetics. You must seek to restore the skin's inherent health and freshness.



To cleanse the pores, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on your own skin. Within a week you will begin to notice your complexion has become finer, smoother, ruddier. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Also as a general toilet soap—for baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath! Note Resinol's clean, tonic odor.

For more serious affections

RESINOL OINTMENT has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Dept. 3-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

arms around her new friend's neck. The first time she did it Alice actually blushed. Never had her own children lavished such spontaneous caresses upon her. This demonstrative baby poured out a wealth of affection upon almost every one she met; she cuddled her dolls, she crooned baby talk to the star fish, she blew ecstatic kisses to her grandfather.

READ it, read it! Sally's fat little body snuggled against Alice. She had a new picture book, an exceptionally gay one. "Daddy brought it from Boston. An' he's a pro-fess-or!" she mouthed her one long word eloquently.

A quiet voice reprimanded the unruly little person.

"Sally must not bother the lady!" "Deah daddy pro-fess-or!" The little girl flung herself against a grave young man who came upon them. Her love for him was as vital as the sun that shone above them, as warm as the sand dunes; it was a big, living thing.

She cuddled in his arms while he talked courteously to Alice.

"This young person has an idea that being a 'professor' is important, something like—" his smile was a tragic version of Sally's—"being 'an African king'."

"I don't know very much about either of those jobs," Alice was as droll as only a literal woman can be, "but I should think that either one of them would be better than being a farmer—we're just farmers."

"Rather important persons. Professors are not of much consequence."

"Then what makes you be one?"

"Well, somebody wanted me to be one. Just as a step to something bigger." He let the sand trickle through his fingers. "I haven't enough persistence, enough impetus, perhaps. I dabble, I don't stick. A true scientist has to have the patience of God Almighty, the patience of—" again that slow sad smile—"farmers."

There was a long silence between them. It was midday now and the little girl slept. He was evidently waiting so that he should not disturb her nap.

"She's very cunning," Alice tried awkwardly to make talk.

"She is a treasure," he answered quietly. "She has a wonderful inheritance, a sort of dowry from her mother."

"I shan't have a cent to leave my children," Alice's bitterness at poverty let the answer come before she realized what she was saying to this stranger.

"I didn't mean money," his apology was gentle. "Sally has her mother's joyous spirit. It made me feel richer than mere riches."

Long after he had gone Alice sat trying to think it out. His grave schoolroom manner impressed her, but her thoughts were a pathetic muddle. Her remaining days at the shore were the tragic climax of her dissatisfied life. She had had a brief glimpse of beauty; the reality to which she must return seemed death.

It was twilight when they left Sally at the shop. As always Jim gazed longingly at the sailor-boy weather vane.

"I want one," he whined all the way back to their boarding house. "Why can't I have one? I want one!"

Tortured body and soul, Alice scolded him into silence.

"Don't pester me! I can't get anything for you! I can never get anything for you! Hush!"

In the night an equinoctial storm lashed the waters to a green frenzy. Hurrying along the slippery board walk in the morning under an utterly inadequate umbrella, he clung to his mother's skirts, clutching his pail with the same grim determination with which she carried their luggage. She was terrified, she had spent more than she should, she had barely enough to buy her return ticket.

The door of the shop was closed against the storm, he did not have so much as a farewell glimpse of Sally. But in the wet sand lay a pink-lipped conch shell. He stooped, unheeding his mother's sharp command. He hugged it close, clinging to it all the way across the continent.

For years it was his dearest treasure. He loved to listen to its faint roar. But usually he scowled as he listened, for it always made him remember the sailor-

boy weather vane that he had wanted with all his heart.

YOUNG Jim Tomlinson grew into a taciturn boy. He was inclined to be stubborn. He had nagging arguments with his mother. She insisted on his staying in school long after his father wanted him to stop. She wanted him to try for a scholarship in a nearby college. He got it by so slender a margin that he was ashamed.

"Aw, I know I happened to pull through, but it's no use trying to take it. I'm not smart enough—I'd only make a fool of myself, and I couldn't earn my keep."

They left the matter unsettled until Autumn. Sometimes on hot Sunday afternoons while he half-dozed in the ugly side yard, his face in his arms, his mother came and sat beside him.

"You wouldn't get beat out like this if you were a professor," she would argue slyly. "You wouldn't be breathing hot choking dust, you wouldn't get a headache from the clacking reaper—"

"You don't have to be very smart," she would retort to his despairing objections. "You just have to keep at it, that's all. It only needs patience—the patience of farmers."

In the end she won by unfair argument, deathbed argument.

"I want you to promise me—it's the only thing I'm asking anybody in this world to promise me—" she was indomitable in her weakness. "If you don't like it you don't need to be a professor. You can do something bigger. Or you can come back to farming. But I want you to promise. I can't die till you promise—" She died, murmuring broken phrases about dowry and riches.

"I leave you," she cried out clearly, "a wonderful inheritance!"

"Plumb crazy," Jim heard someone say. "Dowry—" whispered his mother and smiled at him.

IT was by pure chance that Jim majored in science. He happened to get a job as a sort of laboratory janitor. He was a plodding, uninspired pupil, only dimly aware of the bigness of the thing at which he was so timidly nibbling. He kept at it simply because he had promised.

He was graduated at twenty-one, a shy, gawky youth and stayed on at the struggling little college as an assistant instructor. He was twenty-four before they made him an instructor, twenty-eight before he was actually a professor.

Summers he tutored in a boy's camp. He rarely visited his family. But there came the August in which his youngest sister was to be married. Jim wandered back to a topsy-turvy, cluttered house to be guest at the wedding.

Very early on the morning of the wedding he awakened and lay quietly with his hands clasped beneath his head and idly stared about the sloping space. On a shelf was a gleam of pink, the conch shell. He made no effort to touch it, he was only mildly interested, but when he finished shaving he tucked his razor on the shelf and his fingers accidentally trailed against the shell. Almost automatically he lifted the thing to his ear.

How faint was the sound of the far-off sea! He bought his ticket for Maine the next morning. It was characteristic of him that he did not mention his destination to any of his family.

Tall, rather good-looking, but with diffident manner, he stepped from the train one evening and looked about him with dismay.

The modest boarding house of his childhood had been burned away long since. In its place a garish hotel stretched its wide porches across what seemed to him the entire side of the inlet. The ornate corridors spelled luxury to his unsophisticated eyes. Nevertheless he registered, writing his name with meticulous care.

It was late when he came down for dinner. A few guests lingered over their coffee but most of them had finished. In the side of the corridor a group of youngsters waited impatiently for the orchestra to cross the dining room to the polished dance floor.

He found himself staring into eyes as gray-green as the twilight sea. The girl seemingly quite unaware of his existence, moved away easily, her coat fluttering about her. From tip to toe she was dressed in the indistinct coloring of the sands, the thin scarlet line of her lips the only vivid thing about her. The girl's blonde loveliness was imperative. She was laughing softly. The end of her scarf fluttered against his cheek as she passed.

"Sorry," she apologized as her languid fingers reached for it. "It's miles too long." He felt her utter indifference.

The next morning he awoke to a dazzle of sunlight. From his window he watched children playing in the rocks where he had played so long ago and he laughed aloud. He was a very matter-of-fact young man who wanted a swim and some breakfast. Buoyantly he went in search of them.

He exulted in the crisp cool sting of the water. The brittle feel of it exhilarated him, he swam until he found it was hard work to make the shore. He crawled from the waves and lay face downward on the comforting warmth of sand; the sun soaked through his wet suit and he pillowed his head in his arms and slept.

He awoke to the cool touch of a woman's fingers on his sunburned shoulders. "Tide is coming in," her quick words announced briefly.

"You swam too far, too, use some sense." She moved away briskly. Sturdy, tanned, very fit in her blue bathing suit, she hurried to a group of chattering youngsters.

James had a feeling that she expected him to follow her yet she never looked back.

"Teacher! Teacher!" a voice beside him taunted her. It belonged to an impudent youth who Jim had seen dancing with the lovely girl the evening before.

The beach guard turned to grin good-humoredly over her shoulder. Her crisp staccato was vibrant with fun.

"You better be a good boy, too!" she taunted the youth.

"Gee," he sighed admiringly to Tomlinson, "she's a little bit of all right. Funny, what a kid she looks in that bathing suit. She's old, really. Must be more'n twenty-five anyhow. Teaches school winters. You ought to hear her. She is bugs on biology. You know, she is the funniest darned teacher in the world. I went in her classes. Everybody likes 'em. She gets going about protoplasm or something like that and you'd think she was talking about Doug Fairbanks. But you can't kid her. Not a little bit. She is awfully New Englandy and upstagey if you try to get fresh. Aw, I forgot, Aunt Cora wants to meet you—and all that" he blurted out his real business with an air of complete boredom. "Aunt Cora is awful, but Marise isn't hard to look at even if she hasn't one brain to rub against another. Asked me one hundred and eighty-eight questions about you last night."

A moment later Tomlinson was being presented to "Aunt Cora" and her lovely daughter.

The girl looked much less ethereal in the sunlight. Smaller and somehow older, but a perfectly healthy person for all that. She was one of those white skinned blondes who tan so imperceptibly as to seem not tanned at all. Her bathing suit, still wet from her morning dip, accentuated her lovely form, her cap swung idly from her hand, her hair, still damp from the swim, blew about in the light breeze.

His blood raced madly as she glanced up at him lazily from under fringed lashes and laughed softly.

From the moment that she first looked at him she had an odd air of possessing him. Perhaps not exactly owning him but rather assuming that he was hers if she should want him.

She did not seem to expect him to talk to her. As he watched her slender hands playing with bits of shell, again he recalled his mother who had once sat in almost this self-same spot; he seemed to see her reddened knuckles and blunted nails. He sighed unhappily.

"I'm so sorry," a soft voice consoled him. "I know how you must feel. When [Continued on page 61]

DOWRY

[Continued from page 60]

my father died, mother and I felt the same way—we just couldn't speak—"

Her sympathy unnerved him. "A long time ago, it seems," he said.

"Death is always like that," she answered a trifle too glibly. "The thing that made it so hard for us was that father left us so beastly poor. I hate that part of it," she ended passionately. "You can't think how hateful it is to be poor."

"You don't look poor," he retorted.

Marise laughed.

"No," she drawled, "I can't even afford to look poor."

He lay awake that night thinking about her. It amazed him that anybody so soft and so lovely should care to be with a man so uncouth and uninteresting as he felt himself to be.

By this time he thought that he knew he was hopelessly in love with her. Daily he grew more unhappy, he bitterly realized the fact that at the most he could hope to be with her only a few days longer. He literally could not afford to stay. His savings were almost gone. It had cost him more to live for a single day in this hotel than he had been in the habit of spending in a fortnight in his college town.

BESIDES, there was scarcely a day in which she did not demand some sort of tribute.

"Let's buy your morning paper," she would drawl as they rose from breakfast. That invariably meant that she would artlessly annex four or five smart periodicals that he hadn't known existed before he had met her. She didn't even bother to thank him for things, she casually assumed that they were for his enjoyment as well as hers. She would lie in the sand and turn their pages idly, calling his attention to a well-built foreign car or exclaiming delightedly over advertisements for fine jewelry.

"I suppose," she mused, "you men can't ever understand how badly women want things like that. Things they know they can't afford. Things they are just dying for."

She had, perforce, to do her own wooing. She waited till a lovely moonlit moment, timing it rather theatrically so that they stopped in a shadowy angle of the long porch outside the music-filled dance room. The night wind blew her fragile scarf against his cheek, she put up her hand to draw it back, but instead she let her hand rest against his shoulder as she lifted both arms slowly and brought his lips against hers.

It wasn't until he heard her protesting, "You're hurting me—" that he let her go. He was ashamed of his intensity, frightened at the strength of his passion.

Morning came, humid and breathless. They breakfasted together.

"I told mother," she said briefly. "She wants to see you."

The mother was not like her daughter, there was a stolidity, a harshness about her that Tomlinson found disconcerting.

"I suppose you're like all lovers, eh? Want to take my little girl away from me the minute you know you're in love?"

"I don't know," he stammered. "I still can't believe that she cares." He laughed boyishly. "She's so perfect. So wonderful. And I'm such a duffer. A couple weeks ago I couldn't have believed that anything like this could have happened to a poor school teacher like me. I just can't comprehend it."

"Look here," she snapped abruptly. "Who are you? Wasn't your father John Tomlinson, the chemist?"

"My father is James Tomlinson. He is a farmer," he answered.

Her tone had been insulting and, he strove to quiet his own rising anger with the thought, that after all, she had a perfect right to question him.

"What relation are you to John Tomlinson?"

"I never heard of a John Tomlinson," his puzzled reply came. "My father's only brother was named Joseph and their father was Joseph and they had a cousin called Lufe—"

Marise was coming at last, she moved languidly from the shadows of the bathing pavilion.

"Marise!" her mother cried sharply.

"This man has lied to you! He admits he is not John Tomlinson's son. No relation to him!"

Marise was not so brutal as her mother. She merely grew pale, her eyes narrowed and she stood perfectly still, not looking at him at all.

"My usual luck!" she said calmly.

Jim was breathing hard, his dulled senses groping.

The silly mistakes correlated themselves for him, her incredible insolence now that she knew he was not the heir of the wealthy Tomlinson, recently deceased, suddenly infuriated him. But when he would have spoken, he observed, to his horror, that the girl had definitely withdrawn herself without a word. She was gone with no more than a cool nod in dismissal.

His anger rose overwhelmingly. Waves of shame crept over him. He felt like a whipped cur. He wanted to run after them crying that it was not he who had deceived them that they had deceived their greedy selves, that he had never claimed to be other than he was.

He went for his swim, through sheer dread of going back to the bathing pavilion before they had left it. He hated himself for his cowardice in not answering the woman. He ploughed wearily through the water, farther and farther from shore until he was exhausted physically, until he was forced to rest.

He had swam so much farther than he realized that he found himself a half mile or more below the inlet, a long way beyond the demarcation between the smart Summer colony and the remnant of the old fishing village. He left the water and had just turned in the direction of the hotel when he saw, flying along before the wind, pulling her thick jersey about her, the sturdy little Children's Beach Guard. Rain was beginning to fall. Now, she almost collided with him as she rounded a point of rocks.

"This way!" she panted. "Tide turned an hour ago. You can't get back that way, I had all I could do to make it. This way—" intuitively she thrust out her hand to guide him.

They came abruptly upon a weather-beaten bit of house huddled at the extreme end of the rocks. Some one flung open a door, some one whose blue checked apron flapped wildly. A white-haired, pink-cheeked woman cried, "Good land, git in here quick!"

With bustling hospitality she ushered him into a primitive bathroom. The door opened the least bit, a wrinkled old hand thrust various garments toward him; underwear, soft old corduroy trousers, a knitted jacket, some socks and slippers.

Later he opened the door into a room in which a fire crackled in a heater with a Boston rocker drawn before it. The beach guard was drying her hair.

"Regular sockdodgaler!" he heard her say. "Been hanging around for days, but, lordy, how it hit. Hailstones, Susan! Never saw bigger ones!"

There was a table beside the stove with a clean cloth spread upon it.

"Ye won't git warm till ye git inside-warm." The old woman's shrewd glance rested on Tomlinson's blue lips. "Draw up and eat, young feller!"

The rain had settled into a steady downpour beating upon the low roof above them with deafening sounds. The old woman chattered but the young girl did not always answer her. Together they washed the dishes, the girl kept her back to Tomlinson but the older woman stared at him with frank curiosity.

She flapped her dish towels in orderly array on their rack. "Stoppin' fur long?"

"Going tonight," he answered.

"Well, season is 'bout over." She was amiable. "Most folks git away around the first. It gits awful cold nights here come September."

He had not known when the girl left them. His suggestion that he could start now was met with chuckling objection.

"Ye'd not git fur. Set a while, wait till the tide's dropped. Wind won't die down till sunset."

"I'm sure it's good of you," he stammered with difficulty.

"Might as well set," she advised him.

[Continued on page 62]



Unspoken Tributes EVER SINCE GIRLHOOD to the charm of her lustrous teeth

AND now the clear, white teeth that lend her face its radiance are the envy of her friends.

"After all, I have done just what anyone else can do," Miss Lee tells us. "Every six months I have gone to my dentist for examination, and I have made it a rule of my life to brush my teeth vigorously twice each day with Colgate's—the dental cream that cleanses."

But one of many

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women like Miss Lee. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are ex-

Miss Maryland Lee, when a tiny girl twenty years ago, began keeping her teeth clean with Colgate's. The large picture above shows Miss Lee's flashing teeth today.



ceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of thousands of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

At your druggist's

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

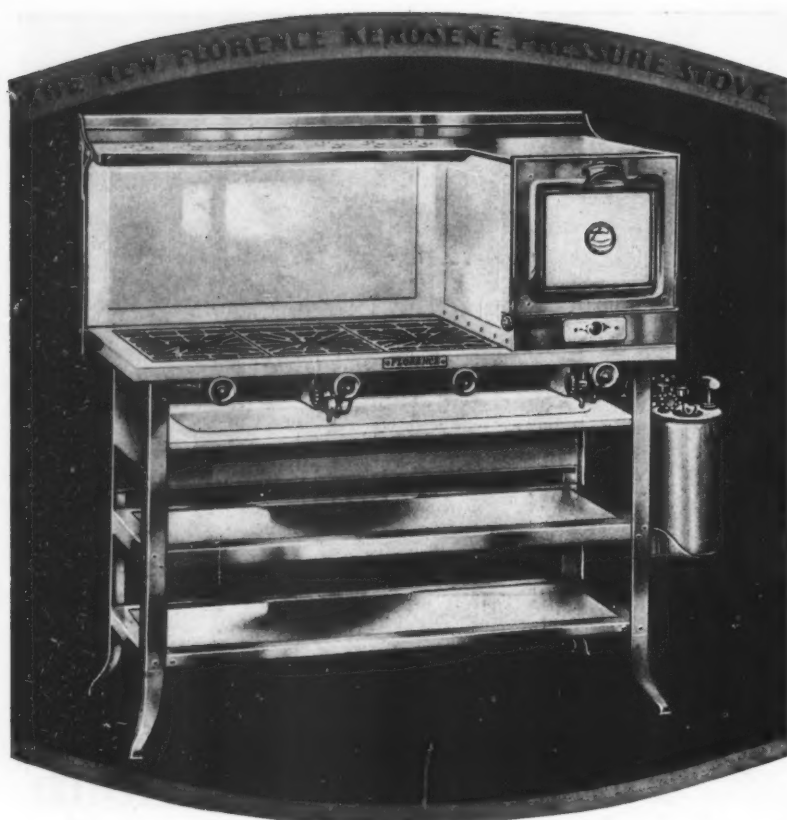
C L E A N

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

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Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

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Address



The HOTTEST STOVE in the WORLD

THIS revolutionary range is hotter than city gas and far more economical—hotter even than gasoline and much safer.

The only fuel required by the new Florence Pressure Stove is kerosene. It not only burns kerosene but is *started* with kerosene. This is about the cheapest of all fuels and perfectly safe to handle and keep around the house.

Yet, should anyone wish to burn gasoline in this unique new stove, it can be done without any adjusting.

Like other Florence Stoves, the pressure stove is finished in two-tone gray (as shown above) as well as black and gray. It is made in different sizes both with and without mantel and built-in oven.

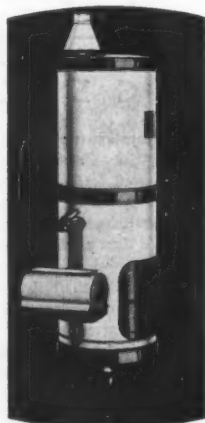
The famous Florence Oven, with "the baker's arch", prevents heat pockets and enables you to bake things evenly all over.

Constant Hot Water

To make your modern Florence kitchen complete, you should also have a Florence *Automatic Water Heater*. It works under thermostatic control with a pilot light; requires no attention on your part; burns but a few cents worth of kerosene a day, and gives you the joy of constant hot water.

Hardware, furniture stores, department stores—leading dealers about everywhere—sell Florence products. If you are in doubt where, please write to our nearest division office.

Florence Stove Company, Boston. Division Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City. In Great Britain, Florence Stove Company, Ltd., London.



Automatic Storage
Water Heater

FLORENCE

DOWRY

[Continued from page 61]

"It's liable to be six o'clock before you can git around the pint—"

She nodded then slept.

Suddenly he could endure the stuffiness of the place no longer. He flung open the nearest door, stumbled down two unexpected steps and found himself standing in a sort of glassed-in porch.

At the end of the enclosure was a bench on which were ranged paint cans, dripping gay colors. Sitting quietly at the table the beach guard whistled softly as she painted a sailor-boy weather vane.

She wore a blue denim apron to protect her clean print frock, the heavy braids of her dark hair were pinned neatly around her head, she bent over her work closely, not looking up as two bright spots of color flared above her adorably high cheek bones.

"You *are* Sally—" his voice was dazed with anxiety. "Can't you remember me? You had a book with rhymes in it. My mother read them to us—"

Still she would not lift her eyes.

"I'm Jim Tomlinson. No relation whatever to John Tomlinson. But you did know me. You *did*."

"Oh, I knew you!" her words jerked themselves out bitterly. "I'd have known you anywhere. I was that kind of fool. I thought you had come back—because—I—oh, you don't know how proud I used to be of you! I knew exactly what you were doing all these years! About the scholarship and where you were teaching and all that! I thought some day you would come for me! And then you came. And you weren't at all the person I'd been waiting for! You were like all the rest of the fools that come to stay at the Inn. All you wanted was to sit on the sand and flirt with those silly girls! I hate you! Every time I've seen you I've hated you more!" Her head went down on her arms. She was sobbing wildly.

He stopped, dazed, to stare at the absurd little replica of the sailor-boy weather vane for which he had longed so

ardently long years before. A grotesque symbol of the unattained.

"Whatever you think about me," he answered her slowly, "can't be half so bad as what I think about myself. These days that I've been through! They are like a nightmare—something big and soft and terrible that sucked me down and down. I used to cry out to you whenever I dreamed it. Just as I am crying out to you now. I don't deserve your pity. But, oh, have some faith! You don't know how much I need some one to have faith in me! Whatever it is you wanted me to try to be—I'll try—only you must have faith in me!"

She lifted her head courageously. Already her brief anger had blazed itself out, but through her tears burned something that was ever to be his inspiration, something big and sane and wholesome.

Unconsciously, as he stepped toward her, in that very moment he was putting his mind to the great deeds that should be worthy of her faith in him. He squared his shoulders, he walked with the boyish swagger as in the old days when he had wanted to impress her.

GENERATIONS of poverty, of motive, could no longer enslave the patient talent that had so long lain dormant in the Tomlinsons. For in that moment one of them came into a vast legacy bequeathed to him by his mother, a heritage that should be his for all time, a golden treasure to be handed down to posterity. Dowry. For this woman was to be more to him than mere riches, this woman who was so proud to be the wife of James Tomlinson, scientist.

He caught her hands and said a strange thing.

"Oh, wonderful inheritance!"

He had a quick memory of his mother singing, "—moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform!"

For Jim had the majesty and the humility of genius.

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 23]

couple of friends who are going to the Inauguration after vacation is over and I have invited them to stop at our house on their road. They are nice fellows and have been with me for the last year. You will remember that I wrote to father about a fellow who is boring me considerably. He capped the climax lately. There was a Republican levee and supper at Cambridge to which I was invited. I did not go for I anticipated what really happened. I was sitting in my room about 6:30 when two boys came in and handed me an admission ticket, on the back of which the fellow had written asking me to come over as they were calling for me. I wrote him a note excusing myself. He must be the biggest fool in the world not to know I did not want to go over, when I did I would be expected to make a speech! Just phancy my phelinks mounted on the rostrum holding "a vast sea of human faces, etc." I stop overwhelmed.

Yours affectionately,

R. T. Lincoln.

RETURNING to Springfield, Mary prepared for the social events connected with the coming departure to the national capital. In the accepted style of the society reporter, a Springfield correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat* writes, on February 6, 1861:

"The first levee given by the President elect took place last evening at his own residence in this City and it was a grand outpouring of citizens and strangers together with members of the Legislature. Your humble servant was invited to attend. Mr. Lincoln threw open his house for a general reception of all the people who felt disposed to give him and his Lady a parting call. The levee lasted from seven until twelve o'clock in the evening, and the house was thronged by thousands up to the latest hour. Mr. Lincoln received guests as they entered and were made known. They then passed on and were introduced to Mrs. Lincoln who stood near the center of the parlor

and who I must say acquitted herself most gracefully and admirably. She was dressed plainly but richly. She wore a beautiful full trail, white moiré-antique silk, with a small French lace collar. Her neck was ornamented with a string of pearls. Her head dress was a simple and delicate vine arranged with much taste. She displayed but little jewelry and this was well and appropriately adjusted. She is a lady of fine figure and accomplished address and is well calculated to grace and do honor at the White House."

For four anxious months after the election of November 6, Mary had seen with a sinking heart the Southern states one by one withdraw from the Union; there was no doubt in the minds of the large majority of the Southern people that they had a constitutional right to secede from the Union. Many in the North held the same opinion and had wished to secede from the South on account of their abhorrence of Slavery. On November 10, the United States Senators from South Carolina resigned their seats at Washington, a few weeks later their state seceded and under the Palmetto Flag, formed an independent government.

The Stars and Stripes, however, still floated over Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, garrisoned by Federal troops under command of Col. Robert Anderson, of Kentucky. In January, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana adopted ordinances of secession. Mary had two sisters living in Selma, Alabama: Martha Todd married to Mr. Clement White and Elodie Todd married to Colonel N. H. R. Dawson, and three of her brothers were living in New Orleans; and living on a Louisiana plantation her step-mother's brother, James Humphreys, who had married a charming New Orleans woman of French extraction whose beauty and grace were inherited by their two attractive daughters who in girlhood had often visited at her father's home.

[Continued on page 65]



He remembered— That Schoolgirl Complexion

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty. And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all the leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

Soap and water daily—but not just ANY soap

The lather of Palmolive Soap, widely urged for proper care of the skin, is a blend of famous beauty oils—the oils of olive and palm.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily:

This simple beauty rule

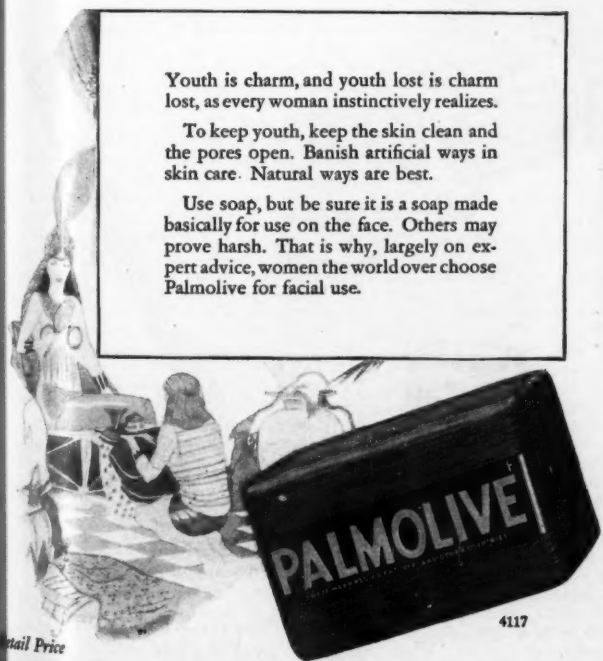
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAf and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



Mail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

4117



ON THE MENUS OF FAMOUS TEA-ROOMS

Tea rooms rich in atmosphere and decoration, reflecting unspoken good taste . . . Tea rooms noted for the fine quality of their food, their excellent thoughtful service, their recipes that know no rivals. ¶ It is in such tea rooms throughout the country that Best Foods Products are invariably found on the menu. ¶ For Best Foods Products, too, have behind them a story of quality—the policy their makers have adopted is to make but a few food specialties—and those few fine. Best Foods Products have behind them ideals of service and distribution that make it possible for them to come to your table fresh and fine, just as they were when they left the big sunny kitchens of The Best Foods, Inc. ¶ Every ingredient used in Best Foods Products is the finest that money can buy. Every step of the process of their manufacture, their wide-spread distribution, is the result of careful consideration, of definite effort to bring to you in perfect, appetizing condition, these high quality food specialties. ¶ The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Jacksonville, Norfolk.

"No wonder that instead of making their own mayonnaise, so many women today buy Best Foods Mayonnaise. Best Foods Mayonnaise is so smooth, so delicate in flavor that you know at the first taste that it is made from eggs broken right from the shell."

(signed) Mrs. M. E. Brown
The Mary Louise
Los Angeles, Calif.

(The Mary Louise Tea Room is pictured above)

You will surely be interested in the favorite recipes of some of the famous tea-rooms. We have collected them for you and combined them in a booklet with a guide to many of the country's most interesting tea-rooms. We will gladly send you a copy—just fill out and mail the coupon



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297 Fourth Avenue
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A book of famous tea-room
recipes sounds interesting.
Send me a copy, please.

Name

Address

City

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 62]

So patriotic indignation at seeing these states go out of the Union was mingled with personal sadness over a separation in sympathy and opinion of dear relatives and friends. And all her thoughts were tinged with a feeling of undefined fear she dreaded—she knew not what—War was unthinkable, yet in February, when a General Confederate Convention was held in Montgomery, Alabama, Mary, with her political acumen, began to sense hostilities of some sort, seeing how promptly and intelligently the seceding states were forming the Southern Confederacy and how resolutely they were seizing forts and arsenals, and making every preparation to defend the newly formed nation.

"Oh, will it never stop?" cried Mary to her husband. "Will Inauguration Day never come?"

The New York *Herald* declared Lincoln was a "sectional President whom the South had no part in electing. If he comes out and tells the people that he will govern the country according to the views of the majority and not to serve the purpose of the minority, all may yet be well. Mr. Lincoln must throw his pledges to the wind, let his own party go to perdition in its own way, and devote himself to the service of the whole country. It is Mr. Lincoln's bounden duty to come out now and declare his views."

His old friend and fellow Congressman, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, at this time wrote him, "The Country is certainly in great peril; and no man ever had heavier or graver responsibilities resting upon him than you have in the present momentous crisis." Lincoln replied, "I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would directly or indirectly interfere with the slaves or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us."

Mr. Lincoln was feeling the terrible responsibility and difficulties of his situation and yet was forced to a policy of inaction, until after Inauguration. He was often filled with gloom and despondency which it took all of Mary's adroitness to dispel: he declared that he would willingly take out of his life "a period of years equal to the two months which intervenes between now and my inauguration, to take the oath of office now," because every hour was adding to his difficulties, and the outlook each day grew more gloomy. Mary was alternately filled with elation over her husband's coming inauguration as President and with fear lest some assassin might make good his threat. She breathed a sigh of relief when at last on Monday, February 11, at eight o'clock in the morning the Presidential party started for Washington. All was bustle and excitement, but as Mr. Lincoln from the car platform made his farewell speech to the sea of friendly faces come to wish them God speed, a wave of sadness passed over Mary; she was leaving for years, perhaps forever, her home made dear by the one, the great lover of her life; the little grave of her baby; old and faithful friends, for a life new and untried, full of glorious possibilities, it is true, but of great uncertainty. Emotion gripped her throat and fear clutched her heart as she heard her husband say with a trembling voice, "Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave not knowing when or whether ever I may return."

Eight o'clock in the morning being an inconvenient hour, Mrs. Lincoln had decided to take a later train and join the Presidential party at Indianapolis where they were to stay all night. As the

special train conveying the President-elect pulled out of Springfield, Mary Lincoln was standing on the platform in the midst of their friends, waving him a farewell.

Mary had recovered her spirits fully by this time. The towns through which they passed were decorated with flags; cheering men were eager to see Mr. Lincoln. A magnificent reception was given him in Cincinnati and Mary with a little pressure on his arm reminded him that it was his birthday, which she and Mr. Lincoln, just the two of them, could celebrate. With nods and shy coquettish glances from under her long lashes, Mary replied to his grave and tender regards. They both thought of the modest little dinners of other birthdays on the twelfth of February when they were at home with a few chosen and congenial friends come to wish Mr. Lincoln many happy returns and when she would repeat the little speech she had made on his first birthday after their marriage which ended: "I am so glad you have a birthday. I feel so grateful to your mother."

Mr. Lincoln made two brief speeches in Cincinnati. He said that he had made but one speech before in that city and then much of what he said had been addressed to the Kentuckians. "We mean to treat you," he said, "as nearly as we possibly can as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way interfere with your institutions; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution, to treat you, so far as degenerate men—if we have degenerated—may, according to the examples of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and to bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly—fellow citizens of Kentucky; friends; brethren; may I call you in my new position? I see no occasion, and feel no inclination, to retract a word of this. If it shall not be made good be assured the fault shall not be mine."

Mr. Lincoln and Mary had a tender feeling for the State of their birth. Mr. Lincoln's three law partners were born in Kentucky.

After leaving Cincinnati for Columbus Wednesday morning few stops were made. Another brilliant reception at Columbus and on Thursday morning, February 14, the Presidential party was again on its way, and Lincoln that night spoke to an immense crowd at Pittsburgh.

At Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York, crowds of cheering people, flowers, receptions, dinners, luncheons, flags floating, cannon booming. The journey through the State of New York occupied three days, Mary was in high spirits all the way. She remained with a party of eighteen or twenty relatives and friends in New York.

On February 23, at six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Lincoln was safely in Washington, in spite of rumors of plots to abduct him and threats of assassination. While his friends took these threats seriously Mr. Lincoln was inclined to think their fears groundless. Rooms had been reserved for the Presidential party at Willard's Hotel. Mrs. Lincoln and her party were still in New York at the comfortable old Metropolitan Hotel and did not join Mr. Lincoln until the evening of March 2. From Saturday evening until Monday morning, the day of the Inauguration, Mary Lincoln could not shake off a feeling of apprehension. If she forgot her fear for a moment, the soldiers thronging the streets and the guards stationed to protect her husband would remind her that her loved one was not yet out of danger; but, she would argue to herself, what ill could happen to him surrounded by all these loyal men, under all this watchful care? At that consoling thought her buoyant nature would reassert itself.

Senator James Harlan, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, met Mr. Lincoln for the first time a few days before the Inauguration. This meeting developed later into a warm

friendship between the two families; he describes his impressions of the Lincolns:

"Abraham Lincoln was an unusually tall man, though he did not seem slender. He appeared to be as lean and his muscles as hard as those of a prize-fighter. He was obviously a very strong, powerful man, physically capable of immense endurance. His eyes slightly receding, were about normal in size and, according to my recollection, gray in color, with no marked expression, except pensiveness and truthfulness. His head was large both longitudinally and perpendicularly, with a tall and ample forehead. His hair was dark brown, without any tendency to baldness. His head when he was in repose, drooped slightly forward, and his whole countenance was pensive to sadness. In conversation it would kindle into brightness; and with increased earnestness became luminous. He impressed everyone with his frankness and manifest candor, and conscious manly strength, free from the slightest manifestation of egotism. No one could look at him and doubt his perfect honesty, sincerity and kindness."

"As I have frequently said, and continue to think, no one can know a married man thoroughly who does not also know his wife. I must add a few descriptive words of Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of Abraham Lincoln. She was fair, of about medium height, but standing near her husband, by comparison seemed short. Her quiet gentle manners and firm, womanly bearing impressed everyone with the conviction that she was a well-educated, cultured lady, accustomed to the usages of society and with ability to take care of herself. She was a Kentuckian."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were at that date the parents of three living children about whom, perhaps I ought to say a word or two, because the children brought up in a family usually reflect, like a mirror, the character of their parents. The oldest, Robert Todd Lincoln, was a youth of seventeen or eighteen years—well developed physically, a strong, healthy, resolute, sensible-looking fellow, without the slightest appearance of ostentation or family pride on account of his father's election to the Presidency."

"The second child, William Lincoln, was probably about twelve years of age. He was a beautiful boy, intelligent, polite, observant, careful of the comfort of others and courtly in his manners; so much so as to attract the attention and affection of everybody whom he met."

"The third child, Thomas Lincoln—usually called 'Tad'—was a small boy, probably not more than seven or eight years old. He was apparently under little restraint, overflowing with the joys of his young life and almost constantly near and clinging to his father who never appeared to be annoyed by his capers."

ON the fourth of March, Washington was stirring at the break of day. Mary Lincoln sleepless and excited, saw from her window scores of people who had been unable to find beds the night before on account of the crowded condition of hotels and boarding houses, restlessly walking the streets; incoming trains were bringing in fresh crowds to see the inauguration of the first Republican President; the tramp, tramp of soldiers, the rumble and clatter and clash of artillery, the shrill screams of newsboys all added to the general notes and confusion. Mr. Lincoln at his rooms at Willard's Hotel had, from a very early hour, been at work. At noon Mr. Buchanan, the President of the United States, came to escort the President-elect to the capitol. They passed through lines of guards, platoons of soldiers, cavalry, infantry, artillery, for General Winfield Scott was determined that no harm should befall the incoming President.

Mrs. Lincoln and her party occupied the diplomatic gallery. Mary Lincoln had no eyes for the brilliant scene, the diplomatic corps glittering with decorations; the women in their beautiful gowns, had, at this time, no interest for her. With her soul in her eyes she saw only one loved and homely face that was not homely to her, except in the sense that it meant home and all that was dear to her in the

[Continued on page 66]



This Fish Speeds Straight from the Ocean to Your Table!

WHETHER you live near the sea or hundreds of miles inland, you can now enjoy fine ocean fish that is absolutely fresh. You can have prime deep-sea haddock — fish as sweet and tender and tasty as ever tumbled out of a net.

"40-Fathom" is the trade name of fish which is caught by the Bay State Fishing Company's big fleet of steam trawlers, far out in the ocean. . . . Each catch is carefully sorted and only the choicest fish are selected for your table.

40-Fathom Haddock comes to you in the form of filets—the clear white breasts and sides of the fish. . . . Heads, tails, backbones and all waste are removed. . . . Then these savory fish steaks are individually wrapped in parchment paper, iced and fast-expressed to your dealer. . . . Ready to put on the fire and cook. A new, delicious shore delicacy on your table.

Nothing is so unwise as buying second-grade filets. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-Fathom Fish, which is never frozen or preserved but always fresh and sweet—"the cream of the catch".

INSIST ON THIS TRADEMARKED WRAPPER

Fish not in this wrapper is NOT 40-Fathom Fish!



BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.
Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-Fathom Fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York.

Name
Address

For... Picnic Days



PERHAPS it's to be on the pebbly rim of some placid lake, nestling high up in the hills. Or maybe it's a leafy dell you have in mind, where the brook swirls and eddies past. But whatever the place—you know it, and the children know it, and it's a picnic haunt everyone likes. And lunch is certainly not the least of the day's fun.

What's in the basket? One hardly need ask. Peanut Butter sandwiches for one thing—and every one of them Beech-Nut. Stacks of them too. For, on days like this, appetites call not once but a second and even a third time. Other good things, of course, but Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches in quantity. There almost couldn't be a picnic without them. For they've satisfied hungry young stomachs at picnics for the last thirty years and more.

Tempting in flavor, nourishing, energy-building. There's nothing more appropriate for the picnic lunch than this golden filling for sandwiches.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 65]

world. After the oath of office had been administered to Vice-President-elect Hannibal Hamlin, who made a short speech, there was a concerted movement in the direction of the east portico where a wooden platform had been erected for this occasion, the procession was headed by the Justices of the Supreme Court in their caps and silk gowns. Upon the front of the platform were the Senate Committee, President Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney, and Mr. Lincoln; just back were seated Mrs. Lincoln, her three sons, Mrs. Grimsley and other relatives; the rest of the platform was filled with Judges, Senators and other distinguished guests. As Mr. Lincoln came to a table containing a Bible, a pitcher and a glass of water, he placed a manuscript on the table and his cane upon it as a paper weight; lifting his hat he looked around for a place to put it when a hand reached over and took the hat and Judge Stephen A. Douglas whispered to Mrs. Grimsley, "If I cannot be President, I can at least be his hat bearer." Mary Lincoln's heart warmed to the friend of her girlhood as she saw this graceful act of courtesy. She saw her husband, tall, dignified, unexcited, very grave. His self-possession was perfect. His resonant voice a little high pitched reached the outer fringes of the vast crowd in front of him. Mary listened dreamily to the Inaugural Address, which Mr. Lincoln had read to her the day before and which he was now delivering with as much ease as if such an address were an everyday occurrence. Mary tried to realize that she and her husband had reached the crowning point of their ambition, would it mean joy or sorrow? Would they have to see the bitter animosities of North and South culminate in war or—she started from her reverie to nod a hopeful assent to the closing sentences of the address: "I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends (and dear kindred thought Mary). We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chords of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." The oath prescribed by the Constitution was administered by Chief Justice Taney and Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States.

Mary had a feeling of intense relief when the ceremonies over unmarred by an unfriendly demonstration, her husband was safe in what was to be their home, God willing, for the next four years. At the entrance of the Executive Mansion, Old Edward, the doorkeeper through many administrations, ushered them into a mansion swept and garnished, to be sure, but looking dull and shabby with its old and worn furnishings. The East, the Blue and Red rooms were not quite so dingy as all the elegance of the Mansion seemed concentrated in these three rooms.

After a gay company of seventeen or eighteen people had finished dinner, all separated to rest and prepare for the Grand Inaugural Ball which would usher in the first Republican President (and many people thought the last one). Mary Lincoln, whose task it would be to uphold the social end of the administration, assumed her new position with self-confidence and poise and, socially, a joyous fearlessness, meeting the public with unaffected cordiality. With a direct and searching glance, she could distinguish between enemies and friends. At first she was undismayed by the number of hostile critics, hoping, no doubt, by her own friendly attitude to disarm them; but as the weeks went by she felt the enmity was deeper than personality or any amount of friendliness could dissipate, and a woman even less high spirited and sensitive than Mary Todd Lincoln would have been irritated by the attitude of some of the erstwhile leaders of society.

Southern women, especially those from Virginia and Maryland, boasting long lines of distinguished ancestry, had for many years held sway as social leaders in Washington. They represented a clique of wealth and social prestige, of refine-

ment and good breeding, and had Mary Lincoln been the wife of a Southern President she would have had no difficulty in being recognized as one of them and could easily have become socially popular as First Lady. But President Lincoln as leader of the Republican party had aroused bitter resentment in the hearts of the Southern people; they declared he was an odious, tyrannical monster and his wife a renegade Southerner with no heart and no principles; they would have nothing to do with such a traitor. Southerners had no wish to overcome their prejudice against the wife of an Abolitionist, a word abhorrent to the South and indeed to a large faction in the North and East.

Whether through some misunderstanding or by order of General Beauregard the Confederates fired on Fort Sumter April 12, 1861, and the war between the North and South was on in deadly earnest. As Washington received the news of other States seceding, of riots and bloodshed in Baltimore, of bridges burned and railway communication with the North be-



ing cut off, the gloom and apprehension increased. Public buildings were barricaded, guards were camped in the East room and corridors of the White House. General Cassius M. Clay (of Kentucky) with his Home Battalion was stationed in Willard's Hall. Patriotic fervor for the Union was intensified in the North, and higher and higher, flamed the spirit of undying allegiance to the new-born league of independent states, the Southern Confederacy. For years the North and South had been stinging each other into uncontrollable madness. The North was singing "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," and the South was substituting the name of Lincoln in the same song. When a Southern girl in Washington at that hate-filled time saw Mrs. Lincoln's carriage approaching she would run to the piano, fling wide the windows and sing "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," or "Bonnie Blue Flag," and Mary's eyes would fill with tears for she knew this was done to hurt her. Neither did she fare better at the hands of the Northerners; she was accused, on account of her Southern birth, of being a Rebel at heart, of not sympathizing with her husband's views and principles. She was watched and spied upon for some clue upon which to hang a suspicion of her treachery to the Union—an unguarded word would have meant a volume of abuse or slander.

With rare tact, following her husband's policy of conciliation, she tried to make friends of the opposition. In this social chaos and disruption she naturally turned first, for support, to women from her own state.

Mrs. John J. Crittenden, a handsome matron whose husband had left the Senate to become a Representative and as such was the mover of the Crittenden Compromises calculated to restore the South to the Union by peaceful measures, and Miss Myra Clark, the Lexington belle who afterwards became the wife of John Morgan, the Confederate General whose name became a terror to the Unionists in the border States. Also the wife of her old friend, Stephen A. Douglas, the Democratic leader, was frequently asked to receive with Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Douglas who combined wit and beauty with sweet

gentle manners was one of the belles of the White House. That Mrs. Lincoln should select for her receiving line the wives and daughters of Democrats gave great offense to many Republican women. Into this chaos of jealousies, animosities, private and public rancors, it would have been impossible to inject any of the beautiful quiet amenities of normal society. Ignoring this unpleasantness as much as possible, Mary Lincoln took her place as First Lady with simple, easy grace and dignity. She was sought by people of intellect who were charmed by her animation and originality of thought and her fearlessness in expressing herself. She was still strikingly youthful and attractive in appearance; she was "fair and forty," but not fat, as she weighed only a hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair, a lovely light chestnut with glints of bronze had as yet not a gray thread. Her eyes sparkled youthfully under her long lashes with the zest of living, and the fashion of the day favored her mightily as her beautiful shoulders and arms gleamed like pearls in her low cut, short-sleeved evening gowns. She had individuality and distinction and an intellect and personality that caused her to be here admired. There envied, loved greatly by her friends, and deeply disliked by many outside her circle. Her enthusiasms were so inspiring that a forlorn hope revived and blossomed in the down-hearted. Hence her husband and friends brought to her many troubles and problems. She held her head high, slightly tilted back, possibly because she had so tall a husband to look up to. She was not tall, but seemed shorter than she really was by the side of her towering husband. More than merely pretty, she was both brilliant and fascinating but, already prejudged, nothing could mollify her critics. As they could not find any glaring faults in her behavior they criticized her extravagance in dress. Mary Lincoln, full of ardor and patriotism, wished to join a society pledged to use no foreign dress goods, laces or jewels during the war. But this project was condemned by Mr. Lincoln and his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, who declared the Government needed the revenue coming from the importation of these luxuries. This made the wearing of rich clothing no crime, but rather a patriotic duty for all who could afford it. Mary Lincoln, with a keen appreciation of all that was exquisite and beautiful and with an instinctive talent for style and dress, became noted for elegant and costly apparel. She had very little lace but that was of the finest rose point, honiton or English thread; and her jewels, while not magnificent and consisting mostly of small pearls finely strung in dainty design and small diamonds set down closely in pearls (pave I think the French call it), were unusual and especially appealing to a refined and cultured taste. The materials for her gowns were always the handsomest she could find. "If she could only afford organdie or muslin," said her sister, "it must be of the finest and sheerest quality."

President Lincoln loved to see Mary "dressed up"; he noticed her "fine feathers" and never failed to compliment her when she, with guileless vanity, prouetted around the room for him to admire some particularly pretty dress, and he smiling would comment, "Our cat has a long tail tonight," or, "Some of that tail might be added to the top."

With her husband's praises ringing in her ears little did Mary Lincoln dream that her innocent love for beautiful clothes would one day cause her the deepest humiliation.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Confederates April 12, sounded the death knell of peace between the North and South. A few days later Virginia was open to Confederate troops and from the White House windows the occupants looked upon green bluffs across the Potomac belonging to the enemy.

EARLY in the morning, July 21, Washington was filled with excitement. The booming of cannon at Bull Run could

[Continued on page 67]

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 66]

belles Lincoln the gave an wo- es, ani- cors, it inject ities of deasant- Lincoln simple, sought charmed lity of express- youth- she was as she thirty chestnut yet not youth- the zest the day beautiful e pearls evening and dis-sonality d. There nds, and ide her inspiring and bloss- ence her er many her head because k up to. shorter e of her merely and fas- nothing er could her be-avagance rror and society ss goods, But this Lincoln ury, Sal- Govern- ing from ies. This thing no duty for Lincoln, that was h an in- dress, be-ostly ap- but that nition or ls, while mostly of ty design closely in call it), ealing to the mate- ways the she could said her and sheer-

be distinctly heard, and news at first was hopeful for the Unionists. Soon, how- ever, joy was turned to consternation and panic when a telegram announced, "The day is lost, save Washington and the remnant of the Army." The family at the White House, feverishly anxious all day, saw daylight fade into night and still had no thought of sleep when Gen- eral Scott at two A. M. came to bring tidings of relief. General Scott insisted that Mrs. Lincoln and the boys should be sent North out of danger. Mrs. Lin- coln turned to her husband and knowing full well what his answer would be asked, "Will you go with us?" "Most assuredly I will not leave at this juncture," he an- swered promptly. Just as promptly came the response from Mary Lincoln, "Then I will not leave you at this juncture." Made brave by her devotion to her husband the little wife only thought of how she might shield or protect him or at least share the danger with him. No urging moved her from this firm determination.

There was not much time in those fear- ful days for Mary Lincoln to give serious thought to the social dissatisfaction. It was annoying, of course, and an added burden, but, surrounded by love as she was, it did not affect her happiness. Her two boys, Willie and Tad, were lively youngsters. Tad had much of his mother's mercurial disposition and the White House echoed with his laughter all day. The two boys were full of life and fun and their pranks, which sometimes called for chid- ing from their mother, gave great delight and amusement to their father. Willie was tall for eleven years, and handsome, studious, remarkably intelligent, he was the pride and joy of his mother and father. Robert, who developed into the distinguished man known on both sides of the Atlantic, was at college and only occasionally at Washington.

About the middle of April, 1861, Ben Hardin Helm went to Washington in re- sponse to a cordial personal letter of in- vitation from his brother-in-law, Presi- dent Lincoln. Although Lincoln knew that Helm was a strong Southern Rights Democrat, on the 27th of April he handed him a sealed envelope. "Ben," he said, "here is something for you. Think it over by yourself and let me know what you will do." The envelope contained a com- mission as paymaster in the United States Army with rank of Major. This was the opportunity of Helm's life. He knew the position was one of the most coveted in the service. The rank of Major at his age, thirty, was very exceptional in any army. Nothing had ever touched Helm like this. "The position you offer me is beyond what I had expected in my most hopeful dreams. It is the place above all others which suits me, Lincoln," said Helm. "You have been kind and generous to me beyond anything I have known, I have no claim upon you, for I opposed your candidacy and did what I could for the election of another but with no un- kindly feeling toward you; I wish I could see my way, I will try to do what is right. Don't let this offer be made public yet. You shall have my answer in a few days."

Helm. "No, I did not," replied Colonel Lee, "but now let me say one word. I have no doubt of his (Lincoln's) kindly intentions but he cannot control the ele- ments. There must be a great war. I cannot strike at my own people, so to- day I wrote out my resignation and have asked General Scott as a favor for its immediate acceptance. My mind is too much disturbed to give you any advice. But do what your conscience and honor bid."

Neither did Helm doubt the good in- tentions of Mr. Lincoln; he knew his brother-in-law's kindly feeling toward the South, but could one man stem the tide of bitterness and hatred that was forcing the two sections into mortal con- flict? Helm's father, Governor Helm, al- though a large slave owner, was a strong Union man at the beginning of the war. Kentucky had declared for neither side though sentiment was strongly Southern. To use a slang expression, current at that time, "she was on the fence and she sat on the fence cheering both sides during the war, though she pretty nigh fell off on the South side" as an old soldier said after hostilities were over. He did not quite know whether to be proud of her for this indecision. Mary Lincoln was hoping to have her beautiful young sister Emilie (Helm's wife) in Washington with her, she reminded Helm it would be a great opportunity for Emilie as well as assuring for himself a brilliant career. "Emilie will be a belle at the White House receptions and we will be so proud of her," smiled Mary. "We need hand- some, scholarly, dignified young men like yourself to ornament our Army."

"The ideal career was before me," said General Helm. "The highest positions in the profession for which I was educated were opened to me in one day. I would not only be the youngest officer of my rank in the Army, but could have trans- ferred at the earliest possible moment to one of the Cavalry regiments. With the changes occurring in them by resignation I would certainly have been a full Colonel within the year." Helm realized the pos- sibilities open to him, that he would have a brilliant career in the profession for which he was eminently fitted, added to this he had a sincere love for Mary Lincoln and the President, their attitude toward him was most affectionate and their estimate of his ability was exte- mely gratifying to Helm. "Goodby," said Mary, sending a kiss for Emilie. "We hope very soon to see you both in Wash- ington." And with a warm clasp of the hand for Lincoln, Helm and his brother- in-law parted never to meet again in this life. When Helm returned to Kentucky he met in Frankfort General Simon Bolli- ver Buckner, who had been his instructor at West Point and for whom he had a warm friendship and his friend, Tom Monroe, then Secretary of State, an im- passioned States rights man. Helm talked with many of his friends most of whom were going South.

"I had a bitter struggle with myself," said General Helm, "such an opportunity rarely offers itself in a lifetime. The most painful moment of my life was when I declined this kind and generous offer of my brother-in-law." At least twice in 1861 and 1862 did General Helm find op- portunity to send kindly messages to President Lincoln. He believed in Lin- coln's sincerity, and a difference in views could not affect his love for Mary and his brother-in-law.

Washington being extremely trying dur- ing the Summer months it was decided that Mrs. Lincoln should get a breath of fresh air at Long Branch and Saratoga. On her return to Washington, having nursed Tad through a spell of illness Mrs. Lincoln found her husband weight- ed down with cares of state, looking thin, haggard and anxious. The whole town was in a turmoil of excitement. Every- body was eager for the latest news from the seat of war. There were groans of sorrow and shouts of joy. The White House was thronged from morning until night with office seekers, pardon seekers and sight-seeing strangers. No rest, no peace, her beloved husband looking more pitifully careworn and sadder each day. [Concluded in SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

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A-88

REMODELING HUSBANDS AND WIVES

[Continued from page 8]

privacy of the home, where, of course, anything is supposed to be permissible. Friend husband is mad. He is mad all through. They have been quarreling about the purchase of a parlor lamp. Friend husband does not want the lamp, not this particular lamp, nor any other. Friend wife feels that she can no longer let her guests sit in the merciless glare of high lights. Besides, everyone is having lamps. And this one is not so terribly expensive. She is at the point of tears. Friend husband raises himself to his full, majestic height. "I warn you," he hisses: "you bring that lamp in and I get out!"

Another is the "monkey-wrench technique." This time it is the wife who handles the deadly tool. She wants, let us say, to have a career outside the home. The husband tries to bring her to see things in his own more conservative way. Swiftly she lashes out with her tongue: "Yes, you think you are so very wonderful, you do, and you haven't had a promotion for seven years!"

Then there is the "sandpaper technique." A whiny, raspy voice, from morning till night. "John, I wish you wouldn't smoke in the parlor." "Horace, won't you please not leave your hat on the parlor table!" Raspy, whiny, setting the nerves on edge, scraping the raw.

Then there is what might be called the "general strike technique." Stony silence on the part of the aggrieved one. The "I-have-nothing-to-say" attitude. Tools dropped; factory shut down. "No Admittance."

These techniques might be very effective, of course, if human beings were machines. If an automobile misbehaves, one can turn a screw, or tighten a bolt, or hammer out a bent part; and everything goes gaily again. But human beings are not machines. They can neither be hammered nor tightened into shape. One might just as easily expect to hasten the growth of an ailing tree by angrily banging away at its bark as to expect to make one's life partner blossom into a glow of responsiveness by applying cutting remarks.

What, then, are the "growth techniques" as over against the aforesaid "hardware techniques?"

It is necessary, first, to get hold of an underlying psychological idea about ourselves. Every individual is a living organism which always reacts in two typical ways: it either bristles up in defense, closing up all the approaches to itself and drawing itself back for return action; or it opens up receptively, throwing wide the approaches to itself, and meeting the on-comer part way.

Many persons have no subtle awareness of these two kinds of response in people. When irritated they shoot themselves out—in scoldings, or criticisms, or reproaches—and take it for granted that if they shoot hard enough, they will make a hit. With the result that, for the most part, they leave marital happiness well slaughtered on the battlefield.

However, if we become keenly sensitive to these opposite reactions in people, we are well on the way toward making ourselves masters in the great art of living understandingly with those who are near us.

But husbands and wives are slow to learn the lesson. The fairly civilized husband no longer dreams of whipping his wife into submission; but he may take a righteous delight in arguing or scolding her into submission. Such husbands usually get what they aggressively argue for; but they make sad wreckage of their wives. A closed-up defensive personality is the hardest kind of personality to get into. You may compel a defensive person to listen; but you cannot make him welcome you in, and it is, in brief, this art of getting welcomed in that has to be learned. And apparently the art of successfully influencing people consists in getting "welcoming-in" responses; in never, under any circumstances, arousing a "shutting-out" response.

What, now, are the ways in which we can best get "welcoming-in" responses? The first is the way of appreciation—

the easiest of all psychological techniques and one scarcely used at all. A little sincere appreciation will make a child glow with ready response. It will also make a husband glow, or a wife. A curious devil seems to possess most of us, however. We keep silent about the things that are worth praising; but at things we dislike in our mates, we readily unleash our tongues. A fairly safe rule for married life is: "At least two praises to a knock."

Suppose a wife is trying to form a new habit in her husband. How is a habit formed? Never by telling a person to form it. A habit is formed most easily and permanently by associating it with something that the person likes. If the new habit of control is to be established, it must meet with constant praise. Husbands live on that kind of thing. If self control under trying circumstances brings the reward of happy glances, one may rest assured that the poor struggling male will work hard not to lose his reward.

Hence the rule holds: if you would change a person, change him through your confidence in him. Never tell him what to do. Let him, through the belief that you have in him, and the joy that you show, tell himself. Then he will have the sense that he is forming his new habit himself.

The clue to most successful handling of persons, is to make the other person feel confident and happy. What we usually do, on the contrary, is to try to make him feel ashamed. But it is one thing really to feel ashamed of yourself; it is quite another thing to be made to feel ashamed. The first increases your self-respect (for you have been wise enough to discover your own defects). The second decreases it; (the other person has found you out).

Let us return to the timeless Marilyn. The long enduring husband whines: "Good heavens, Marilyn, can't you ever be on time? You're getting worse and worse." He is trying to make her feel ashamed of herself. But suppose instead: "Marilyn, you're a darling, and I really love you; but think of your poor old husband sitting here twiddling his thumbs."

Thus he throws himself on her mercy. He implies that she can really do something for him. He therefore induces in her the feeling that she is really worth so much that he wants more of her. The next time Marilyn is dawdling, she may have a warm memory of that generous "putting it up to her." She will want to justify herself in his eyes. She will really want to be on time.

So the first rule is: make the other person feel happy about becoming what you wish him to become. The more a pleasurable feeling is associated with the new habit of behavior, the more quickly and securely the wished-for habit will grow.

The next element in the technique is humor. The curious thing about humor is that it is so undependable. It stays by us when it is least needed; but when it is needed most, it usually leaves us in the lurch. How to possess a sense of humor which sticks through thick and thin—that is a pretty fundamental human problem, far too big a problem to solve in this short space.

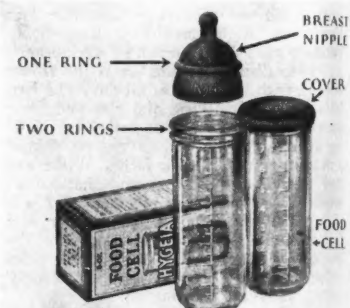
Human beings are not changed over night. The process is usually a long and subtle one. The wise wife or the wise husband will take a long look ahead, and will bring all the patience and wisdom to bear that he or she possesses.

To change a person is a much harder task than to change a thing—like an automobile or a window shade. It is a long and delicate process. Also it is a process in which a good deal of change has to go on within ourselves. That, too, is why the hardware techniques do not work. The heavy hammerer sounds his victim; but he himself remains unaffected. A good test of a marital method, then, is to ask oneself: "As I use it, am I getting some good out of it myself?" That question, if put to ourselves, would cast out most of those crude methods of persuasion that are the hand-me-downs from an older—but, alas, still contemporaneous—domestic savaghood.



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GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 19]

"How like you!" said Bobby. You are so kind that I don't like to be always taking advantage of it."

"Why not?" said Silas.

"You won't take payment for it," she said, "and—I don't like taking things for which I can't pay."

"Not even from friends?" asked Silas.

"Not from anyone," said Bobby firmly.

He abandoned the brief contest with startling abruptness. "Well, you can pay me if you like," he said. "I'll undertake to do you better than Everett will even then."

She laughed, and something that had been rather like distress vanished from her demeanor as she did so. "I'm afraid it's no good," she said, "it's all fixed up now. That sounds ungrateful, I am afraid," she added apologetically, "but I've got to hold my own somehow. And anyhow, I do come to you for advice about the pigs, even if I am pig-headed about selling them."

"You haven't done even that lately," said Silas.

"Because I haven't needed it just lately," said Bobby courageously.

"Is that the real reason?" said Silas.

She laughed, her gay laugh that was like Rosemary's, only sweeter, "But we're not talking about reasons, are we?" She exclaimed. "We're talking about pigs."

"And you won't accept my help with them?" said Silas.

Not this time, thank you," she said. "All right," Silas became determined again. "I shall keep an eye on them all the same and see that you're not swindled."

He picked up his mackintosh and began to put it on. "I can't hope to see you again for a long time, then?"

"Oh, I expect so," said Bobby, with pleasant vagueness. "It was very good of you to come."

He faced her squarely. "When may I come again?"

A sudden burst of song from outside the window, which was not quite closed, startled them both. "This year, next year, some time, never!" chanted a merry voice.

"Please forgive her!" said Bobby, holding out a hand that seemed to plead. "She is young and headstrong, but she has a very loving heart."

"It's none of my business," said Silas bluntly. "I don't care what she does or is so long as she keeps out of my way."

"I am afraid it is you who will have to keep out of hers," said Bobby, shaking her head.

"That," said Silas, his voice suddenly so quiet that it sounded ominous, "I shall never do." He let her hand go with the words. "Not, that is, so long as she remains anywhere near you. Good-by! I'll see that Everett gets you a decent price for the pigs. Good-by!"

He was gone. She remained standing before the fire with an expression half-whimsical and half-sad on her delicate face.

There was no stopping him. His tactics were of the steamroller type that might be eluded for a time but not permanently checked. Sooner or later, Silas Hickory would hem her in and make his solemn bid for the future.

Then she straightened herself with a little jerk of determination. If she could not check Silas, at least she would not be overridden by Rosemary! Child of her heart that she was, she must not—would not—allow her to grow completely beyond her control.

"And she used to be so docile," she said to herself with a sigh. "Well, well, I shall have to be firm."

Meantime, there was the invalid awaiting her ministrations upstairs and she really must not neglect her any longer so thrusting Silas from her mind, she went about her task.

She went quickly up the dark oak stairs, moving with the ready energy which she never allowed to flag. Rosemary always declared that she was never tired, but it would have been more accurate to have said that she was never idle. The whole burden of Little Staple Farm hung upon her shoulders, and she never showed any sign of flinching. When Silas had once asked her what would

happen if she were ill, she had answered, "How absurd! Why, I never have time!"

It was not so, however, with her sister Matilda. Mary's compassionate description of her as "a poor thing" was a very appropriate one. Matilda was one of those who, though seldom seriously ill, are never really well. She was two years Bobby's senior, but her dependence upon the younger sister was complete. Bobby waited upon her hand and foot with unremitting devotion.

Entering her sister's bedroom on that dark November evening, her step was as light as though the day's work were before her instead of nearly past.

"I am afraid I have been a long time," she said. "Have you finished your tea?"

"Oh, take it away!" came the fretful rejoinder. "I suppose it was Farmer Hickory again, was it? What did he want?"

"He only came to see if he could be of any help in selling the pigs tomorrow."

Matilda made a scornful sound. She too had once possessed beauty, but years of discontent and bitterness had completely marred its gracious contours. The fretful lines of forehead and mouth had become too apparent for beauty to hold its own any longer, and she looked at least ten years older than Bobby.

Her night attire was of the daintiest. She had wonderful taste in dress, and her clothes were always faultlessly cut.

"And what will be his excuse tomorrow?" she demanded languidly, reaching a delicate hand for a small mirror.

"Probably the pigs," said Bobby with tranquility. "What would you like for supper?"

Matilda made a face into the glass. "Oh, really, Bobby," she said, "your mind seems to feed on meals! Whenever I see you, you ask me something of the sort."

"My dear, it is no good my bringing you up something you won't eat," said Bobby, unperturbed. "I have done that too often. Would you like aspic jelly?"

Matilda was pulling her hair into becoming waves on her forehead. "Oh, anything you like!" she said. "Please give me the thermometer before you go! If I have a temperature, you'll have to send for Bellamy. I'm not going to die of neglect."

"I don't believe you have a temperature tonight," observed Bobby. "Wouldn't you like me to do your hair for you?"

"No, thanks. You do it so badly. And I haven't the strength to comb it. Come and sit by me and talk instead!"

She sat down in a wicker chair, and there was something that indicated relief in the manner in which she sank into the worn cushions.

"Such a pity you don't sit down a little oftener!" said Matilda. "You are getting so scraggy. Father always said you didn't know how to rest."

Bobby made no reply. She knew, as well as did Matilda, that she had been her father's favorite and sole comfort.

"And Rosemary is just like you," went on Matilda, beginning to powder her nose. "You always said I was to leave her to you, and so I do. I wish you joy."

"And she is a joy too!" said Bobby, with sudden warmth.

Matilda raised her eyebrows a little. "I'm glad you think so," she said briefly. "I think you've completely ruined her."

Once again Bobby said nothing. Matilda really did not try her patience very severely, since her opinion mattered so little. As Rosemary had been rebuked for remarking, poor Aunt Matilda just buzzed on and no one ever took any notice of her.

Bobby got up. "Well, I am afraid I must go and see to the supper. You would like the aspic jelly, would you?"

Matilda's face became petulant again; "Oh, anything will always do for me!" she said. "If there's any junket and cream, I don't mind trying that."

"Very well, dear," and Bobby went out.

Matilda began to trim her nails with fastidious care and forgot Bobby. Ever since Bobby had elected to turn farmer and bury herself and the rest of the family at Little Staple, Matilda had ceased to take the faintest interest in her doings. She had deeply resented the step, though she had been quite incapable of suggesting any other means of eking out what otherwise could hardly have been de-

[Continued on page 70]

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GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 69]

scribed as a livelihood. On that point Bobby had been immovable, and Matilda had been obliged to yield. But she had never fully forgiven Bobby for taking that determined stand.

"And do I still annoy you very much?" asked Rosemary.

Bobby, who was busy frying eggs and bacon for their supper, did not turn her head. "You might get the dish out of the oven," she said. "Take the cloth! It's very hot."

Rosemary complied with an assiduity that testified to her desire for favorable treatment. "You run along and wash!" Bobby, however, refused to desert her post. "No, I'll finish them now," she said.

"Go and make up the parlor fire, dear!" Rosemary turned to obey, then paused abruptly. She suddenly sprang to Bobby's side and closely embraced her. "Darling—darling Aunt Bobby!" she said.

Bobby did not resist her, but she made not the faintest response. "Run along now, Rosemary!" she said.

"Won't you kiss me?" pleaded Rosemary, still holding her.

"Not now," said Bobby, with quiet decision.

"Why won't you?" urged the girl. "I haven't been horrid to you. You can't really mind how I treat a man like Silas Hickory who is always out of place whenever he comes here."

"I mind your behaving rudely to anyone," said Bobby, "now please go and see to the parlor fire and try to behave sensibly!"

"You won't kiss me?" said Rosemary. "No," said Bobby.

Rosemary stood and watched her for a second or two with smouldering resentment, then swung round and walked from the room with her head held high. A faint sigh escaped Bobby as the door closed, but when a little later she entered the parlor with the dish in her hand, her face was quite serene and free from strain.

Rosemary was sitting before the fire with a book. She did not offer to fetch the plates, and Bobby went back for them herself.

The girl looked up, the cloud still on her brow. "Aunt Bobby!" she said.

"My dear," said Bobby quietly, "we are not going to discuss anything more for the moment. When you are ready to admit, what you know to be the case, that you have done wrong, I will listen to you, but not before. Now come and have supper! Will you cut the bread?"

Rosemary got up. Her girlish face looked drawn and worried. "I'm not at all sure that I have done wrong," she said, but she sat down at the table and they ate in silence.

When the meal was over, she clattered the supper things together and cleared the table by armfuls, and began to wash up with fierce velocity. The crash of a broken plate soon interrupted her labors, however, and when Bobby descended a little later she came upon her lying half across the kitchen table in a storm of tears.

"My precious baby!" said Bobby, and gathered her to her heart while Rosemary wept with fierce abandonment.

"I'm so sorry about the plate. I didn't do it on purpose," said Rosemary. "The beastly thing jumped out of my hand."

"I understand, darling," said Bobby. The girl turned impulsively and wound coaxing arms about her. "Aunt Bobby, will you kiss me now?"

Bobby hesitated for a single instant, then, as though she had it not in her heart to do otherwise, she complied.

Rosemary nestled down against her shoulder caressingly. "I've been a pig and I'm dreadfully sorry. But I simply can't help it when that awful lantern-jawed man comes round here. Aunt Bobby, can't you keep him at arm's length?"

"My dear," said Aunt Bobby, "if you are referring to Mr. Hickory, he has never been a single inch nearer than that."

Rosemary writhed. "He will be—at this rate. I know it! I know the signs. And you're so dreadfully nice to everybody. He'll be dragging you away from us whether you will or not."

"My dear silly child!" said Bobby. Over Rosemary's bowed head she was

faintly smiling, though her smile had in it more of sadness than of mirth.

Rosemary went on in the same desperate voice. "I do my best to drive him away and he knows it. He'll come again tomorrow. He—he's like a tramp that sets his foot inside the door so that you can't shut it. You'll simply have to shut him out soon."

"I don't see why," said Bobby quietly. Something in her tone made Rosemary raise her head swiftly and gaze at her. "Aunt Bobby!" she gasped.

Bobby checked her with a steady hand upon her arm. "Rosemary," she said, "listen to me! I have never wanted to discuss this subject with you, but for once I will. You have behaved very badly, but I know that your motive was not wholly bad, so I will not go into that any further except to tell you that there must be no more of it. I insist upon your treating Mr. Hickory from today forward as the gentleman that he is."

Rosemary paused, gazing at her. "Oh, why—" she began, and then suddenly, quite inexplicably, her resistance collapsed. "Oh, all right!" she said. "I'll—" she choked a little and swallowed hard—"I'll be ever so nice to him tomorrow."

Bobby's hand came up and stroked her cheek. "Dear child, don't think I don't understand!" she said with a sigh. She took the fair head between her hands, bent forward and kissed the vivid, adoring face so like her own. "Bless you, my sweet one!" she said.

The next day Rosemary departed to the Vicarage with the eggs, for the prospect of having to keep her impetuous promise of the previous evening to be ever so nice to the detested Silas was anything but an attractive one. And after all, funny old Mrs. Hudson, the Vicar's wife, was quite a dear even if a trifle prim. As for the Vicar, well, of course he was everybody's friend and generally to be found anywhere except at the Vicarage. Certainly it was much more fun when Percy was at home, even if he did get her into occasional hot water, as on the last Bank Holiday when he had taken her to Bode Fair on the back of his motor cycle unknown to Aunt Bobby, bringing her back at eleven to meet the wrath of the gods.

She had discarded her riding breeches in deference to Mrs. Hudson's primness, but she walked with a boyish swing nevertheless. There was that in her carriage which proclaimed her a fearless horsewoman. Some of the best days that she had ever known had been spent in the saddle with old Roper the veterinarian, and one of the sharpest punishments Aunt Bobby could inflict was to refuse to allow her to avail herself of the offer of a free gallop over the moors with him.

It was at this particular moment, just as Rosemary turned in at the Vicarage gate, that Silas Hickory, looking peculiarly stubborn and rather ungainly, waylaid Bobby as she came from her chicken runs to tell her that the pigs had fetched a good price and he had personally brought her the money from Everett.

"It was very good of you to take the trouble," she said rather weakly.

He bent and took the utensils from her. "This is what I should always like to do for you," he told her bluntly; "carry your burdens."

"I am very glad the pigs sold well," said Bobby. She led the way from the farm yard to the grassy space in front of the old house. "Will you come in and have some tea?" she asked him.

He stood facing her, his burly frame massively outlined against the white of the farmhouse wall.

"I'll come if I shan't be in the way," she smiled faintly, a trifle wistfully. "You won't be in mine," she said. "Rosemary is out and Matilda is still upstairs."

A gleam of satisfaction shone in Silas' eyes at the news. "In that case I'll come, thank you very much," he said, and followed her into the kitchen.

She sat down at the end of the table and he took the chair on her right, facing the garden—Bobby's garden where everything that was old-fashioned grew.

It was Silas who spoke first. "Are you happy here?" he said.

The question came almost involuntarily. [Continued on page 71]

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[Continued from page 70]

though it was one that he had often longed to ask. He was not sure she would answer it, but he knew her well enough to be confident she would not resent it.

She did not. She laughed a little, then she said, without looking at him, "I am quite content to live here, Mr. Hickory, if that is what you mean—unless you turn me out."

He made a sharp movement, for her reply pierced him to the heart.

"Miss Roberta," he said, "you are quite wrong if you imagine that I could ever bear to see you leave this place. Why, if you never paid another quarter's rent, I'd still beg you to stay."

"What bad business!" murmured Bobby.

"That's my affair," said Silas bluntly.

She glanced at him again, and then turned her attention to cutting the cake.

As she handed it to him she spoke quietly, on a different topic.

"I was looking at that new short horn bull of yours the other day. Isn't he a beauty? You ought to do great things with him."

"I daresay I shall," said Silas.

"But somehow the taste has gone out of everything for me, and I can't somehow care whether I win or lose."

"What a pity!" said Bobby.

He drank his tea with indignant gulps. "I've always said to myself that I'd never suffer any woman butting into my scheme of things. If I ever took a wife, she would have to understand that and be content. But now," he glared at her with quite unconscious savagery, "I'm all upside down for the sake of a woman. And I want to kick myself for it."

"Oh, don't do that!" pleaded Bobby. She stretched out her hand for his cup, but he did not pass it. Instead he pounced upon the hand and held it fast.

"I know you'd never be happy with a clodhopper like me," he said. "But—I want you so."

There was something in the words of the appeal of a child realizing the unattainable for the first time. Bobby looked down upon the bowed black head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't—please don't put it like that!" she said. "I am proud—as well as sorry—to know that you care for me like that. I think your love is a wonderful thing, and though I can't accept it, I do hope you will let me keep your friendship. For I value it—much more than you think."

He gazed at her with a kind of searching wonder. "I do believe you are in earnest," he said. There was a hint of pathos in his eyes as they dwelt upon her. "You know," he said abruptly, "I could offer you a better show than this. If you were the mistress of Staple Farm, you wouldn't have to slave as you do now. I'd make everything easy for you. No whitewashing of sheds or butter making!"

"I like doing those things!" said Bobby whimsically. "They appeal to me—much more than the life of a lady. I am really fond of little pigs."

"Then you don't want any help?"

"I have never despised the help of a friend," said Bobby, "but, as I told you yesterday, I must stand on my own feet, even if I make a mess of things. And you know," she smiled again, "it may sound very conceited, but really they couldn't do without me here."

"I realize that," said Silas. "But I wouldn't let that stand in the way. I'd take 'em all in, if only you would come." "Would you?" asked Bobby, with obvious surprise.

"Of course I would!" He spoke with force. "Do you suppose anything else in the world would matter so long as I had you? I'd make your sister comfortable, and I'd even put up with Rosemary. Why can't you come?"

She did not speak for some seconds. Then, "I have told you some of the reasons," she said in a low voice.

"Yes," said Silas. "You don't like me well enough, for one. And you think there

would be ructions with your sister and Rosemary, for another. But, Miss Roberta, I don't believe you've told me your real reason at all."

Bobby was smiling wanly. "But I have!" She protested. "There may be others as well, but—"

"And I am not to know them?" he asked.

"Mr. Hickory, it is not always possible to lay bare one's soul even to one's most intimate friends."

Silas stood motionless, looking down at her. His attitude had changed during those last few moments. The half fierce look of humiliation had gone.

When he spoke, it was slowly and with a hint of mastery. "I will tell you one thing," he said. "You may have a perfect right to mark 'Private' on your gate, but you can't prevent me looking over. I'll never come through it without your permission, but I've a very shrewd idea as to what is on the other side."

"Oh, don't!" Bobby said. It was almost like a cry wrung from her, and with the utterance she bowed her face upon her hand as

she sat.

Silas stooped over her on the instant in swift contrition. "Miss Roberta—Bobby—don't! I didn't mean it. You needn't tell me a single thing about the other fellow if you don't want to. I've always known he was there. You needn't mind my knowing. You've called me your friend, haven't you?"

His big hand was on her shoulder, stroking it with clumsy solicitude. All his assertiveness had melted into a tenderness that was like a warm glow surrounding her.

"Silas," she said, "the gate marked 'Private' leads to a sanctuary that belongs to others as well as to me. That—my friend—is why I can't open it to you. And please—out of charity—" she faintly smiled with the words—"don't look over! You won't find—the other fellow, as you call him, there."

"Where is he?" said Silas.

She shook her head. "I don't know."

"Is he ever coming back to you?"

"I don't know," Bobby said again.

He bent a little nearer, looking hard into her upturned face.

"Do you want him back?" said Silas.

She did not speak in answer. Only a long deep sigh came from her.

He stood up again and his hand fell. "All right, my dear," he said very steadily. "It's all right. You've called me your friend, and that's what I'm going to be."

As Bobby had anticipated, Rosemary was kept at the Vicarage for tea by good Mrs. Hudson who, though she could not always honestly approve of the child, was yet very genuinely fond of her.

"When is Percy coming back?" was her first question.

Mrs. Hudson's upper lip, always inclined to be long, lengthened perceptibly at the airy question. "I hope, my dear," she said, "that you will not turn his home-coming into an occasion for any wild doings which may vex your aunt. We expect him in about three weeks."

"Three weeks! Oh, I can't stay good till then," laughed Rosemary. "I'm tired of all the old scrapes; they're getting monotonous. People talk about original sin, but there's no such thing. It's all as stale and old as last year's rubbish heap. You can put that in your sermon next Sunday."

The Vicar set down his cup and took out his pocket book. "Thank you, Rosemary," he said, and began to write.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hudson, "your remarks are almost profane, and I really cannot listen to them. George, what is that you are writing?"

The Vicar smiled without looking up. "Please don't interfere, Maria! There is nothing profane about it. It may not be wholly original, eh, Rosemary? But it's good of its kind."

[Continued on page 72]



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A TALL, frosty glass! A foamy, creamy chocolate drink! A thirst deliciously quenched!

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There it is—ready! Mix it with milk and ice—shake—pour—sip—what flavor! (Your fruit jar makes a splendid shaker.)

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GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 71]

"Well, I can't see the good of it," said Rosemary. "I call it a silly world. All the jolly things are wrong and all the virtuous ones are beastly." She jumped to her feet. "I'm going home. Good-by, Mrs. Hudson! I'll be a better girl next time. Thank you so much for having me to tea." She bent and flung impetuous arms round the rather unbending neck of the Vicar's wife. "You'll have me again, won't you? I'm sorry if I've been profane. It's all the Vicar's fault. I never am when he isn't here."

It was impossible to remain unsympathetic. Mrs. Hudson tried and failed. "Ah, Rosemary, my dear," she said, yielding to the warm embrace, "you know you may come as often as you like. You will be older and wiser some day."

The Vicar preached on original sin the following Sunday morning—the Sunday before Advent, and Mary Flight said that it was the best sermon she had ever listened to. "I could see that little Miss Rosemary was deeply interested. She was listening with all her ears though I should think Rosemary knows as much about sin as that old china dog on the shelf and she gets prettier every day. If young Mr. Percy Hudson manages not to fall in love with her these holidays, he's something less than human."

Silas scraped back his chair on the floor and reached for the matches. "I don't agree with you, Mary," he said. "She's much too raw and undeveloped, too like a boy herself, to attract any deep feelings in anyone. Young Percy Hudson wouldn't be such a fool."

It was Peter who took up the discussion. He was usually on Mary's side.

"She is rather a rare specimen, is Miss Rosemary," he said. "She's the image of Miss Roberta. They might have come out of the same mold, only Miss Roberta has got a bit set with time, and Miss Rosemary is still plastic. I fancy when Miss Bobby was Rosemary's age she was exactly the same, just wild and merry and taking. She's sobered down now—same as we all do. But you may take it from me, she wasn't always sober—not with those eyes."

"Peter," said Silas briefly and sternly, "you're talking bunkum, shut up!"

Both Peter and Mary looked startled. It was not often that the master of the house thus expressed himself.

IT was growing dusk as Silas went forth into his rickyard, and there was a chill in the air which might turn to frost in the early morning. He was vexed with himself for having lost his temper with Peter. They were probably laughing at him now, Peter and Mary, calling him all those facetious names which are usually bestowed upon a man in love.

It was five days since he had seen her, except for just one glimpse that morning in church. For five long days he had resolutely starved himself of the sight of her, and during that time he had hardly slept at all. Night after night he had lain staring into the dark while the thought of that other man who had won her heart and left her was torture to him.

And what lay beyond that gate marked Private through which he might not pass? Who was it that was sheltered there? She had said that he would not find the other man behind that gate, but was that literally the truth? Why had she been so urgent that he should not seek to know? and he would cast the evil thing away.

Dreadfully he trudged up the hill through the wet grass. Nearing the summit, there came to him a throbbing sound, and then suddenly through the quiet, clear as a bell, came a girl's voice.

"Steady, Leader! Steady, old fellow! One more straight gallop and good night!" Silas stopped, realizing that he had caught the culprit red-handed.

He turned and took a slanting course up the rise to the corner above the barn where he knew that she must draw rein. Not often in his life had so fierce a tempest of wrath raged within him.

Almost before he knew it, he had reached the top, and was standing against the railing as Leader dashed up. The animal saw him first, and swerved. His rider kept her seat with an effort and a laughing protest. She had no saddle and her

only bridle was the rope of his halter. She carried a riding switch, however, and she struck the horse lightly with it by way of admonition.

"What did you do that for, Leader? Do you want to throw me, do you?"

The fact that she had not been thrown was one which testified to the excellence of her horsemanship. Even Silas conceded that as he strode forward into the open.

She recognized him in a moment, and made Leader back before him. "Hullo!" she said coolly. "You, is it?"

"Yes, me!" said Silas between his teeth. "What are you doing on that horse? Don't you know he's lame?"

"He isn't when I ride him," said Rosemary, unabashed. "He doesn't mind featherweights, do you, Leader?"

Silas took one more gigantic stride and seized the animal by the forelock. "Get down, do you hear?" he commanded.

Rosemary jerked the horse back again and raised her riding whip. "Let go! Let go!" she cried furiously. "I've done no harm to you or Leader either. I won't get down just because you say so!"

"You will!" cried Silas, keeping his grip upon the horse.

Rosemary clung to her perch like a limpet, but it was only a matter of seconds ere she realized that the man who hung so stubbornly to Leader's head was master of the situation. The last shred of her self-control evaporated. She leaned forward over Leader's neck and brought her riding switch down straight and hard upon his grim, uplifted face. She had the satisfaction of hearing him exclaim, but there all cause for elation ended. For suddenly she found it impossible to maintain her balance. She felt herself slipping, clutched desperately at Leader's mane; and then she had lost all hold and seemed to be suspended in mid-air in the grip of a giant.

When she was able finally to take a steadier view of things, she discovered that the whirlwind had passed, and she was standing face to face with Silas, her blouse torn at the neck and her breeches covered with mud. She realized that he had just set her on her feet after holding her dangling as though she had been a kitten, and very bitterly she resented it. She had dropped her switch in the melee, and after a hasty glance around she discovered it in Silas' grasp.

"Give that to me!" she commanded. His voice was like the growl of an angry beast. "Yes, I will give it to you, you little varmint! You've asked for it, and you shall have it!"

Rosemary recoiled in spite of herself, then gamely returned to the attack. "Oh, you think you'll threaten me, do you?" she cried. "It's the sort of thing one would expect from a man like you. Hand over that whip and don't waste my time!"

"Your—time!" said Silas. "Think you can trespass on my field, ride my horse, and hit me over the head, all for nothing?"

Rosemary confronted him with a courage that scorned retreat. "I shouldn't have hit you if you hadn't interfered with me," she said. "As to riding your horse, I challenge you to prove that I have done him any harm. Now—give me my property and I'll go!"

In that moment she lost everything she had gained. For he gripped her extended arm and flung her round, holding her for chastisement as if she had been a boy. "You've asked for it!" he said again. "You shall have it!"

She made a frantic struggle, and as he pulled her up again the blouse she wore ripped like a rag, exposing her white shoulders and the dainty cambric underwear which Bobby always insisted upon for her darling.

It brought Silas suddenly to a stop. Hitherto he had regarded Rosemary as a being without sex. Now abruptly, he realized his mistake. He let her go suddenly.

"You get along home!" he commanded gruffly. "And don't come this way again!" His look avoided hers. Then abruptly, "It's raining. Have this!"

He dragged off his coat and held it out for her. But she stood, still trembling, making no effort to move. He pushed her arms into the sleeves, wrapped it over her bare shoulders and buttoned it in front.

[Continued on page 75]

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From hundreds of coffees, a few were chosen and mingled

A FLAVOR no one had ever tasted! A special shade of mellow richness which no single coffee grown could yield! This was what Joel Cheek set out to create years ago in the South.

What uncounted natural flavors he had to choose from! Syrupy, rich coffee from the East Indies, winy "acid" coffee from Arabia—hundreds of different kinds and grades of coffee from the tropical lands of four continents.

Yet long ago in old Dixie, just as today, no one coffee by itself could

"Good to the last drop"



please those men and women who made a fine art of things to eat and drink.

Many flavors mingled

Down in that land of good living—in old Tennessee, Joel Cheek worked long months combining and recombining, testing and rejecting. Finally he achieved it—that skillful mingling of many flavors which has today won such fame as never before came to a coffee.

The news of that mellow shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee has

*Years ago this shade of flavor was created—
this taste that is now changing the habits of a nation*

travelled swiftly from the South through the entire United States.

From New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House is now by far the largest selling coffee.

An adventure awaits you and your family in your first taste of its smooth, rich liquor. It will give you a new idea of how good a cup of coffee can really be. Grocers have Maxwell House Coffee in the famous sealed, blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nash-

ville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

Radiolisteners! Brilliant programs every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 8:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 p. m. Central Standard Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WRHM, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WRVA, WBT, WJAX, 6:30 p. m. Mountain Standard Time: KOA. For stations west of Rockies, see local announcements.



Where the notables of old Dixie gathered—at the Maxwell House in Nashville—this blend was served for many years

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

flavor

Soft, summer sunshine. Deep, cool shadows. Luncheon kit overflowing with Heinz good things. Sweet, mixed pickles, crisp and spicy. Sandwiches of creamy peanut butter. Beans baked in real ovens. Plump stuffed olives. Sandwiches filled with a tempting, pickle-y Heinz spread. So very many wonderful things, what good flavor shall we try first?



There are so many, many delicious Heinz picnic-y things to eat that half the task of organizing a picnic is done when you call up your grocer and give him your order.

Heinz Peanut Butter, for sandwiches. Made by a special process with no oil on top. A moist and creamy blend full of the flavor of fine Spanish and Virginia nuts . . . Heinz Sandwich Relish, piquant with chopped olives and sweet gherkins . . . Mild, yellow Heinz Mustard that gives just the right zest to tongue or cheese sandwiches.

Heinz Olives, we grow in Spain and stuffed with spiced red pimentos. . . Crisp, spicy Heinz Pickles and Sweet Gherkins . . . Heinz Apple Butter, with the tang of the sound, ripe apples of which it's made.

And, of course, Heinz famous Oven-Baked Beans, with the real oven-baked flavor, good hot or cold.

For 59 years Heinz has been helping to make picnics a success. And your picnic will be all the merrier if you take along some of the good things to eat that Heinz makes.

H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH

57
flavor

HEINZ GOOD THINGS FOR PICNICS

GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 72]

An urgent desire to put an end to the situation had come upon him. He had never in his life before felt at so hopeless a disadvantage. That Rosemary could be feeling the same did not occur to him, and when her wild trembling abruptly ended in a burst of tears he was perplexed.

"Oh, confound it!" he said. "You're not hurt. What's the matter?"

Then, as she continued to sob forlornly, desperation came upon him. He took her into his arms, and started down the hill with her through the falling rain.

Bobby's figure appeared on the threshold of the doorway, outlined against the lamplight. "Oh, Rosemary—my darling!"

"It's all right," said Silas. "She isn't hurt."

"Bring her into the parlor!" said Bobby. "What has happened? Rosemary, darling, are you crying?"

"No, I'm not," said Rosemary, with a sob. "I'm—I'm quite all right. Please put me down now!" to Silas.

He placed her solemnly upon the sofa, but she was off it in a moment and laughing rather desperately at Bobby's distress. "I'm quite all right, dear Aunt Bobby. Can't you see? I've—I've been riding Leader, and—and—"

"I pulled her off," said Silas.

"No, he didn't!" she interrupted fiercely. "I fell off, and he picked me up. It—it was jolly decent of him. I was rather dazed and he brought me home. Won't you ask Mr. Hickory to sit down a minute while I change and dry his coat?"

"Of course sit down!" said Bobby, turning to him. "But you—" with a start—"you have had an accident too!"

There was a red welt straight across Silas' face, and one eye was nearly closed.

Rosemary spoke with resolution. "That was my doing, Aunt Bobby. I struck him with my whip."

"No, she didn't!" said Silas flatly. "It was the horse she was hitting. He reared, and I got in the way. It was my fault."

Bobby looked, bewildered, from one to the other. "You both look rather the worse for wear," she said finally. "Rosemary, it was very wrong of you to ride Leader at all. You had better go straight to bed as a punishment. Yes, I mean it." Rosemary turned to obey; but at the door she came back to Silas with extended hand.

"Good night, Mr. Hickory!" she said. He shook hands with her, standing in his shirt sleeves on the hearth rug. The smile that lighted his face at her action was that rare smile which Mary so loved to see. "Good night, Miss Rosemary!" he said. "Don't bother to dry the coat! It'll only get wet again going home."

"Right O!" said Rosemary.

She went out, pulling the door after her. A moment later she thrust a bare arm into the room with the coat held out. "Here you are!" she cried, "and many thanks!" With that she scampered up the oak stairs like a boy released from school.

"Oh, dear!" said Bobby, half vexed, half laughing. "What shall I do with her?"

"I'll tell you one thing," said Silas, bluntly. "Stop treating her like a child and treat her as a reasonable being."

"But only the other day," protested Bobby, "you told me she was a spoilt child!"

"Did I?" said Silas. "Well, I was wrong." He held out his hand.

"Must you go?" said Bobby, still rather flustered. "I haven't seen anything of you for a long time."

"Exactly a week tomorrow," said Silas. "Oh, is it?" The color rushed up over her face. "I thought it was longer."

Silas came back a step. "Was there anything you wanted to talk to me about? Shall I—shall I come around tomorrow?"

Bobby hesitated, then smiled faintly. "One of the pigs isn't very well. Perhaps if you could spare a few minutes—"

"I'll be round about eleven," said Silas. "Good-by!"

Something like a sigh of relief escaped them both. The old footing was reestablished.

ROSEMARY avoided Staple Farm for some days, but when she finally came face to face with Silas one evening in their

own farmyard nearly a week later her attitude was wholly impersonal and free from strain. She knew he had been in to see her aunt several times, and she had purposely kept out of the way.

She faced the visitor with a touch of hauteur. "Perhaps you would like to give me a message for Aunt Bobby. She won't be back yet."

"I'd sooner wait," said Silas.

Rosemary looked at him for a moment, then a sudden gleam lighted her blue eyes. "Certainly. Come in!" she said hospitably.

"Yes, Aunt Matilda is down," she said, nodding towards the parlor. "Come into the kitchen!"

She evidently had an end in view, and he became curious to know what it was. He followed her across the hall and entered the kitchen.

Bobby had set everything in order for tea before going out. Tea pot and tea caddy stood on the table with the tray.

"Sit down!" said Rosemary, and Silas complied watching her preparations.

She lighted the lamp and opened a drawer of the old dresser. "Here's something here I think you would like to see!"

She crossed the room to his side. "It's Aunt Bobby's old album of snaps," she explained. "These were nearly all done before we came to Stapleton. Perhaps you would like to look at them while I get the tea."

On the first page he found a full-length portrait of a man in hunting dress on horseback. The pose of both horse and rider was superb. The man's whole air was patrician, his bearing military and confident. He was essentially a man of great personal attraction, a man to whom women would accord almost instinctive homage.

"Who is this?" said Silas, a deep interrogation in his voice.

She came and looked over his shoulder. "That? Oh, that's Aunt Bobby's fiancé. He rode in the Grand National when he was in the army, and he was always called Dick Dynamo. Jolly fine, isn't he? No wonder Aunt Bobby fell in love with him!"

She looked down at his black head, the dancing light of mischief still in her eyes. "He went to California. But he is coming back to fetch her some day, and I shall be jolly glad when he does, for I'm tired of this hole."

"Oh, you would go too, would you?" "Of course I should go!" she declared with emphasis. "Aunt Bobby would never go anywhere without me. I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't because of me that she didn't go with him in the first place."

She noticed that one powerful hand was hard clenched upon the arm of his chair. After a considerable pause he said, "Does she ever hear from him?"

Rosemary hesitated. "Well, not often; at least not lately. That's what makes me wonder sometimes if perhaps he may be on his way back to find her. I am sure she will never send him away again. She is very, very, very fond of him. She wears his ring always."

"On her right hand," said Silas with a sudden stab of memory. "Now tell me! Did she tell you all this—or did you make it up?"

Rosemary faced him with kindling wrath. "Of course I didn't make it up. You can ask her if you don't believe me. Only she can't bear to talk of him—to strangers."

"I see," said Silas. He quietly closed the album. "That's enough for tonight. I think I'll go."

He got up without anger. In some fashion Rosemary felt as if he had defeated her in the very moment of success.

"I can tell you some more about him," she said, "if you'd like. I like talking about him. I only wish he'd come back."

"I shouldn't wish too hard if I were you," said Silas. "You're happier as you are. Good night!"

Rosemary somehow did not feel wholly satisfied as he went out but she picked up the album and opened it again upon the portrait of the gallant figure on horseback.

"Oh, I do wish you'd come back!" she said with a sigh. "I've never seen you—but I know I'd love you!"

[Continued in SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]



You can't say "no" to Nature and get away with it!

WHEN Nature equipped mankind with teeth, she designed those teeth for hard work—and plenty of it. And for hundreds of centuries, while primitive man was taking his food pretty much as he found it, nothing went wrong with Nature's plan. Teeth stayed by their owners—giving no trouble at all—until their owners finally had no further use for them.

How different today, when increasing civilization and luxury have led to the excessive use of over-milled, over-refined and over-cooked foods! Teeth have ceased to work. Man is consistently disobeying Nature's law—and he is paying a bitter penalty! You can't say "no" to Nature and get away with it.

We'll never get away with it!

Dentists — working desperately to overcome a nation's increasing dental ills with all the means that science has placed at their command—warn us that the penalty for lazy teeth must always be paid. They urge us to safeguard the health of our teeth—so important to the health of our whole body—by eating at every meal some food that requires thorough chewing.

Ask your own dentist about this. He will give you a list of the foods he considers most valuable for properly exercising teeth and gums. It is very probable that Grape-Nuts will have an important place on his list—for dentists all over the country

recommend this delicious food as an aid to better teeth.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. In form and flavor it is unique—small golden kernels, with an enticing nut-like taste and a characteristic, ever-so-tempting crispness that makes you want to chew. You will chew Grape-Nuts thoroughly and enjoy chewing it. That's the secret of its fame among dentists.

Here's nourishment for teeth, too!

In addition to its value as a crisp food, Grape-Nuts helps to build sound teeth by contributing elements the body requires every day for proper nutrition. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Iron for the blood. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite... Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is made particularly easy to digest by the special baking process that prepares it for your table.

Give Grape-Nuts a place on your menus! Your grocer sells it, of course. Perhaps you would like to accept the following offer:

Free! Two servings of Grape-Nuts and an authoritative booklet—"Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
In Canada, address Canadian Postum Co., Ltd.
612 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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FREE
—this remarkable new rouge.
See offer below.

Before Retiring DO THIS

Give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. If your skin is dry, do this. Before retiring wash your face in warm water—just a little warmer than body temperature. Use a soft cloth and a small amount of good soap. Dry your face thoroughly with a soft towel. Then spread a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream evenly over the entire face.

Leave this cream on all night. In the morning the dryness should be noticeably less. Before going out apply a little Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before powdering. Just enough Ingram's will remain in your skin to protect it from the sun, wind and dust.

Women in all parts of the world who realize the importance of a beautiful skin—stage beauties, screen stars, society leaders, write us that they have used only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream—for ten—twenty years or more.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they have improved their skins by following these instructions.

So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—\$1 size more economical—Theatrical size \$1.75.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rougeing.



Frederick F. Ingram Co.,
Est. 1885, 416 Tenth St.,
Detroit, Mich.; also
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Home Made Candies for Profit

Our home-study method for ladies and men, taught by a retired manufacturer. Turn kitchen into Candy Shop—make money from first day. Many wealthy started with no capital. Start quickly—grow fast. In the home-made candy business the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. We furnish tools. FREE BOOK explains. **CAPITOL CANDY SCHOOL** Dept. AC-2761, Washington, D.C.

Married Women Wanted

2 Hours Per Week
We pay liberally for about 2 hours per week of your spare time. The only requirement is absolute honesty. Estimated average earnings \$4 per week. Do not reply if you are an agent or canvasser. Address: our Mr. O'Connor, Dept. 34 D, 111 West 42nd St., N. Y. City
Just say "Tell me about your spare-time offer"

CUT ME OUT

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 8Y, McCall's Magazine, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

THE MOVIES ARE GROWING UP

[Continued from page 21]

Table where a group of congenial spirits headed by Bill Hart used to gather. Bill had come to Los Angeles in the stage play *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and Thomas Ince offered him a screen job at seventy-five dollars a week. While he hesitated a wire came from New York promising a contract for four hundred a week on Broadway. But Hart had a hunch. He turned down the Broadway offer—more money than he had ever dreamed of getting in his life, and went to work for Ince for a fifth of the sum. His hunch was a good one. The first picture he made, *The Bargain*, was sold many times by one producer to another, until it had earned several million dollars, and is still running.

The greatest Hollywood celebrity of the early days was probably Geraldine Farrar. When she came out to do *Carmen* for us she was escorted to a private dressing room bungalow—the first ever built for a star. It was filled with flowers, and in her delight she burst into song as she and her maid began to unpack. There was no work done at the Lasky studio that day! Everyone gathered silently about that little board shanty to listen to that unconscious flood of golden song.

Though she was a great star there were none of the caste barriers one finds on the lots today. "Jerry" would sit between scenes on the edge of the platform, swinging her feet and chatting with the prop boy or the electricians. The democracy which, fifteen years ago made a picture company more like a big family than a business organization is a thing I miss today, when the studios have grown beyond such a possibility. Whatever was to be done we all did. If an electrician needed some one to carry his ladder any actor going his way carried it. In some of the studios a dinner bell was rung at noon and everyone rushed to eat at a common table, overalled carpenters rubbing elbows with famous stars.

In other ways things have not changed as much as one might expect. Louise Fazenda once told me that it was as difficult to get into a studio then as now. For two years she trudged on foot over the Pass to Universal City, carrying a suit case filled with funny costumes in which she hoped to attract some director's attention, until one of her arms, from carrying the heavy suit case, became an inch and a half longer than the other! Few players had private cars. One of the first was the tiny yellow tin roadster in which Gloria Swanson and her husband Wallace Berry would clatter along the Boulevard.

Progress in the pictures has complicated matters a hundredfold. When we wanted to make a street scene years ago the players, camera man and director got into a car and went down town and made it. Now a street scene involving two characters is an impressive business. First a street permit must be signed by the Chief of Police. Next the transportation department assembles a fleet of cars, the property man's truck, camera cars, automobiles for the directors and the assistant directors, the script girls, musicians and hair dressers. Each of the two players has a "stand boy or girl," maid or valet, secretary and—nowdays—often an interpreter.

Not long ago our location man asked

permission of a wealthy woman in Pasadena to use her beautiful rose garden for a love scene with two characters in it. She gave her consent. The next morning she looked out on what seemed a mob milling among her roses. It took twenty-seven people to shoot that simple little love sequence!

"The movies are in their infancy" we used to say. It was at once a boast and an apology. Certainly making movies was a simpler matter then than today. I remember when Charlie Chaplin drifted to town with a musical show. Mabel Normand "discovered" him and persuaded Sennet to give him a job, though I understand that Mack never thought that Charlie was particularly funny. The comedy standard of excellence then was Ford Sterling.

However, Mabel insisted and was given the job of directing Charlie's first picture. She took him to Westlake Park, had the camera set up in front of him and proceeded to direct.

"What shall I do first, Mabel?" Charlie asked expectantly.

Mabel considered. She had a bright idea. "Do something funny, Charlie!" she urged. Chaplin pretended to ogle an invisible lady and lost one of his detachable cuffs. The scene was shot.

"What's the next scene, Mabel?" Charlie wanted to know.

"Do something else funny, Charlie!" said Mabel. And Charlie tripped over his cane and took a fall!

All this has changed. Where we spent hundreds we spend millions. The players no longer ride in trolley cars or live in furnished rooms. One cowboy star today has his name in electric lights over his Roman villa. The Famous-Players Company pays six thousand salaries a week.

A new generation of screen idols is replacing those of yesterday, young people, charming, talented—Charles Rogers, Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Richard Arlen. They have inherited an opportunity their predecessors never dreamed of. Overnight, schoolgirls may become movie queens more famous than royalty. Harold Lloyd at an age when most young men are just beginning to succeed in their profession is many times a millionaire. Three hundred people a day still visit Valentino's grave. From a cheap amusement device the motion pictures have become the fourth industry in the United States. Their influence has extended all over the world.

And this has happened during my fifteen years in Hollywood. I have seen a country town grow into a great city. I have seen a barn grow into a great studio.

Sometimes I drop into the old Hotel Alexandria, once the most important hotel in town and look at the rug in the lobby, the famous "million dollar" rug on which all big business deals used to be made and movie contracts put through. Sometimes I go out on the lot and look at the humble little frame building—the Lasky barn which I had moved from our first studio site. Sometimes I look over the tops of immense sets and towering skyscrapers to the foothills which have not changed since I first saw them.

If it were not for these reminders of the Hollywood of fifteen years ago, I might not believe these miracles of which I have written myself!

An eminent director has a vision for the motion-pictures of tomorrow—F. W. Murnau, who directed *Variety*, *Faust*, and *Sunrise*, contributes in the September McCall's.

FILMS OF THE FUTURE

This is the second of a series of articles on the trend of modern movies.

A PIG FOR AN HOUR

[Continued from page 25]

with it, and the great grief thereof."

"She doesn't go with it," he snapped. "She's a symbol, that's all. She's what George Moore calls the one golden hair that the unattainable woman leaves wrapped around the stoutest bachelor's heart."

Eva had abandoned her chewing, and spoke in a stifled tone; her cheeks reflected the color of the Jacqueminots by Isolde Allen's picture. "You don't know her, that's all. You probably just admired her figure—she says her figure's famous—"

"I remember nothing about her figure." Coldly he surveyed the completely round one in front of him. "When a man gets hit by lightning he doesn't recall the details. Let's drop the subject. I've got to go now, anyway."

"Go on ahead; I'm not stopping you."

She spoke without cordiality or regret. Her cheeks were flaming; her eyes had widened and shone glassily through a film of incipient moisture. One might have thought that she was on the brink of tears, but the corners of her mouth were trembling upward. Trembling upward in a smile that might have been Isolde Allen's. There it was crystallized; that fugitive likeness which had haunted Jerry; crystallized in a smile that had captivated him in a thousand rotogravure pictures.

"I think that's the first time you've smiled at me," he said in a strained voice.

The next moment he found himself kissing that smile. And, unbelievable as it seemed to his almost non-registering senses, the smile was transformed into a return kiss that lacked nothing in verve and finesse.

It was some moments before he realized that she had begun to think about other matters, and they separated.

He spoke as if in a daze, still under the spell of that moment when her mysterious charm had been defined. "I say—has no one ever told you how much like Isolde you are when you smile?"

There was a long, hot silence. When she spoke it was in a voice devoid of expression. "So that was why."

Jerry had shifted from one foot to the other. There was nothing to be said—nothing but what would make the situation far, far worse. The only possible course he saw open to him was that of retreat—retreat under the mask of hurt dignity from the woman who would not understand.

"That's the way with girls," he said bitterly. "Never can let a kiss go on its face value—always have to put the dots on the i's."

"In this case," said Eva, rigid, "it was putting a dot under the exclamation point. Do you think a girl enjoys being kissed because she looks like her cousin? It's just about the worst abuse of hospitality I can imagine. We'd better say good-by before I throw that bowl of roses at you."

Jerry never knew how he found his way to the barn. He was furiously angry—at himself for his stupidity and at Eva for hers. That was the trouble with kissing a girl who lived in a strawberry-patch. Thought a kiss should be a declaration rather than a gesture.

He had dragged Arrow from his stall and was unsuccessfully trying to mount the brute. A quiet voice spoke somewhere near him.

"I hate anti-climaxes, but you don't know your way back and I don't think you could ride back if you did."

Purple with rage, he wheeled and confronted Eva. She was chewing mints with subdued gusto.

"You'd better let me drive you," she said placidly, and turned away to select a harness from the wall.

AND so they drove silently through the hot Summer afternoon, while Eva steadily consumed her candies. Jerry stood it as long as possible, but it reached the point where he felt that he was being ground, too.

"Good heavens," he exploded, "don't you ever stop eating?"

They were very slowly approaching the outskirts of a community he dared

not hope was Greenwich.

"I think," she said, "that I must tell you a well-known fairy-story. Perhaps you heard it when you were a child, but I'm sure that if you did you've forgotten it now. You would."

"It's a fairy story about a greedy little boy," came Eva's monotonous voice. "One day when he was all alone he happened to wish that for once in his life some one would give him an unlimited amount of food to deal with. You've guessed it—right out of the ground at his feet there popped an enormous chest full of everything good to eat that there is. On the cover of the chest was engraved a legend he didn't take in at all, he was so busy taking in the chest's contents. But the legend read—

'Stuff your best from the fairies' chest
Tart, custard, pie or fig—
For an hour then appear unto men
In the shape of a pink little pig.'

"The greedy boy became one. Right after he'd eaten everything in the chest. He didn't realize the change until a farmer came along and clapped him in his wagon to take to market. Then he remembered the rhyme! Luckily, the hour was up before they reached the slaughtering-place, and the farmer turned to find in the back of his wagon, instead of the pig he was counting on, a small boy crying at the top of his lungs. The farmer threw him out, and the greedy boy ran home. Instead of reforming, the greedy boy worked out a system by which he could eat from the fairy chest whenever he wanted. He simply provided for his hour of pigdom by preparing an inconspicuously located sty, into which he could slink and hide unobserved until the effect of his gorging wore off. I thought it a very good idea."

Jerry suddenly relaxed his tense hold on the sides of the buggy and sank back, saying something under his breath. They were going down Main Street and the traffic had just halted them beside a drug store the famous sundaes of which brought all Westchester County into its parlors. A crimson car with silver fittings and a snobbishly small back seat bonnet stood in front of the drug store. That car belonged to none other than Keebie Stanton, hostess of the incumbent house party and—something he had not confided to Eva—regarded by a number of people, including herself, as his future fiancée. And, even while he gave up hope, Eva spoke.

"Oh, I've always wanted to go in here and get a Lovers' Kiss Split!"

Then, just at the moment when he was helping Eva to descend, it happened. The screen door of the drug store opened. A chorus of voices raised themselves in greeting, and Eva peered out from under her scarecrow hat with a sudden and palpable nervousness.

Obviously, and much to Jerry's surprise, she was no more pleased at the encounter than he. Quickly she pulled the hat down over her face until it looked more scarecrow-like than ever. Why, there was hardly a pink rim of chin remaining.

Keebie hurled herself up to them, followed by Sydney Shavings, the social scandal-monger without whom no house party was complete. Everyone was laughing rather dreadfully loudly.

"What is it?" Sydney declaimed, with a gesture that took in both Eva and the buggy. "Is it a bet? Or just a rather pointed joke?"

"It's merely an attitude of mind," said Eva, suddenly and completely unexpectedly. She turned to Jerry; "I see you've found your friends, so I'll leave you here. Goodbye!"

Jerry was staring blankly after the retreating buggy. Somehow it did not look funny any more. Eva was vanishing away down the street; Eva, who had given him luncheon and endured his company and brought him back to his friends and received as reward a kiss meant for some one else and harsh words on the subject of her eating. He had not even listened to that darn fairy story she had started to tell him . . . He began to hate himself

[Continued on page 78]



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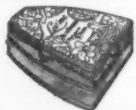
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A PIG FOR AN HOUR

[Continued from page 77]

fervently, from which point it was easy to pass to hatred of others. With flaming eyes he surveyed Keebie's raucousness and Sydney's glee.

"I rather think the joke's on you," he told them coldly. "Do you know who that was you were cracking wise? Just Isolde Allen's cousin, that's all."

BUT the subject, once having been thrown among them, could not be recalled. Unfortunately, his consistent refusal to talk had a more convincing effect than if he had presented detailed proofs. Keebie subsided into a state of watchful waiting that was very hard to bear because of its implied proprietorship; Sydney became silent, regarded him thoughtfully from time to time, and took him aside when at last the girls scattered to dress for dinner.

"I wish you'd be frank with me. You know I'm rather au courant with a lot of things that this crowd doesn't know anything about. It just happens there's a little rumor going the rounds now about Isolde Allen. She's been doing some things abroad that are only just getting back to her family."

"I'm not interested in what Isolde Allen is doing abroad," said Jerry, surprised at the truth of his own statement. "What's that got to do with being frank with you?"

"I might have a great deal," Sydney looked pensive. He had the features of an ant-eater, which were not good in repose. "You see, Jerry, if I could do the Allens a favor it would be a fine thing for me in many ways. Now if there's a girl pretending to be related to them she's got some game."

"She's not pretending!" Jerry blazed. "I learned it entirely by accident."

Abruptly, he turned on his heel and left Sydney. Which was a mistake.

THE inevitable quarrel with Keebie occurred later in the evening. There was a dance, and since the Stantons were noted for the lavishness of their entertaining, those of the elite who liked a party for the party's sake came willingly, even if they did not wait for the next day to forget the Stantons' existence. Jerry knew that he was expected to be Keebie's first aid—on hand for any emergency that might come up, in hand for the lulls between emergencies, if any. Instead of which he retired to the only quiet spot on the estate—an Italian sunken garden where he sat quite alone under a thing that looked like a Christmas tree, and smoked cigarettes. This paradox was still disturbing him when Keebie discovered his hiding-place and bore him away to the darker and more romantic regions of the swimming pool where there was always plenty of trouble for everybody.

In times past it had been easy to kiss Keebie, even without the aid of the swimming pool. This evening Jerry knew that it would be a physical impossibility. He had been thinking about another kiss, all through a pack of cigarettes in the sunken garden. It was not difficult for Keebie to sense some of this soon and her self-control cracked into accusations.

"You might just as well confess that you gave us the slip this morning so that you could spend the day with that frightful girl!"

"I beg your pardon, Keebie, but she was not a frightful girl. I didn't give you the slip to spend the day with her, but I'd be willing to, any time she'd see me again."

"Then you admit it. You admit you're simply mad about that great fat thing with the awful straw hat!"

"She isn't fat. She wouldn't look like a slide-trombone in a bathing suit, that's all."

This decidedly personal hit brought the slide-trombone figure to its feet. "I suppose you think I'm jealous. I suppose you think p-personal interest has been prompting my remarks about her. I simply wanted to warn you against an unscrupulous character, that's all."

Jerry began to laugh; his mirth lashed Keebie's mounting hysterics, and she cried out: "Oh, tomorrow you'll see whether I'm right or not! I don't suppose it occurred to her that I might be

giving a party where any number of people knew Isolde Allen well, and know that she hasn't got any cousin at all! Sydney found that out—and a lot more!"

"Do you mean to say—" His disgust choked him. "Do you mean you and Sydney have been snooping around—"

"Sometimes snooping turns out to be necessary! So necessary, that Sydney's put a long-distance call in to the Allens at Narragansett! And by tomorrow morning your hayseed friend is going to find herself in quite a little trouble!"

"That can't be possible." He became quiet with apprehension and looked at her sharply. Her demeanor was of one who triumphantly unfolded a dangerous secret. She became calm. Indifferently she listened to him argue. "Even if she isn't the Allens' cousin, she hasn't committed a crime. One can't get into very serious trouble over such a petty circumstance as that!"

Keebie shrugged her shoulders and turned away. "There may be complications, you know. Complications can make a petty circumstance very important."

Jerry made his decision quickly. The only thing to do was to go to Eva and confess his own asininity and the implication into which it was leading. She should be warned and immediately.

For three hours he circled about all the small towns within a ten-mile radius of Greenwich. He had to go slowly because the country roads were dark. There was no one awake to ask directions of, and who could have told him where to find a white farmhouse with green blinds inhabited by a girl called Eva and her Cousin Hetty. As he drove through the night Jerry became more and more amazed at his day's negligence. He had never once thought of the possibility that he might return. Why did these things only come to one afterwards?

For, even before Keebie's revelation, he had known that he must return. That fact had been faced in the sunken garden over the very first pack of cigarettes.

Towards dawn he drew up his car on the side of a friendly-looking lane and closed his eyes for a few moments of surrender to a hard-earned fatigue. When he opened them again it was broad daylight, and he started from his seat in chagrin. All this time lost and he had done nothing but beat about in a circle! He was parked in a Greenwich byway. And even as he gaped and gasped at this, his crowningly ineffectual feat, suddenly before his eyes to the right the white farmhouse with green shutters popped into view. He had seldom, he told himself, seen so restful a sight.

All, all was as yesterday. All except the location of the scarecrow girl, who was sitting on the front steps of the farmhouse, a milkpail by her side and a foaming mug clasped in her hand.

She had seen him as soon as he saw her. She continued to drink milk as he brought his car to a standstill and leaped out. Tranquilly, her big brown eyes surveyed him over the rim of the mug as he came up the path to her. A light mustache of milk festooned her upper lip, but the corners of her mouth were trembling upward.

"I didn't think you'd come back so soon."

The words were as indistinct as the first one he had ever heard her speak, but this time the impediment was not a strawberry.

"You knew I'd have to come. I suppose you knew I was in love with you. Oh, Eva, isn't it idiotic, and wasn't I an idiot yesterday?"

"You still are," said Eva, her voice more gentle than it had been yesterday. "Do you know it's not eight o'clock yet?"

"What's eight o'clock to me?" he demanded with a little pardonable pride. "I guess I've been trying to find you all night!"

It was only then that the reason for this early call was brought back to him. With great annoyance, he explained.

Eva listened, at first absently, then with a growing perturbation. When he reached the point where the zealous Sydney put his long-distance call through to Narragansett she leaped from the

steps, then sank back again with a sigh. "Oh, well! It had to come out sooner or later," she remarked, and took his hand again.

"What had to come out? Do you mean to say there's anything back of all this fuss?"

"You'll think so when you meet the family," she said, only a very faint apprehension clouding her tones. "They ought to be along any minute now." As he looked at her in mounting bewilderment, she cried, "Oh, you are an idiot! Must I tell you another fairy story today?"

"I was thinking about that fairy story during the night. And if you mean that you think you're a pig, I won't have it. I love to see you eat; it's just as natural and delightful as everything else about you. Don't you want to finish your milk now? I didn't mean to take it away from you."

"No more milk," she said, not without regret. "From now on I've got to diet if I'm ever going to get back to Isolde Allen."

For a moment there was an uncomprehending silence; then suddenly, wildly, he stared at her and dropped her hand.

Still Jerry could not speak. With horrified fascination he was gazing at the familiar round pink moon of a face.

"I got tired of it all," she was calmly explaining. "Of the whole routine of being a successful debutante, and of being kept in training for it like a race-horse. I'd always been naturally greedy, just like the little boy in the story, but never once in my life had I been allowed to eat my fill. They scared me about getting fat as other children are scared by the bogey-man. So ever since I can remember I've cherished the determination to go off some day and eat everything I wanted to and do as I wished. This Spring I began to get fat. The family nearly died. When it got so my girl friends spoke of me in hushed whispers. I decided I'd had enough. I decided for once in my life I was going to get as fat as I wanted to and live the way I wanted to while doing it. So I did. And you found me—in my sty, where I was hiding for the hour that I had to be a pig."

"I got the family to think I went abroad—to take the thinnest cure Karlsbad could offer—by sailing as far as Quarantine and getting my best friend, Mary Chase, to mail postals from me everywhere she went. I hired Cousin Hetty and moved here, near enough to the family so I could rush to reassure them if it leaked out that I wasn't with Mary. Mary was marvelous to keep it going for so long; but I guess from what the villain Sydney was hissing that there was beginning to be trouble. I suppose Sydney thinks that I've kidnapped Isolde. Well, I did."

"Why can't Isolde stay kidnapped?" He had found his voice again. "I—you made me fall in love with Eva. You needn't think you two can pass me about at will—I'm a type that stays put!"

"I'm not worried about your feelings in the matter." With some difficulty she had found his hand and coolly forced her own into it. "Not after you disregarded mine and kissed Isolde yesterday."

"But I'll kiss Eva today!" he warned her with rising emphasis; rather abruptly, she relinquished the hand that she had struggled to gain.

"I knew you were kissing Eva. If you hadn't—but I always knew you would. That's why I fell in love with you. I felt that together we could make it enchanted ground wherever we are."

"But if I have honorable intentions," said Jerry; "note, I say if—through Isolde my family will get what they've been struggling for and I will get what I had just started to walk away from. I'm just ignoble enough to walk back. Do you want an ignoble husband?"

"Your money pleases me a lot more than my position pleases you," said Isolde with her customary frankness. "The family's broke and I was to have mended them this season. They'll forgive me everything when they see you."

"It is time," said Jerry, "for you to smile again."

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

[Continued from page 17]

brought her no second thought of doubt. "I hope," she wrote her mother, just before bed-time, "that you are not worrying. Everything here goes swimmingly. The new chef"—Here she paused to suck her left thumb, which had a blister on it—"is a jewel."

In truth, lovely widows who have yet to see forty and who are reputed to have more millions than they have years are apt to reverse the natural state of affairs and be an awful care to their daughters until they are safely married off. Especially if the lovely widow chooses to live in Europe.

Now, however, the lovely Judy Collier had come home to marry a man whom Quest didn't mind as she had other possible step-fathers. His name was Robert Parker and he was an American, which meant that he did not use perfume or wax his mustache, and that he was whimsical instead of absurd, and that he played other games than the game of love.

"Anyway," thought Quest, as she lay in bed, lulled by the whispering of the great elms that had been brought from England in ships' holds, mere seedlings that were to flourish mightily in an alien soil, "anyway, the servants will be here in the morning."

In the morning a wire from Boston informed her that they would be unable to supply her with servants for ten days. Quest was in despair, but by the afternoon she was ready to ride to Boston and look for servants herself. Her roadster stood where she had left it. The peace of the May afternoon, settling down once more, lay as heavy on the old stable with its deserted stalls as did the dust on the linen covers that had once swathed the ancient carriages.

Suddenly the whirr of a fast-driven motor came to her ears. She turned toward the door, but before she could reach it, the car itself, long and low and rakish, shot into the stable. The driver—her first thought was that he was masked—stopped short just as it seemed as if the car must crash through the wall. He sprang out then, and picking up one of the long, discarded linen covers, draped it over his car. This failing wholly to obscure it, he picked up a second cover and spread that too.

So far he, working with feverish activity had not noticed her.

"Well?" demanded Quest. He turned, swiftly, and she saw then that he was not masked. A wide swathe of grease across his nose gave him that appearance. Further than that there was grease in his hair, which was otherwise red, and on his shirt and trousers.

"Oh!" he gasped, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"So I gathered," commented Quest. "But since I am here, perhaps you'll explain."

Evidently he believed this no time for explanations. The sound of another fast-driven car was heard in the land. He gave her a startled glance and dove under her car.

"They're coming," he breathed. "And it's jail for me if they get me this time. Don't for the love of Pete, give me away!"

Everything considered, this was a large request to make of a perfect stranger. Quest would have been quite within her rights if she had refused him. Instead she waited with a curious tension while the pursuing car passed the end of the drive. Then—

"They've gone by!" she told him. He started to wriggle out from under the car.

"Bully girl," came his voice, filled with gratitude. "I—Oh darn!"

Quest lifted her eyebrows. "I beg your pardon?" she observed, distantly.

"I beg yours," he amended, unabashed. "But I got some grease in my eye—"

Now for what followed there can be adequate explanation. Especially as, it will be remembered, Quest hated men. And yet—

"Get back—quick!" she commanded, almost breathlessly, and without pausing to see if he obeyed, she started across the yard toward the house.

The car which had plainly been in pursuit of him had returned and come to a

stop. From it the chief of police had descended. He had entered the front door before Quest reached the back. She found him in the living room.

"I got a telephone message from Taunton to keep an eye out for a chap in a racy-looking automobile," he was explaining. "And sure enough this afternoon he came through here, going forty or sixty miles an hour. I rushed out and ordered him to stop—"

"What did he do?" demanded Quest quickly.

"Tried to rob a bank messenger," replied the chief. "I fired six shots at him when he didn't stop and then I jumped into Job Jacobs automobile and told him to drive like hell-fire—begging your pardon!"

"But Job," he went on, "stalled his engine, and by the time he got through cranking and cussing, the rascal was clean out of sight."

He rose, heavily, and prepared to depart.

"If you see anything of that chap around here," he suggested, by way of farewell, "just hold onto him and notify me. I don't think he's far away."

The sun was low in the west when Quest went back to the stable, filled now with the murk of impending twilight. She had decided upon a course of action to which no one could take exception.

"You can come out—now!" she announced, deliberately making a slur of it.

He emerged, as unabashed as ever, and she got her first real impression of him. He had the advantage of at least a head over her in height and perhaps two or three years in age, but as he wiped his hands on his grease-soaked trousers and then ran them through his red hair, he looked inextinguishably boyish.

Between them, there fell, briefly, the silence of the May afternoon, pervasive and persuasive with its poignant promise. Then—

"Will you promise me you'll never do it again if I help you out this time?" she demanded, impulsively.

Incredibly, he did not leap to meet her half-way. "I don't know," he said, slowly. "You see it sort of gets me. I forget—"

Quest stamped her foot, utterly out of patience with him.

"Very well then," she replied. "I will turn you over to the police."

"Go to it," he retorted.

They looked angrily at each other. Indeed, one who merely saw them, without hearing them, might have believed this matter of turning over a fugitive to the law that sought him was a lover's quarrel. "I will!" Quest flashed back.

She turned on her heel with dignity and entered the kitchen door. The red-head followed her sheepishly, supplicating: "Please let me explain."

Quest ignored him utterly. But suddenly her face changed.

"Oh! the fire's almost out," she said, aghast.

"Let me at it," suggested the red-headed fugitive. She watched him as he replenished the stove and opened the draughts. He had a quick, lithe ease of movement and, absorbed in his task, his face was—rather nice.

"Can you cook?" she demanded, with quickened interest.

He glanced at her. "I was a bear for getting K. P. details 'over there,'" he explained, with a grin.

"I've been getting the meals," she assured him. "And I burn my fingers."

She exhibited a blistered finger as proof and then withdrew it hastily. Preposterous as it seemed on second thought, he actually had looked as if he were struggling with an impulse to kiss it.

Expressiveness of countenance was one of his charms. Quest realized, before he spoke, that an idea had struck him.

"Say," he burst out, "could you use a chauffeur?"

"I, admitted Quest, ruefully, "could use a whole houseful of servants."

"How soon do you want them—and for how long?"

Quest's glance quickened. "Until June tenth anyway. That's when the wedding is to take place."

The towel dropped from his face.

[Continued on page 80]



For the hot days ahead —these simple precautions

GONE is that old ogre of the dreaded "second summer"! Baby specialists today say that, properly managed, it is no more dangerous than any other period of the child's early life.

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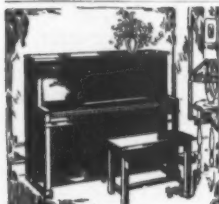
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NO TROUBLE AT ALL

[Continued from page 79]

"Wedding? Whose wedding?"

"My mother's," said Quest.

"Oh," said he with obvious relief, and grinned. "I'll get them for you—the servants. Leave it to me."

Evidently he considered the matter settled.

"Has it suggested itself to you," observed Quest coolly, "that I don't even know your name?"

"Pete," he responded promptly.

"Your last name," said Quest, with dignity.

"Peters," he supplied, patently crestfallen.

Quest hesitated. He really was as difficult to snub as an ubiquitous, eternally hopeful puppy.

"Can't you see," she said, finally, "that I can't keep you—"

"Why?" he demanded, promptly.

"Must I tell you?" she demanded, meaningly.

Light broke upon him. "Oh," said he, cheerfully, "haven't you ever heard that a reformed crook, filled with gratitude for his benefactor, makes the best servant in the world? Try me!"

"Impossible," was what Quest meant to say—and should have. Instead, "Have you ever been in—in jail?" she asked.

"I got off with a lecture and a threat of it last time," said he. "That was my nearest approach to it."

And she believed him.

"I'll keep you for a day or two," she said, without really intending to. And then, as the light leaped into his eyes too nakedly, she added, "In the meantime I'll expect you to do the cooking."

IT was eight o'clock the next morning when she awoke. The morning sun dappled the room, dancing on polished floor and hooked rugs, the wainscoted walls and tapestried wall paper. As she lay there, there came from below the stir of a house awakened and with it the smell of coffee being prepared.

She sprang out of bed, to dress. This was never a lengthy performance, for her garments were that irreducible minimum which twenty wears nowadays. And usually she coiffed her dusky hair with quick competence. But this morning, having achieved the usual effect, she regarded herself with a critical eye and then, on impulse, shook her hair down again.

When she finally descended the stairs she was very good to look at—and very dignified. She meant to keep Peters in his place this morning. Perhaps she had spent fifteen minutes making herself as attractive as possible the better to achieve this desirable end. Anyway, when she turned into the living room, where somebody was moving about, she had the mien of one who sees her duty and is prepared to do it.

"Where," she demanded sternly, "did you—"

This far had she gotten when she realized that he whom she was addressing was plainly not Peters. Her audience paused in the business of whisking a duster over a Chippendale chair and turned toward her the impeccably correct countenance with which a real English butler is expected to confront any situation.

"Beg pardon, miss?" he asked.

Quest stared, incredulously. "Where," she gasped, "did you come from?"

"Mr. Peters brought me here, miss," said he. "Breakfast—"

"I didn't ask you who brought you," she interrupted. "I asked you where you came from."

The butler looked worried, but stubborn. "I'm afraid, miss," said he, "that I'll have to refer you to Mr. Peters."

Instead Quest closed the door. "Now," said she, "you will please answer me."

Sometime within the next twenty minutes a chef, whom Quest had yet to discover, found the butler in the pantry. The butler no longer wore that impeccably correct countenance with which a real English butler is supposed to confront any situation. He was, indeed, mopping his brow and feebly tugging at his collar.

"Whew!" he gasped. "That girl is a case. I don't know as what Mr. Peters will say about it all, Chambers, but I couldn't 'elp myself."

The May morning was a siren, wooing all the senses with its beauty. But Quest

was oblivious to its charm. She went directly to the stable, where she discovered Mr. Peters under her car.

"Good morning, miss," said he, professionally.

This, however, he immediately spoilt the effect of.

"Say," he burst out, "I like the way you've done your hair."

Quest ignored this. "I want," she announced, in a voice that warned him, tardily, that all was far from well, "to know what you mean by—by making a fool of me."

"Making a fool of you?" he echoed, incredulously.

"Don't repeat everything I say! You know perfectly well what I mean. You pretended that you robbed bank messengers just for excitement."

"I didn't. You jumped to that conclusion—"

"I never jump to conclusions. You said it meant jail for you this time."

"That," retorted Mr. Peters hotly, "that was for speeding. They warned me that I would go to jail the next time. I thought that was what the chief was after me for. I didn't mind jail so much; but they'd take away my license, too—"

"Will you please come out from under that car?" suggested Quest frigidly.

"I'm afraid to," he retorted. "You look as if you might—bite me!"

This was worthy of naught but silent scorn. Quest turned away, her round—and rather adorable—chin held high. But she spoilt the effect by pausing to add, furiously:

"What do you think your mother will think of us—moving all her servants over here this way?"

"I thought," he retorted as furiously, "that I was doing you a favor. Mother is abroad, and she won't be back until July, anyway. In the meantime all those servants were over there with nothing to do but wait on me. I never thought you'd suspect anything—"

"Do you think I'm a fool?" she demanded.

"I think," he began, and paused.

"Go on!" she commanded. "Say it!"

"I will!" he promised grimly. "I think you're adorable when you're not being unfair."

The color swept from Quest's throat to her hair. She had not expected this. "But that's an insult!" she managed.

"Anything I say or do"—morosely—"seems to be."

"And," she went on relentlessly. "I thank you for your kind efforts in my behalf, but you can take your servants and go!"

"I will!" he promised, and emerged from under the car, to rise and glower down at her. And then, surprisingly, he added, "To think I was fool enough to believe that you were one girl in a million!" He smiled bitterly.

"I was more than half in love with you from the moment you proved yourself such a good sport. Well—"

He paused again to make a vague gesture that doubtless indicated that love's young dream was over.

"I suppose," he concluded, bitterly, "that that's another insult!"

But to that, Quest made no reply. Suddenly and surprisingly her anger had subsided. She did not realize it, but she was gazing at him with her eyes wide and startled and her lips parted breathlessly. Then—

"No!" she gasped. "You mustn't. I—you—you said you were only half in love with me—"

"But that," said he, "was last night. This morning—"

"I think," Quest was murmuring tremulously, "that you seem to—to take a lot for granted. I haven't said—"

"I'm a nut in a good many ways," he interrupted. "But I've always understood that when a girl starts fixing up her hair for some special man it's a sign that she's—well slipping."

"You know too darn much," said Quest, blushing deeply. "I—I—"

The younger Todd girl looking out of her window became positively goggle-eyed.

"My land sakes alive!" she gasped to the older one. "Why, he is kissing her, isn't he?"

HER BABY

[Continued from page 32]

shining keys hanging from her waist, like Agnes in *David Copperfield*. But the truth was she detested housework, especially when it interfered with her writing. Also Cyril wasn't so obedient in the matter of kissing as he used to be, which was another drawback. And he might be showing more interest in her writing too.

She waited in suspense for a letter from Mr. Whiteman about her second poem. When it came she could hardly open the envelope for excitement. He wrote saying that he could not publish the poem as it was, but that he was deeply impressed by it and he wondered if Alison could make an opportunity of coming to town in order to talk to him about it. There was a vacancy in his staff which, Mr. Strange had said, might interest her.

The letter came at eleven and she took it to her bedroom. In the afternoon she went out with Cyril. He talked all the time of the disagreeable ways of Mr. Green who was head of the Boys' Movement, then he reminded Alison that she was to meet him after the Mother's Meeting which was to take place that evening, and he looked longingly into her eyes.

The evening was dark and sweet. Cyril did not talk about the Church, which meant that he wanted to make love. He only did one thing or the other. But Alison didn't want him to make love to her. She warded off his seeking arm and wondered at the rapture his presence had once brought her. According to her theories this rapture should have been everlasting, but it wasn't; it had gone entirely. She went home with a terrible headache, slept badly, and was silent after breakfast. Breakfast over she stole up to her room. She had hardly been there ten minutes before Mother called her.

"Yes," she called back. "What is it?" "Millicent is giving the sink a thorough

soda cleaning and I want you to see how it's done." Alison did not go down. Her mother went up for her. Alison heard her footsteps and waited. Mother opened the door.

"I'm not coming down," said Alison who was dreadfully white. "I don't want to learn housekeeping. I'm giving up parish work and I don't want to marry Cyril."

"But—" "Oh!" cried Alison passionately and flinging out her arms. "I know you mean well, Mother, but I won't be driven like this into marriage. I won't. I won't. Since you've taken a fancy to Cyril you've done nothing else but drive me into marrying him. But I won't be driven. I won't get married unless I like."

Her lips twitched as they always did when she was agitated. Mother, suffering the most violent maternal anguish, watched her. "I heard from that editor," said Alison in a quieter voice. "He wants to see me, and I'm going. I'm going to accept a job he's got, too, if he offers it to me."

She flung up her head, her nerves taut, waiting for opposition. But Mother only said, "Are you, dear?"

Alison suddenly softened. Her whole body seemed to crumple up.

"Do you mind very much about Cyril, Mother?"

"I hardly know," said Mother slowly, and she meant what she said.

That night when Alison was asleep Mother went to her room and stood beside her.

At the same moment Mr. Whiteman was saying enthusiastically to a friend, "I've made a find. She's a Miss Alison Bradley. Wonderful. She's more than talented. I'm nearly certain she has genius."

Mother, bending low was thinking, "My poor darling, little baby! I wonder—have I done right?"

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 29]

through publicity. It is purely a spiritual idea: the reincarnation of the soul from generation to generation. It can redound to no one's advantage except as it enriches the content of his thought and quickens the substance of his faith.

The play itself, by Frank J. Davis, from all accounts, illustrates its theme by growing better and better with each revision and month of playing. At present it is only a fairly good play, no worse than many other pieces to be seen yearly on Broadway, and, except for its high intention, no better. It still lacks dramatic force in many passages, and needs a more imaginative and intense presentation of the central idea.

Of the company Miss Carroll McComas, as the heroine and Henry Herbert as the doctor are admirable, as is Miss Maria Ascarra, with her beautiful voice, in the rather thankless part of the Frenchwoman.

In San Antonio when I was there last, I visited an exhibition of paintings of the wild flowers of Texas. Artists from all over the country were invited to compete, and the prizes ran toward fifteen thousand dollars, I believe. These, too,

were made possible by Edgar Davis. When I asked why he should interest himself to such an extent and at such expense, I was told this story:

Early in this man's career he was prospecting in a certain region for oil. Well after well came in a failure. He still felt sure that oil was to be found there. At length he got down to his last capital. To risk that was to risk everything he owned. He risked it, and when the well was dug a fortune in oil gushed forth. Meantime there was the strain of the risk, the long period of uncertainty. During this time the Spring in Texas came on, with all its wonder and beauty. And now in memory of that season, and of those flowers whose beauty fed him and whose embodiment of divine life strengthened his spirit and courage, he has instituted this competition in painting them and this commemoration of them in art.

That story speaks for itself and for the nature of the man who has chosen to put so much money on a play whose idea he wishes to see expressed. It is the best comment I know on the singular theatrical history of *The Ladder*.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 30]

Mr. Cunningham shuffles off this mortal coil. The implication is undeniable: Miss Newman believes there is no resisting the portraits of her sister novelists. They will not be denied; they have come a long way from the pathetic prudes of five years ago, those darling little girls of *Belladonna* and *Simon Called Peter*.

Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers by Frances Newman, Boni & Liveright.

Daisy and Daphne by

Rose Macaulay, Boni & Liveright.

Debonair by G. B. Stern, Alfred A. Knopf.

Beauty and The Beast by Kathleen Norris, Doubleday, Doran.

Love and I by Ednah Aiken, Dodd, Mead.

We Are Incredible by Margery Latimer, J. H. Sears & Co.

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PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from Page 27]

she could rest undisturbed, when the heat did not drive her out on deck.

Joannet, free as she had never in all her life been free, was almost happy, altogether peaceful until the afternoon when Luther calmly told her that he was bound up the Sepik.

"I think maybe, lady, you better get off somewhere first," he said. "I have to go, and that no place for a lady. No lady ever been there. No many white man. Only dose explorer people, longtime ago, they see a little bit, and a missionary sometime come, and Mr. Johnson from the government station away up on Dutch boundary, he sometimes have a look when they been killing too many men for feast. And Mr. Hardy. By Gorry, great man that."

Joannet swallowed; she could not speak for a moment.

"You know him?" she asked presently, turning Hardy's ring, that meant so much and so little, round and round in her soft finger.

"I know him, lady. Peter Hardy, he's a man. It want a man for to live up that Sepik River. What he doing lady? He live there. He have a house. He looking out for these native men. Peter Hardy he stop them kill one 'nother all the same missionary, only he 'nother kind missionary. He no preach, got no church. He's got nice house, good garden."

Joannet scarcely listened; she was absorbed by what he had already said. And there was the Sepik. If she went on with Luther—and she knew that she could make him take her; Luther was persuadable—she would see, would know, everything that Peter Hardy knew. She would experience what no white woman in the world yet had experienced. Above all, beyond all, she would find and meet her lover. And he loved her, for all that he would not speak. And there was no law, no custom, of the civilized world, up the Sepik. You made your own laws and customs. Once she was there, would he ever send her back—he who loved her, who had told her to call on him in trouble? If she had sent a message to him, it would have taken months to reach him, but when it did reach him, he would have come—come to her as fast as sails and keels could bring him.

There was yet time to retreat—down the coast, within the range of the few and far plantations but . . .

"No, I won't leave," was her verdict. "If you'll take me, I'll go on."

"Yes, by Gorry, I take you, lady," answered Luther, twirling the "Madang's" creaky wheel. "I take you anywhere. Dose Starkey people, they don't like I taking you, I think; but I don't care. I know you perfer' lady; you savvy keep your mout' shut, if you see something 'bout a litty bit of trade that's noting to do with you."

The "Madang" crept on. One night she anchored, in a dim lagoon that gleamed like faded silver, shadowy forest clipped it round; from far across the water came the low, insistent throbbing of a drum. Joannet thought she could see fires.

"Are they cannibals where we are going?"

"Oh no, lady, noting of de kind. We going to the Middle River. Upper and Lower River all cannibal, eat you as soon as look at you, but the Middle Sepik, they give the cannibal what for! My, my, lady, they splendid people. They got seven hundred head in one year, jus' two or three of these middle villages."

"Goodness! Will they want our heads?"

"They never take mine," was his reply, after a minute or two. "I don't think they take yours, lady; they want to look at you too much. No white woman ever been there. No white man ever try to live up there—only Peter Hardy."

Then Joannet heard herself say an astounding thing: "Peter Hardy's my man." Luther took the information calmly.

"Is that so, lady? You going to marry him?"

"No," said Joannet. Then again—"Maybe."

"He doesn't know you coming" stated Luther presently. Joannet nodded. Somehow, there seemed no necessity for ex-

planations. Luther knew everything without being told.

ALL day the heat had been terrible, but now cool airs had begun to creep from the dusky forests. The drum went on, more drums answered it, from far away. It was an odd, impersonal sound; you did not feel it was made by human fingers—it seemed to make itself, like the constant ripple-ripple of the river current against the ship, or the occasional rumble of thunder on the dark, flash-lit horizon.

"What does it mean?" asked Joannet, leaning her face on her hands, and looking across the rail into the heavy dusk. All the way up the river, the feeling of a gradually tightened cord had been with her; on this thunderous purple night, the tension was sharper than ever. Tense—that was it. The night, the place, the whole great river country, all were tense—with what? She questioned Luther.

Luther shifted a little in his cross-legged position on the hatch; and set his back against a case of deck load, before he



spoke: "That mean those men talk," and then was silent.

"What are they talking about?"

"How do I know, Missus? I no New Guinea cannibal."

Joannet knew that he knew, but that nothing would make him tell. She shifted the conversation.

"How far is it to—Mr. Hardy's—place?"

"Peter Hardy, he's all of two day from here, lady. I don't want to go that far."

"Oh, Luther! but I'd like to see him."

"Maybe you'll see him; he got a boat now; maybe he come down the river. Me, I hope he don't, lady. I like Peter Hardy all right, but by Gorry, he too much friend wit' Misser Johnson, distric' officer, for me. If I see him boat, I want to cut and run; maybe govament man on her."

Joannet was now entirely sure that Luther had been reading the drum messages, and reading them right. Hardy was on the river; if they did not turn and go back, they would surely meet him.

She was frightened by the sudden surge of joy that went through her.

"I would die to see him for one minute," she thought, feeling her heart shake so that she feared the half-caste would know.

Perhaps he did. He bent his head very low over the cigarette, which was burning on one side, before he answered, with his head still down. "I do my best, lady."

LONG before they came to the bank, the people of the village were out waiting, hundreds of them. They were a wild looking crowd, naked, save for small loin cloths of leaves or of fur; their dirt-caked curls of hair hung in long strings, decked with feathers; shells, teeth, boar's tusks, tinkled and clashed about them. Most of them had long daggers of cassowary or human thigh-bone stuck in their girdles; some were armed with steel knives three feet long, like those that Luther had been trading up the coast. Their faces, painted with red clay, were like the faces of savage beasts.

No women were in the crowd. Luther explained that on the Sepik, this might not carry the deadly meaning it did elsewhere—and again, it might. "But I think

these chaps they want me," he added consolingly.

They appeared, at the moment, to want Joannet considerably more. Yelling, they fought for place close to the ship, all staring at Joannet, all pointing, all shrieking comments to each other. As the "Madang" crept inshore, and anchored some twenty yards away, the whole village seemed to precipitate itself into the water. Before you could speak, the sides of the steamer had been climbed by scores of the savages, and they were dropping over the rails onto the decks.

Placing his arm before Joannet, without touching her, Luther delivered himself of a short, emphatic speech in native. It was only a couple of sentences, but it seemed to have an extraordinary effect. One man who had been rudely fingering her dress stepped back as if shot, hung his head, and went off looking deeply ashamed.

"What did you say?" asked Joannet; but Luther was busy. He had gone across the deck, and was now negotiating with a crowd of natives, everyone of whom carried bundles of some white, horse-hair-like stuff, carefully tied up. They spoke a good deal of pigeon English; Joannet heard the stuff called "grass" again and again. But whatever it was, it was not that.

Some of it was paid for on the spot, with cowry shells, knives, red cloth. A handful of cowry shells seemed to purchase quite a good little bundle. Joannet grew curious; came nearer; fingered. Then she knew, and then, as in a lightning flash, many things that had been vague and dim stood out together, suddenly sun-clear. Luther was poaching ospreys!

The law against feather trading was fairly new, but it had been so far reasonably well administered. You could not go out and shoot or buy, just as many paradise birds and white osprey plumes as you wanted, and take them openly away. There were difficulties, penalties, risks. Luther seemed ready enough to encounter them. Luther—the store—the Starkeys.

"Oh!" cried Joannet. She saw everything now. Mrs. Starkey and her husband were plumage poachers. Burma was a place where you could get ospreys. They had smuggled till they were caught and thrown out of whatever official position he occupied. Then they had—probably—tried other countries. Finally, they had come to New Guinea, where paradise birds and ospreys together promised good profit—if you were daring and cunning enough. It was all clear to Joannet now.

A COOL breath of air met the little steamer as she headed out into deep water again after the close of Luther's trading. Joannet wiped her wet cheeks with her handkerchief, and let the wind flow down the open neck of her dress.

"What did you say to them that time?" she asked of Luther, who was putting together his many bundles of "grass"—grass worth far more than its tiny weight in gold.

"I say to them," replied Luther, not looking at her, "I say to them—'This is one unmarried girl.' This people, they are very bad; they kill you and me, if they wanting to do so. But they have—what I say?—respec' for one unmarried girl. If you been married woman that's another thing. They little bit afraid of unmarried girl."

"Would they kill and eat me?"

"You bet. That don't matter to them. But they no make you marry them, if they caught you. Anyhow, they not going to get us. Mostly they friendly. They got no quarrel. They want my trade; they want another trade stuff I no got; I take them by-and-by another trader come along, give it to them. By Gorry, they want that trade too much." He laughed a little.

Her tact suggested to her that she had best not ask what the trade might have been; even as she had best not take any notice of the piles of "grass" now being neatly tied up.

"Are there birds of paradise here?" she asked.

[Continued on page 100]

How many of YOUR RECIPES will your grandchildren remember?

HERE ARE THE KIND THAT LIVE AND GROW FAMOUS

"STUFFED SWEETS" HAWAIIAN

Time for combining ingredients: 15 minutes
Time for cooking: 30 minutes
Makes 6 servings

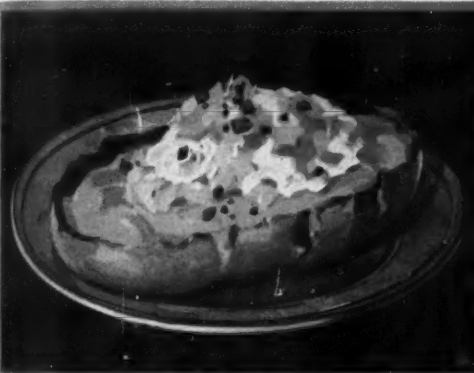
If you have never tried the combination of Pineapple and sweet potatoes, prepare to enjoy a new treat. With it you add another culinary accomplishment to your list. Bake 3 even sized sweet potatoes, cut in halves lengthwise, scoop out most of the contents. Mash thoroughly. Season with 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Fill the shells. Slit marshmallows and stuff with Crushed Pineapple. Place one on top of each half of sweet potato. Bake with 2 tablespoons Pineapple juice rapidly boiled for a moment. Brown under broiler flame.



PINEAPPLE ICEBOX CAKE

Time for combining ingredients: 20 minutes
Time for cooking: 10 minutes
Makes 5 servings

Dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar in 2 tbsps. water, in double boiler. Add gradually 2 beaten egg yolks, stirring until thick and smooth. Cool. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, gradually work in 1 cup confectioner's sugar and add cool egg mixture. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained Crushed Pineapple. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla. Pour mixture into a pan lined with split ladyfingers. Place in icebox 12 hours. Garnish.



THE ISLAND SALAD

Time for combining ingredients: 10 minutes
Time for cooking: 5 minutes
Makes 6 servings

Isn't it a delight to serve a salad which is new to everybody? One that your guests simply must talk about and ask you for the recipe? To 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple add the juice of half a lemon and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Heat these ingredients together for five minutes. Soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add to mixture while it is hot. Let cool and when it begins to set, add 1 cup grated mild American cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream. Use your favorite salad dressing thinned with Pineapple juice. Add a half pimiento, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Serve with ripe or stuffed olives on lettuce or watercress.



PINEAPPLE KIPPED COD

Time for combining ingredients: 1 minute
Time for cooking: 15 minutes
Makes 2 servings

"What? Fish and fruit? Never heard of such a thing," you say. "Why the idea." Frankly, we didn't take to the thought either until we tasted this combination. No doubt you'll be as agreeably surprised as we were. The slightly tart fruit offsets this rich fish in a way that makes an excellent dish. Steam kipped cod until it is thoroughly heated. Serve with cold slices of Hawaiian Pineapple just as they come from the can. To obtain delicious sauce heat the fish at a slow temperature in a casserole with sliced Pineapple and juice.



WATERMELON AND PINEAPPLE CUP

Time for combining ingredients: 10 minutes
Time for cooking: 5 minutes
Makes 4 servings

Remove seeds and cut watermelon pulp into small balls. To 1 cup of these add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup seedless raisins, 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 cups of Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple boiled for 5 minutes then cooled.

DISHES that bring a thrill of pleasure! They're the kind we all like to make. And they're the kind which pass down from one generation to the next. Good cooks tell us that the six recipes on this page are worth a place in any bride's "hope chest."

Icebox Cake! Truly a stick-in-the-memory creation. And Pineapple Kipped Cod, Steak Piquant, "Stuffed Sweets"—and the others! Each is unique—the sort of dish that adds to your fame and finds a place among the family's treasured recipes.

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L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

New Evening Apparel Has Increased Fascination

COBWEB fabrics, generosity in the use of them, the importance of uneven lines, the decree that nothing should be consistently horizontal nor perpendicular, gives our new clothes the kind of fascination provoked by whatever is elusive, complex, mysterious. One has to take a garment apart to find what it's all about. The wraps and frocks on this page show this trend of fashion. The butterfly cape of rayon transparent velvet is delightful. The separate jacket for evening is a favorite among smart people. The tailored belts on fluffy frocks are unusual.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5362

5350

5357
5307

5344

5365

No. 5362. Evening cape of metallic or silk brocade with wings of velvet or satin. The graceful effect is that of two capes. Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured; $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch plain.

No. 5365. Dance frock of tulle which can serve also for bridesmaid frock. The tight bodice of taffeta carries a stiff belt with rhinestone buckle. Size 16, waist, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch material; skirt, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 72-inch.

No. 5350. Butterfly evening wrap in which the back is important. Rayon transparent velvet or crepe satin is used for it in several colors. Medium size, 4 yards of 40-inch material; lining, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5344. The peacock effect in this evening gown of sheer crepe is cleverly done by use of flying panels and lifted flounces on a narrow skirt. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material or 40-inch material.

Nos. 5357, 5307. This separate jacket of lamé for evening is often worn throughout an entertainment. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. No. 5307. Dress. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch.

L'ECHO
PARIS


5369



5360



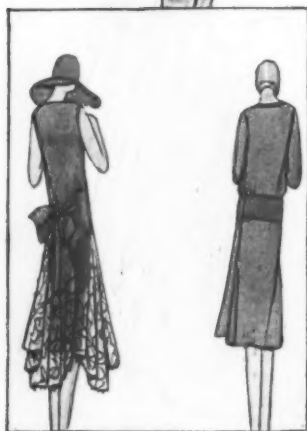
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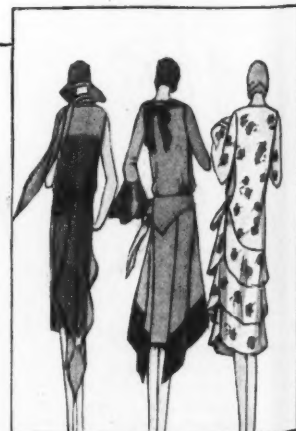


5373



5369

5360



5346

5368

5373

Decorative Gowns for Summer Borrow Fabrics from Winter

IT'S now an open season for all fabrics between two Januarys. Cedar chests are used only for interior furnishings. Peltry goes merrily through the Summer months, so does the new velvet weave such as adorns these Summer afternoon gowns. Woolen is never discarded. Lace, velvet, chiffon, silk and satin make up the frocks on this page, and the effect is fine! The skirt of lace, dashing irregular, is new this season. So is the voluminous silk skirt with velvet border and extraordinary cuffs. Satin makes the yoke and panels on another. In direct contrast is the chiffon frock with dropping points to give a narrow effect. The silk gown owes its originality to the flounce treatment. Which proves there's an open season, also, for all contours.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5369. Grace is in the dipping and rising hem line, and the unusual hip yoke which ends at back in a conspicuous bow. Size 36, waist, 1 1/4 yards 40-inch; lace, 3 3/4 yards 36-inch.

No. 5360. The silk of this gown is highly enlivened by its panels and yoke of glistening satin that adorns the skirt. Size 36, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch.

No. 5346. This chiffon frock is designed to accentuate in every manner the narrow silhouette through pointed drapery with irregular movement and a floating scarf. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5368. The double skirt, the waist-coat shaping of bodice, the "musketeer" cuffs of silk and velvet make this frock original. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards 36-inch; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards 40-inch.

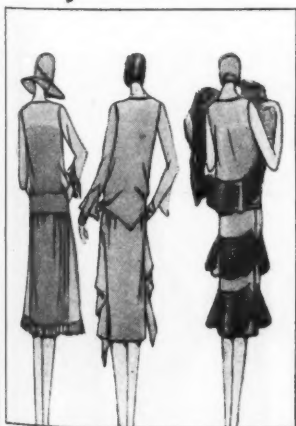
No. 5373. What is captivating in this frock of printed silk is the dovetailing of the circular ruffles and the management of sash. Size 36, 5 1/2 yards 32-inch material or 4 1/2 yards 40-inch.



L'ECHO
PARIS



5370



5371 5372 5351

These Decorative Frocks are Distinct Change from Last Season

No longer do our designers scorn the ornamental effect of the Victorian era in clothes. Nor do the house decorators. Probably the two revivals are closely akin. If so, the new movement in architecture and furniture will produce something different from what history has offered us in clothes. But at this moment we are acquiescently Victorian. These gowns employ all the fabric devices known popularly as "feminine." Intensive effort has been made to keep every inch of each gown from the level of the commonplace. There are no plain surfaces. Flounces, jabots, pleatings, decorative girdles, odd seams, flying scarfs, floating sleeves, raglan shoulders, simulated hip yokes are the features that attract attention and prove the change from last season.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5345 5370

No. 5371. This georgette frock would need a mathematician to count its yards of narrow pleating which ripple along the edges and suggest the "fluffy ruffles" era. Size 36, 5 yards 40-inch.

No. 5372. Silk makes this frock whose drapery gravitates and lace makes the camisole which shows above the Egyptian belt decoration. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch; camisole, 3/4 yard 36-inch.

No. 5351: Transparent velvet here steadies sheer georgette through skirt ruffles, wide girdle and simulated bolero over sleeveless dress. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch; ruffles, 1 1/4 yard of 40-inch velvet.

No. 5345. Irregular seams on this printed georgette gown give curving outlines and a single spurt of drapery on skirt gives movement. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material or 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5370. The shawl-like line of shoulder in this frock and pleated front that ends in a bow on one hip are outstanding features. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch; contrasting, 1/4 yard 40-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Five New Features for Summer Frocks

THERE is a quintette of novel and diverting touches in these frocks that will prove satisfactory to any home dressmaker. First, there's the revival of knife pleating in the cloth of the frock, and in fine muslin; there's the small bolero placed over a white bodice that carries a collar; there's the bias Vionnet line in skirt and bodice amusing itself by running in contrary directions. And there's the collared neckline shown in five ingenious methods.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



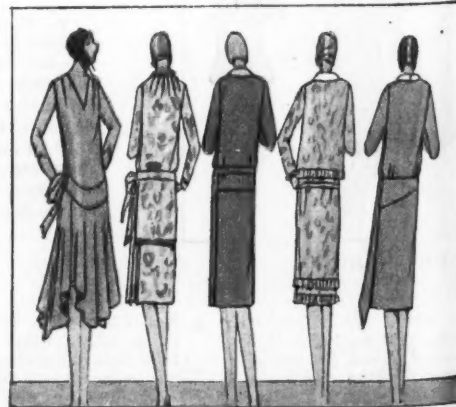
No. 5366. This printed frock demurely carries plain colored bands to border its edges. The skirt contrives to be both flounced and pleated. Size 36, 4 yards 40-inch material; collar, cuffs, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 5369. This frock of flat crepe combines new effects: the full, uneven skirt with band in front that ends in butterfly bow at back; the Cavalier cuffs. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5354. The clever touch in this skirt is the upward point with sash below. Both bolero and skirt carry fine pleatings. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 5361. On this frock are Victorian pleatings in sheer, white muslin. The smartly seamed skirt gives at one knee into flying pleats. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5356. Smart features in this frock are the appearance of the collar below the buttons, the sharply pointed flounce and diagonal hip yoke. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch.



L'ECHO DE PARIS

Vacation Frocks for Several Climes

THESE fabrics run the gamut of color and texture. Their modelling can serve silk, thin wool, rayon, crepe, printed linens, silk pique. The outstanding features of the frocks are the treatment of hipline by pointed effects, by sashes, by buttoned belts, or whatever will soften and disguise the curve. The skirts are compactly built to make them available for street, for travelling, for city or country wear. The tight-fitting sleeves have flattened cuffs.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



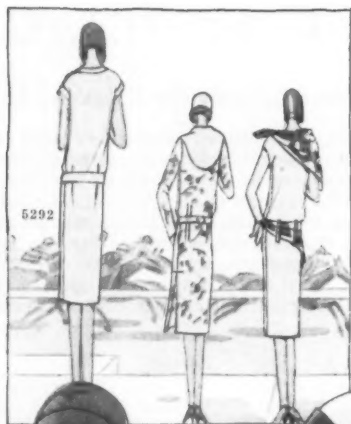
No. 5353. This printed silk frock has a loose blouse with only one-half a sailor collar in front and flat side pleats on skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5374. Sheer georgette over thin silk contributes to coolness in this frock with its irregular flounces that diversify the skirt, and loose collar to waist. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5364. The downward dip of bodice on skirt, the slight fullness above hips, the irregular placement of pleats on skirt distinguish this frock. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch; band $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5368. This frock endorses many novelties such as jacket effect in front, the bow between shoulders, pointed hip yoke with tunic and handkerchief cuffs. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch or 4 yards 54-inch.

No. 5379. In this frock the velvet sash becomes a conspicuous part on the bodice. The bow on hip suggests the bustle. Neck and wrists also carry velvet. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch.



5292
Emb. No. 1601

5367

No. 5292. The pockets point the pleats, neckband runs nearly to waist, sleeve bands curve up ward and the cravat breaks the surface. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch. Appliqué dog motif in felt, No. 1601 would be sporty.

No. 5367. The simplicity of this printed wash silk gown is broken by the knotted handkerchief collar made in a contrasting color. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5277. Two printed scarves in brilliant coloring are used on this gown, as a handkerchief collar and as a gypsy girdle. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch or 40-inch material; contrasting scarves, 1 yard 36-inch.

No. 5353. The flat surface of this silk frock is broken by a group of pleats at each side that rise above waistline. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5359. There's a departure from the usual in the double-breasted waistcoat effect here, contrasting collar, vest and small cuffs. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch.



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Simply Built Silks That Stand Sun and Soap

BECAUSE a frock is simple, that's no reason it should be commonplace. Because it goes to the tub, that's no reason it should be quite devoid of decoration. These silk frocks prove that fact. The ornamental part can be detached like these scarfs in contrasting color, and the gypsy girdle and colored leather belt. These frocks are cleanly cut and flattened so they may be suitable to their field of activity. Pleats, not flounces, are preferred. Sleeves are there, or not. The choice is left entirely to the owner.

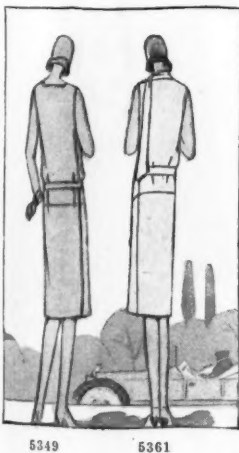
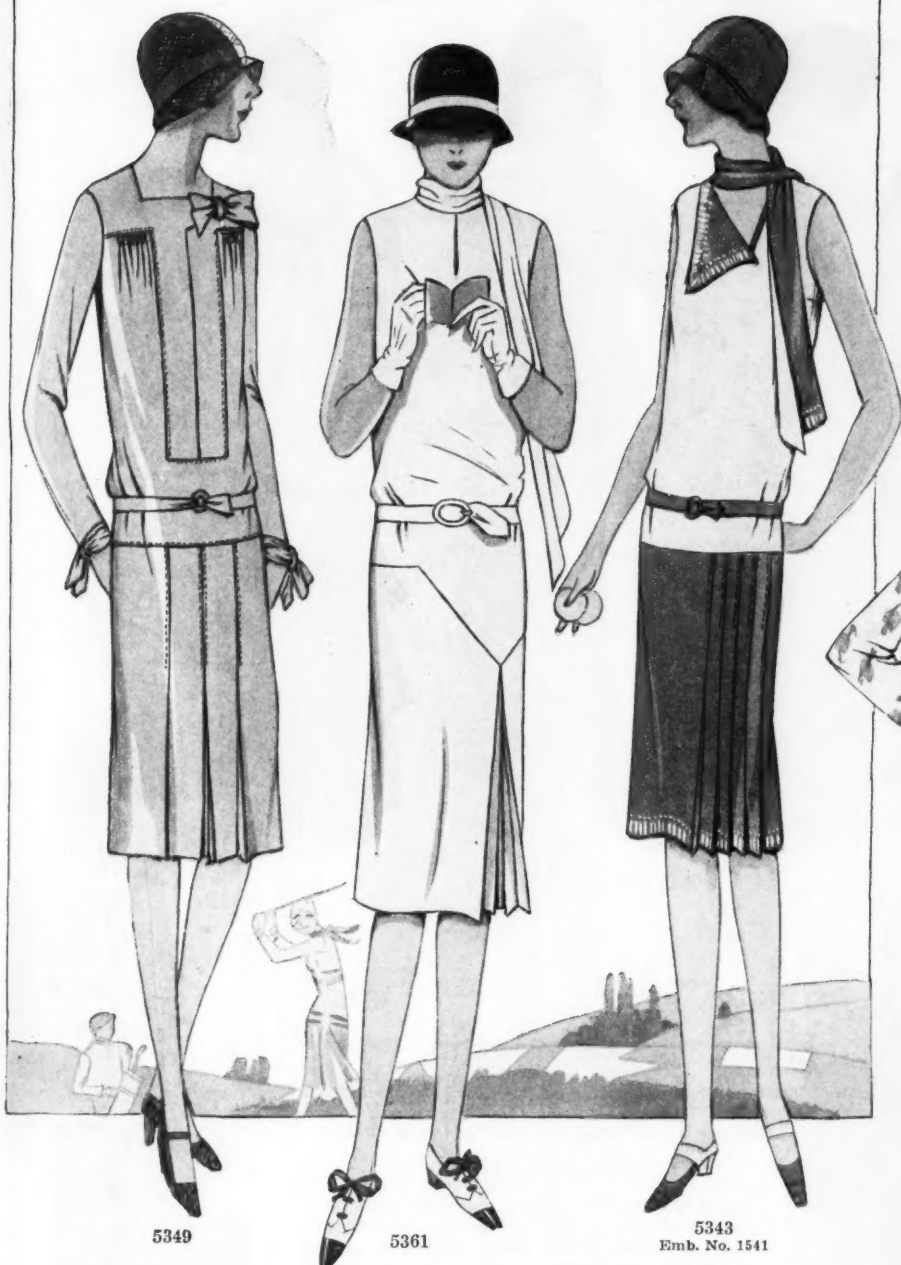
ANNE RITTENHOUSE



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* L' E C H O d e P A R I S *



*Diversity in Arrangement of Pleats
is Effective*

ALL skirts must have a hem that stretches to give free play to knee action. Flounces won't do for every kind of frock. Pleats must play their part. Knowing this, designers exercise much ingenuity in their insertion, arrangement, decoration and width. On this page are five varieties of skirts which use pleats as a method of fullness. No two methods are alike. They are grouped at side or front. They are stitched or flow outward as a godet. They are boxed, or knifed. All of them, however, maintain an even hemline.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5349. This frock has its box-pleats in front with conspicuous stitchery holding them. The elongated yoke on blouse is youthful and unusual. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material or 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch.

No. 5361. This gown of silk pique with skirt oddly attached to long blouse has its pleats jutting out from a side opening. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 27-inch material or 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5343. This skirt carrying a contrasting blouse holds its pleats in a panel at side. Size 36, light, 1 1/2 yards 32-inch; dark, 2 1/4 yards 32-inch; in contrasting colors, Embroidery No. 1541, would give variety.

No. 5364. In this printed wash silk with blouse that carries contrasting neck bands the pleats in the skirt meet in the center. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5290. This skirt puts pleats sedately on each side to balance the diagonals of the blouse with its deep vest. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch. Worked in satin-stitch, Monogram motif No. 1590 would be smart.



SAFE for dainty summer clothes

IN LAUNDERING sheer summer dresses—especially the children's things that at times are bound to get badly soiled—20 Mule Team Borax is all but indispensable. Borax, a crystal white powder, should be used along with the soap. Not only does it loosen the dirt but it softens the water and makes the soap do better work. No matter how fine a laundry soap you use, you can get better results with less effort by using 20 Mule Team Borax with it.

Cleaner, whiter, fresher clothes simply by adding Borax—but best of all, Borax is *safe*. Unlike so many "washing chemicals", Borax is absolutely harmless to fine fabrics, fast colors and to the hands. Mildly antiseptic, pure and deodorizing—Borax should certainly be used in washing all garments that touch the skin.

Soaking the clothes for a few hours in Borax water *before* washing is also a big help. Then again, a final Borax rinse *after* washing will help to remove all traces of soap—so often the cause of yellowing the clothes.

Buy a package of 20 Mule Team Borax today and write for our free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean". Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., New York City, Dept. 558.



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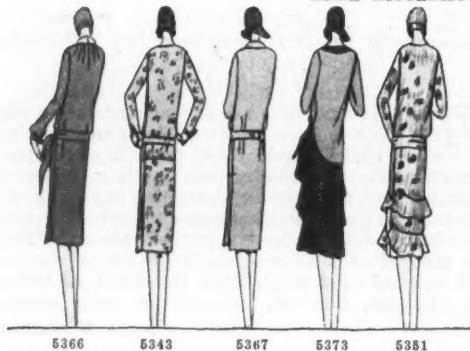
L'ÉCHO * DE * PARIS



Midsummer Days and Midsummer Silks Agree

AMERICAN women are as eager to feel the touch of silk on the skin in hot weather as are the Chinese. The trade supplies it with enthusiasm and diversity of patterning and coloring. The one-sided collar, the fine knife pleatings, are carried out with success, the flounced skirts run in two and three tiers, skirt pleats are grouped in any position. Frivolity or severity can be cleverly achieved, which can't be said of all Summer fabrics.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 5366. This frock gives point to the bias neckline by a roll collar in contrasting color, and to the sleeves by tied wrist bands. Size 36, 3¾ yards 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 36-inch.

No. 5367. This silken gown depends on knife pleatings for decoration and gets it with fine effect. Inverted pleats give necessary kick to hem. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5373. Here transparent velvet combines with plain silk for a frivolous frock. The flounced skirt, round neckband, all streamers are velvet. Size 36, 2½ yards 36-inch material; velvet, 2½ yards 40-inch.

No. 5351. These skirt flounces of printed rayon voile take an unusual turn at one side and the slight fullness on shoulders is a trick for fort. Size 36, 4¼ yards 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 100.

L'ECHO * DE * PARIS



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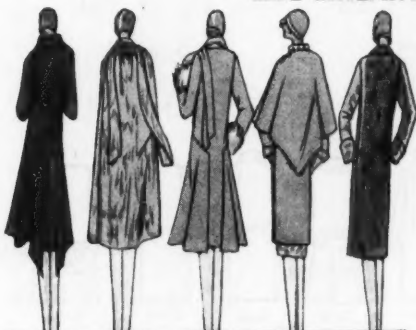
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Wraps of Little Weight That Protect Summer Frocks

It may be that our changing Summer weather accounts for the widespread desire and demand for Summer coats. It may be that fashion only is responsible. But there's no doubt that wraps of all sorts and conditions have grown in importance for each of the four seasons. Women's closets never before held so many, and such a variety of wraps. The ensemble fashion has provided several coats for several frocks. Here is shown a group of Summer coverings that may easily belong to one woman.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



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No. 5362. Moire cape coat that can serve for day and evening. Above its shirred neckline is a wide protective scarf. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material or 2 3/4 yards 40- or 54-inch.

No. 5305. The cashmere coat, like this one, in light weight, is able to carry the circular cape which is in high fashion. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material or 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material.

No. 5363. This cleverly shaped coat is of dark silk with wide rolling collar and sloping hip seam that creates a strongly marked line. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5363. Day coat of dark silk which carries wide ornamental cuffs of light peltry. The hem flares through skilful cutting. Size 36, 5 1/4 yards 40-inch material or 4 yards 54-inch.

No. 5306. Here's a day coat of velvet which is not only transparent, but printed. It is cut on classic tailored lines. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 36-inch or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch.

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Oh!

ye daughters of Eve.



WHEN lovely woman ventures forth in search of beauty, what a great collection of bottles and jars does she gather on her toilette tables!

\$1 for this—\$2 for that—\$5 even for something else—all devoted to improving the complexion—to clearing blemishes from outside in!

Yet there is one little jar sold for as little as 30c with a special and precious beauty secret of its own! . . . the little bottle of Sal Hepatica.

Its beauty secret is this: Keep clean internally. Your complexion will be better, your skin finer, more translucent.

Well do fashionable women of the continent know how salines guard the complexion—how they guard the figure by never causing plumpness! The springs and spas are crowded with nobility . . . stars of the stage . . . the opera . . . social leaders and wealthy Americans and Argentines . . . freshening their complexions—improving their health by the fashionable path of drinking the saline waters.

SAL HEPATICA is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best.

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

Salines are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives, and they never have the tendency to make their takers stout.

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A WARNING to WOMEN who wear Tight Hats

BOBBED hair has created a vogue of close fitting hats—and physicians say that tight hats are probably responsible for much of the baldness among men.



HERE are two simple rules for keeping your hair vigorously healthy in spite of the injurious effect of tight hats.

•(1)•

Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.

•(2)•

Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp antiseptically clean. The most widely used hair tonic in the world.

YOU can't start these treatments too soon. Invest in these two bottles today. Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at drug stores, barber shops and hair dressers' everywhere. Accept no substitutes.

WILDROOT

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TONIC



TAROLEUM
SHAMPOO

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



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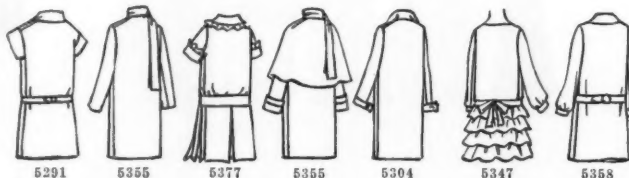


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No. 5347. Short as this printed rayon voile frock is, there's room for four ruffles, a belt, shirring at neckline, and wristbands. Size 6, 2½ yards 36-inch or 2 yards 40-inch.

No. 5291. It's hard to combine plain and plaid fabric in a diminutive frock. But it's well done here in gingham and chambray. Size 8 requires, waist, 1½ yards of 32-inch material; skirt, collar and armbands, 1¼ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 5355. This cashmere coat borrows from its grown-up relatives a circular cape, a protective scarf, and pockets. Size 12, 3¾ yards 40-inch or 2¾ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5355. Merely a stretch of flannel is in this coat, yet it contrives to achieve a smart appearance with scarf tossed over one shoulder. Size 4, 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5304. With a sophisticated air of negligee, this coat of printed pique rolls open to hem. Size 12, dress, 2¾ yards of 36-inch; coat and bands, 3 yards of 36-inch.

No. 5377. This is the juvenile form of skirt and shirtwaist. The first is linen, second is dotted Swiss with ruffled front. 8 requires, waist, 1¼ yards of 27-inch material; contrasting, skirt, requires 1¼ yards 32-inch material.

No. 5358. This frock combines panel front, side pleats, skirt, a contrasting belt with roll collar and belt. 10, 2½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 40-inch.

No. 5308. This party robe de chambre and bertha. 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5299. The rest of the frock. 36-inch material.

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L' ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5347. She goes to a party, certainly, in this gay rayon voile frock which, also, has four ruffles and a ribbon sash. Old-fashioned puffs are the sleeves. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5308. Taffeta suits all ages, and this party gown imitates the formal robe de style with full, dipping skirt and bertha of silk net. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch material; collar, skirt band, 1 yard 72-inch.

No. 5299. This small frock is mostly collar and therefore it is very smart. The rest of it, printed cotton with flaring skirt. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 40-inch.

No. 5344. Here's a stiff white satin frock that has an adult air about it. Its flounces are slightly sloping and each shoulder has a bow. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material or 1 1/8 yards of 72-inch.

No. 5376. This printed organdy carries most of its length in the bodice. The skirt makes up in tucked fullness what it lacks in length. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch material or 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5365. This is a delectable dance frock of printed taffeta with tight bodice and gay ribbon belt. Coquetry is in the shoulder roses. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 2 1/4 yards 40-inch material.

No. 5375. A ruffle which forms the skirt and a bodice with bertha make this frock. Size 4, 2 1/4 yards 36-inch; bertha, 1/4 yard 36-inch. Embroidery No. 646 in satin- and outline-stitch would make an attractive finish.



Don't "tell" your daughter about feminine hygiene

... it is less embarrassing to hand her this booklet

A DAUGHTER'S ignorance of physical facts can usually be traced to a mother who has allowed such information to come from chance companions. And so often it is wrong or incomplete information. But any mother can solve the problem of "telling", quickly and without embarrassment. Simply send for the free booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene."

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Now Comes Speed Ironing

Joint Achievement of
Hurley and General
Electric Engineers

AN amazing new appliance is on the market—introducing what is called *speed-ironing*. Not the type of machine you have known, but a new, revolutionary method—designed to do the loads of flat work, that make up some 90% of the family ironing—in about one-fifth the time required by hand. For example—a tablecloth that took you from 30 to 40 minutes to do by hand, slips through the New Thor Rotary Iron in 4 minutes. And finishes with a beautiful sheen, impossible to obtain by hand methods. Thus—this new invention ends forever the back-breaking drudgery of ironing day.

The New Thor Rotary Iron is made in two models. One operates on the wringer shaft of Thor 2, 6 and 8 washing machines. The other is a complete, portable unit with enclosed General Electric Motor. Both can be carried with ease—and slipped away into a corner or closet when not in use. Both are sensationally low priced—and can be seen now at your local Thor dealers.

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Manufacturers of Thor Washing Machines, Thor
Electric and Gas Ironers, Thor Vacuum Cleaners
and Hurley Commercial Laundry Equipment



No. 5375. This two-in-one costume for a small girl has panties and frock of printed cotton. The white collar is ruffled at edge. Size 6, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 5348. This short skirt of linen is widely box pleated, buttoned and with a narrow belt. The dimity waist has ruffled edges. Size 4, waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch.

No. 5172. Square trousers of linen that carry a belt and plain blouse in a contrasting color with rolling collar and small cuffs. Size 8, blouse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch; trousers, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch.

No. 5332. This boy's suit is double-breasted and the square trousers and waist are of striped cotton with plain collar. Size 4, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 5380. Here's a pique suit that doesn't bother with attached belt and collar. It's as plain as a pipe stem and very effective. Size 4, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5378. This delightful invention for a child's play hours has the top built like a girl's blouse with shirt front and pleatings. Size 3, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5352. This boy's coat of tweed has the swagger of his older brothers. It has side pockets, bound edges and turn over cuffs. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch; lining, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4982. Another two-in-one garment, this time of printed cotton, with bands and collar of another fabric in a solid color. Size 2, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27- or 32-inch.

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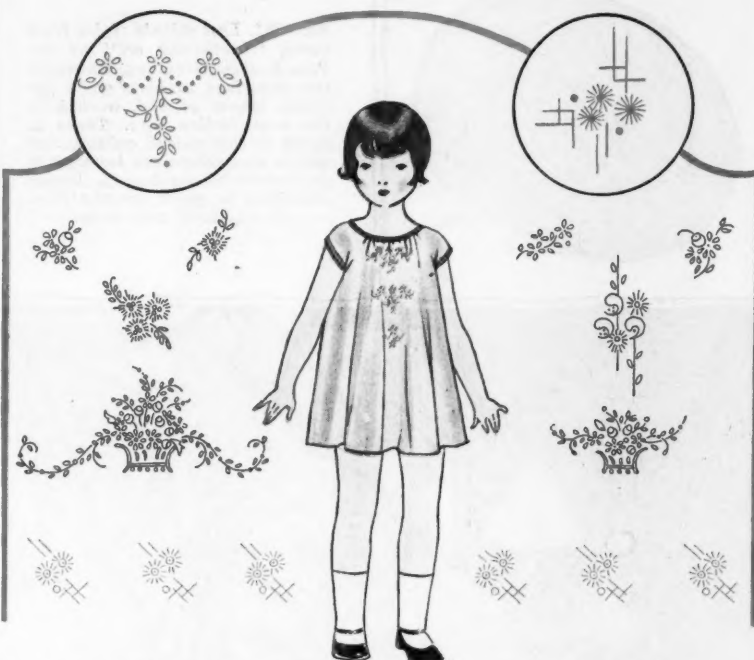
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204 Good Health Building, Bath Creek, Michigan

WEEDING

Script Lettering including two sets of envelopes. 100 Vending Cards—One Dollar. Write for samples. CITY ENGRAVING CO., 1632 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fine Sprays and Appliques Foremost

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1660. Dainty flowers and sprays for fine French embroidery lead the fashion for small frocks (the simple model shown is No. 3996, adapted for 2 to 8 years). Some of the motifs such as the baskets look well in all white; others with wheel flowers and daisy sprays (details shown above) are dainty in mixed colors. They are worked in outline, straight- and satin-stitch.



1653. Silk patches for appliqué compose the design.

1653. The silk appliques are in blending pastel shades.

No. 1653. The right-touch of embroidery for milady's silk lingerie—here it is in little bits of dainty colored silks that make the flower motifs appliquéd to vest, panties and costume slip, a set of three garments. If you prefer a set with nightgown instead, the same design for silk appliqué is adaptable. The finish with net footing lends an added chic.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 100.



Do You remove cold cream correctly?

7-Day Test Free—Mail the coupon below—try Kleenex for one week, then note the difference.

MANY women still use unsightly "cold cream cloths" which only rub cream and dirt further into the pores; some use harsh towels that injure delicate skin. The surface of a towel is not made to absorb cold cream. Grease ruins towels. Laundry bills are an extravagance.

Now, a new type of cleansing tissue takes the place of these old ways. Kleenex—in delicate, handkerchief size tissues—is made just for removing cold cream daintily, thoroughly, economically. It is discarded after using and with it the dirt, grime and cream that is so often rubbed back into the skin.

Lovely women of the theatrical world were first to enjoy and recommend Kleenex. Beauty specialists urge its use. Send the coupon below for a generous trial package, and you'll see why.

Kleenex

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send sample of Kleenex to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Mc-8

Gray is Gone



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. There's no fear of results.

You Test It Free at Home

INSTEAD of dangerous "crude dyes" that do not fool anyone, you now call back the original girlhood color to your hair. Simply comb in a clear, water-like liquid containing elements that give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn—if black, black returns.



2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... safe. Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

This scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. 3,000,000



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

women have used it. Makes hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash off. May be applied only to gray parts. Keeps hair easy to curl.

Test free by sending coupon—or go to nearest drug store. Few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed.

FREE TEST

Mary T. Goldman, 143-K Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde..... (Print name)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer

Paris France

BOURJOIS

Preferred—not because it costs only 50c, but for the qualities that the most exacting women demand.

A Tint for Every Type

BOURJOIS, Inc. New York and Paris

JAVA

THE WONDERFUL FRENCH
FACE POWDER

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Latest Quilting Importations



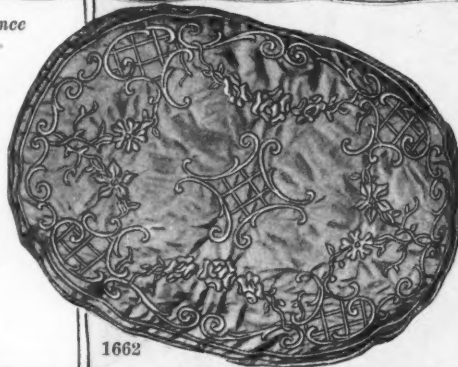
1665

No. 1661. Last minute styles from Paris, "le dernier cri" as the French themselves say, announce this luxurious sunburst quilt for chaise longue or bed, worked in the new Italian way. There is charm in this padded quilting that women everywhere are learning to do because of its beauty. Design adaptable to quilts ranging from 51 x 66 to 70 x 85 inches.



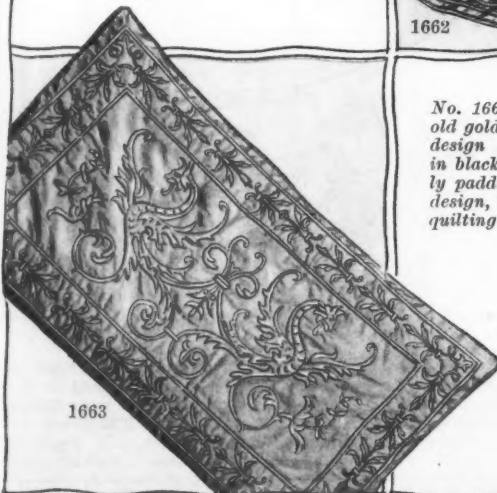
1661. The quilt par excellence for milady.

No. 1665. The oval design with linked roses above and the small dragon pillow shown on milady's couch make a delightful pair for the new quilting. Especially chic in contrasting pastel shades of taffeta, radium or crepe de Chine, such as lavender and peach. Both measure 13 x 16½ inches.



1662

No. 1662. A larger oval pillow in old gold taffeta has a conventional design interestingly brought out in black running-stitches and softly padded in Italian quilting. The design, 17½ x 22½ inches, has a quilting border adapted for boxed sides.



1663

No. 1663. The large oblong with dragon design sets a new vogue. This one was quilted in black stitching on pale green taffeta in the fascinating new corded way, boxed sides as well. The length is 32 inches.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 100.



Mrs. J. A. Ross of Los Angeles says: "We Make More Money Every Year"

Selling Process Monogrammed Greeting Cards, Stationery, Announcements, etc., to banks, business, professional, society and church people, and last year through your splendid merchandise and wonderful operation were able to spend over \$1000.00 on our fine vacation and automobile trip through Eastern States. The opportunity to reach success and make big money all the time for yourself, your family, your home or your church is open to energetic and reliable people everywhere who would like to be local representatives for this large nationally known organization. Big commission paid daily and liberal monthly bonus. For full details and beautifully arranged free sample equipment write me personally as follows

Sales Manager, Dept. Y
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois



Be a Nurse

Earn \$30-\$35 a Week
You can learn at home in spare time to be a nurse. Courses endorsed by physicians. Thousands graduates. 2-3 years. Nurse's equipment included. Money back agreement. Free booklet.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 98
421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

WEDDINGS

Beautiful Raised Letters Invitations, etc. LOW PRICES
Send for Samples-Metro Craftsmen, 100 W. 40th St., New York



\$10

For You!

WOULDN'T an extra \$10.00 bill coming to you each month be welcome? McCall's will give you this amount—or more—in return for devoting a little of your spare time looking after new and renewal McCall subscriptions. No previous experience of any sort is necessary.

Miss Vivian Snyder of Ohio, writes the following:

"This surely has been an easy way to make money and the best part of it is that it took no time from my business at all as I got ten subscriptions in one noon lunch hour."

Send This Coupon!

Dept. 8X, The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me without obligation of expense how I can earn an extra \$10.00.

Name.....
Local Address.....
City and State.....

MAKE BIG PAY for Work that is Play

In Spare Time at Home

and Color Greeting Cards \$5,000 Have Proved This Plan

The same splendid opportunity which has enabled thousands of others to turn spare moments into extra dollars is yours right NOW! No talent needed. We quickly teach you to duplicate work of fine artist. Profit on each card is 6 to 12 cents. Many color 100 an evening—\$5 to \$12 profit. And it's all Selling is easiest part of all. Read letters at right. We have hundreds like them.

Proof

Marie Merrill, Seattle, Wash., wrote us: "My capital has grown from \$1.00 to hundreds of dollars. Last Christmas I sold over \$500.00 worth of greeting cards. I have surprised myself with my success."

Proof

Elise Barrall, White River, Vt., wrote: "My mother and I made over \$400 for the Christmas season last year and we live in an economical little Vermont community that doesn't go in much for frills and furbelows."

You can do What 65,000 Others Are Doing!



Get FREE Book or \$1 Box

Send for big FREE book, "Pleasant Pages," illustrating 187 fine 1928 Christmas Cards. Or better still, save time by sending \$1.00 for trial box, containing assortment of cards, colors, brush and instructions. When ordered, cards will bring \$3 to \$4 each. Act quick. Mail coupon NOW!

LITTLE ART SHOP

44 Louisiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

Send for FREE Book or Dollar Box

Little Art Shop, Inc., Dept. 101-B, 44 Louisiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

☐ Send me "Pleasant Pages" telling how to make big money by hand-coloring greeting cards.

☐ Send also Beginner's Box. I am enclosing \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

UGLY HAIRS—Gone Forever!

Hundreds of hairs removed with their roots in less than a minute! NU-ART, the new scientific preparation, is far in advance of temporary surface hair removers. Permanently destroys the growth by gently lifting out the roots until they cannot return. Safe. Rapid. Harmless. Fragrant. Thousands are using it. Guaranteed. Only \$1.00. FREE with each NU-ART a 50¢ tube of Massage Cream and a 25¢ tube of DELFIN Deodorant. ASK YOUR DEALER.

NU-ART

The New Art of Destroying Embarrassing Hair.

If your dealer can't supply you, mail coupon

DELFIN, INC., Dept. 733 FREE South Orange, N. J. OFFER

Send me FREE as a special offer, a 50¢ tube of DELFIN Massage Cream; a 25¢ tube of DELFIN Deodorant; and a six months supply of Skin Tonic. Also the dollar package of NU-ART for which I enclose \$1.00. If you prefer C. O. D., place cross here. ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Rock-A-Bye Folding Stroller

Ideal Stroller for baby sits up

When your baby can sit up one of these folding strollers is just what you need. Much easier to handle than baby carriage. You will be happy in this portable Stroller and can take it anywhere. Folds up compactly in the car or to take on street car. Weighs only 10 lbs. Made of steel, ivory colored, with red enameled wood seat and foot rest. A strong rubber tired stroller that you will find exceptionally good. Get one at any store where nursery supplies are sold or write for our nursery accessory catalog.

PERFECTION MANUFACTURING CO. 16 Leffingwell Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Candy Making

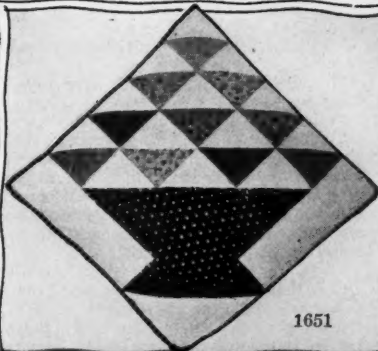
Make \$35.00 to \$100.00 weekly. Candy cost 14¢, sell for 60¢ a lb. Almost no cash capital needed. Start in home, sell to stores. Ladies or men. Practical money making plan. Taught (by mail) by merchant 35 years successful experience. We furnish tools. Booklet FREE. Capitol Candy School, Dept. A.C. 2705, Washington, D.C.

RAY HAIR

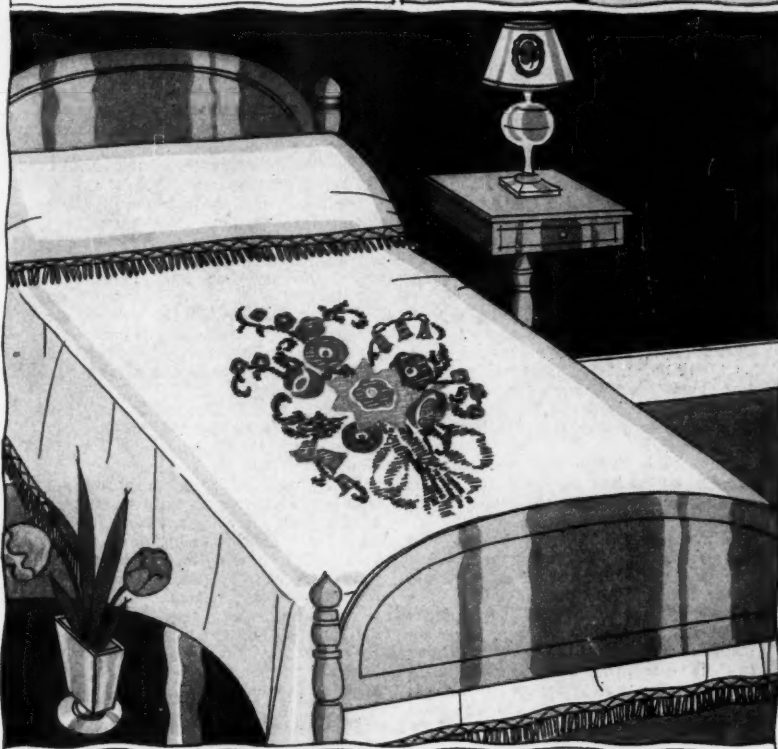
NODYE!—NEW discovery. For men and women. Quickly restores original color. Not a dye. Applied to scalp. Excellent tonic and hair falling hair and dandruff. Stainless. No one will know. Guaranteed. Get booklet and free trial offer today. LABORATORIES, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 11-C, Chicago

Bouquet Spread Darned in Colors

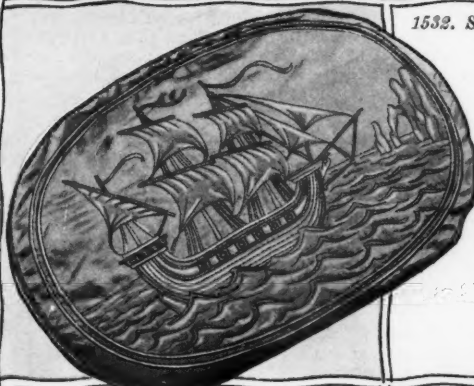
No. 1532. There is nothing so satisfactory for a light bedspread as the colored cotton crepes now in vogue. And a center design worked in a wealth of color and in the simplest stitch known, lends the true modern spirit. The design itself contains the colors which make it easy to follow. Bouquet motif is 19 x 28½ inches.



1651



1532. Simple darning-stitch works up delightfully.



1664

No. 1664. Never was the adventurous rover of the seas so pleasing to view as in this new quilted version. The design is worked from the underside on a cotton lining with inserted strands of wool, so simple it enthruses every one. The oval is 18 x 25 inches, developed in contrasting stitching.

No. 1651. Little calico triangles in blue, yellow and rose make flowers for the green calico flower pot pillow pictured above. The rest of the 13-inch square is of unbleached muslin. The pieces are all ready cut, calico back and all.

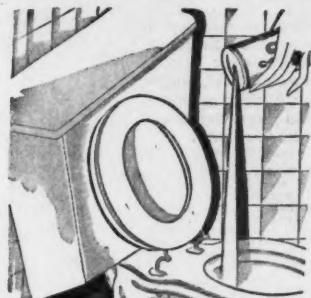
No. 1652. The square pillow with pink calico patches and a round design quilted in center, is a new attraction, and has a twin counterpart with blue calico patches. The calico back is the same as the triangles, the square 11¼ inches.



1652

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 100.

Cleanliness is extra necessary in summer



At ANY time of the year, the toilet bowl should be clean and spotless. But in summer-time it should be kept especially pure and sparkling.

Sani-Flush takes the unpleasantness out of this job. Just sprinkle it in the bowl, following the directions on the can, and flush. The job is done. Pleasantly, conveniently and thoroughly.

Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the entire toilet, even the hidden, unhealthful trap.

Use Sani-Flush a lot in summer. It is harmless to plumbing. It makes work pleasanter. Keep a can on hand all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.

Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

HOME-MADE PASTRIES

PAY BIG!



Secrets of successful pastry-making and tea room management taught in spare time. Start a home made pastry shop or tea room in your own home—make big profits from first day! Free Booklet explains. Lewis Tea Room Institute, Suite A-1, 5066, Washington, D. C.

WANTED! 1000 WOMEN

WHO DESIRE TO MAKE MONEY IN SPARE TIME. A PERMANENT POSITION OFFERING—CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND INDIVIDUAL PAPERIES AWAITS YOU. WRITE INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, CORRY, PA.

Make Dresses in the Newest Styles and Save Half

LEARN right at home in spare time to make your own clothes in the newest, loveliest styles for a third of what you pay in the shops.

The Woman's Institute will teach you how to put real style into everything you make, just as it has taught so many other women and girls. You learn all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the professional dressmaker so successful.

FREE

Mail the coupon for Free Booklet, "How to Make Beautiful Clothes," and learn how you can have more and prettier clothes at small cost and earn \$20 to \$40 a week.



WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 3-H, Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your big illustrated fashion booklet, "How to Make Beautiful Clothes." I am most interested in—

- ☐ How to Make Smart Clothes for Myself
- ☐ How to Become a Successful Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Make Distinctive, Becoming Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money at Home
- ☐ The Art of Successful Cookery

Name.....

(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

I Used To Be A 'Stylish Stout'

The personal story of a woman who made herself over into a slim, graceful, buoyant healthy person—free from the ill-effects of obesity.

"It was a perpetual torment for me to be stout. I couldn't go anywhere without being reminded that I was fat. I couldn't walk a block without sitting down. Even the lightest housework quickly tired me. My heart would beat too fast if I hurried. I was afraid to accept invitations because I knew people would always be talking about me. You can imagine what misery fat caused me—aches and pains in my body as well as mental worry.

"But that's all over now, and all the credit for my wonderful improvement goes to Annette Kellermann. I had heard how she, called the world's most perfectly formed woman, had once been a puny, ailing sickly child. I found out that her figure had not changed by a fraction of an inch, or by the least part of an ounce, in over 16 years. I wrote to Miss Kellermann, told her all about myself, and asked what she could do for me.

"In reply she sent me a charming letter and a copy of her delightful book, *The Body Beautiful*. That book, I can truly say, was the turning point in my life. It rescued me from the misery of fat, and showed me the way to make myself exquisitely slim in a short while. And it was so very easy. Actually, it was a delight for me to follow her instructions—light exercise for only 15 minutes a day, and plenty of the right kind of satisfying food that produced energy instead of fat. It was a revelation, even to me, how quickly my weight began to decrease. I felt better from the very first day.

"Please don't think that my case is unusual. Miss Kellermann has helped me wonderfully. But she has also helped 35,000 other women. So, if you are inclined to stoutness, write at once to Miss Kellermann's book and get her advice on reducing. It may be worth more than you realize in greater vitality, better health and a more beautiful figure."

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, *The Body Beautiful*. She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York, Suite 48.

Annette Kellermann, Suite 48, 225 West 39th St., N. Y. C.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book, *The Body Beautiful*. I am particularly interested in Reducing Weight.

Name Kindly Print Name and Address

Address

City State



Stop Crooked Heels

Keep your shoes smart

It is the way you walk that makes your heels wear crooked, or shoes "run-over"—not the fault of the shoes. It mars your grace and spoils the otherwise good impression your appearance makes. It also causes your ankles to wobble, weaken and thicken.

Correct this fault by wearing Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads. They equalize the body's weight, remove all strain and make walking a pleasure. You save more than their cost in heel repairs alone, and preserve the shape of your shoes. Quickly attached inside any shoe. Sizes for men and women. At all shoe and dept. stores, and leading drug stores—35c. per pair.

Dr. Scholl's
Walk-Strate Heel Pads

MODERN HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING attachment. Fits all sewing machines. Easily adjusted. Price \$1.00 with instructions. Money-Back Guarantee. MODERN HEM CO., 2-1246 Goulburn, Detroit, Mich.

PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 82]

"Plenty, lady, but they don't come down to the river now; have to be brought to us."

"Does Mr. Hardy get birds?" demanded Joannet.

"No, Peter Hardy he don't have anything to do with birds."

"What does he do?"

"Well, lady, I don't know everything about Peter Hardy, no more than he knows everything about me. You keep good look out along the river today; we going a long way, going fast; maybe we see Peter Hardy's boat." A remark which sent Joannet pacing the deck.

ALL that afternoon the "Madang" ran steadily at the best speed of her engines along the bank of the river, keeping in slack water to avoid the heavy current. Up and down it walked tall white osprey herons, stately and beautiful, looking with perfect calmness at the steamer, and not attempting to fly till she was close upon them.

"They are just bird angels," she said. "So pure and lovely—not a speck about them except those dark beautiful eyes. Luther, I don't know how anyone can have the heart to kill them—and in the nesting season too."

"By Gorry, they kill them," said Luther cheerfully. "They worth a lot of money, lady."

"I'm glad the Government's stopping it," said Joannet, shuddering.

"She's not stopped it yet, lady, not by a good bit. Sepik long way from nowhere. Sepik man eat you, take your head very quick. Oh, I think we get some more grass here yet. All the same lady I don't want to see Peter Hardy; I think he got Misser Johnson on his boat wit' him."

Joannet saw that he was speaking from definite knowledge; no doubt the native drums were sending out warning, all down the river.

"I want to see Mr. Hardy, Luther," she said persuasively. "Can't you just anchor a bit when we meet, and let me go across to the launch in your dinghy?"

Luther looked distressed. "Lady, I tell you true," he said. "I got some boys on this boat didn't want to come. They lying in their village, they had too much betel-nut, don't know nothing, so I pick them up and bring them along; I can't get enough boys for the plantations. . . . Yes, lady the Govament? she don't like it, if she see it. That Mr. Johnson, he make a row all about nothing. Take my license away maybe. You didn't telling me you want to go right up to Peter Hardy's."

"I didn't mean—" began Joannet. But Luther brushed that irrelevance aside. "I savvy," he said. "I'll do all I can, Missus. Now you go and sit down and look at the birds, and I get this old hooker along as quick as I can."

After a time Luther handed his wheel to a boy, with one or two cautions and directions, and came over to where she was standing.

"Lady, you remember that river we pass 'bout two o'clock?"

"The big river running in on the left? Yes, Luther."

"You see that river he run in, jus' like him, litty bit ahead? Well, lady, I mus' go up that river, and I don't come back. He goes up like letter V, he joins the other river, comes out again where we were at two o'clock. I want to see a village or two in there; there's good trade."

Joannet stood struck dumb. Hardy! Hardy! Was she not to see him after all? Luther did not look at her.

"Lady, this river he make a big bend up here. I can see long way up now; two, three mile; you look across country, you see too."

Joannet looked, with deadened interest. What did she care? . . .

The Sepik, just above where they were slowly steaming, took an S-shaped twist. You could see the line of the river, running in a cross way curve ahead. A good way up the curve—was it—no, impossible! Yes, it was!

A launch, smaller than the little steamer, but still of decent size, was coming down the river. Her single bare mast was clearly visible, and the low line of her rail. The rest was buried.

"Lady," said Luther looking up from his cigarette with decision, "if you want to see Peter Hardy, you mus' stay behind. I can't lose my license, because that Johnson man catch me. You put your clothes quick into your suitcase, you land on dat bank here—no village for long way. Peter Hardy coming down fas', be here in fifteen minutes, maybe ten. He can't miss you. Suppose he going down to Rabaul, I bet he take you all right. I run away down the branch; if he don't see me, he don't worry about me. By time they finish talking with you, I plenty miles away. I get into the big river again along that V, nobody catch me!"

He was pulling out a long gang-plank; the boat had already been slacked down just enough to hold her own against the current. Joannet had no time to think. The plan seemed sensible; she did not wish to reward Luther for his kindness

[Continued on page 101]

for sunburn
—instantly soothes
and comforts
apply
Absorbine Jr.
At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W.F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Feminine Hygiene
Do you realize that beauty and daintiness, as well as health depends largely upon feminine hygiene? Do you use Sterizol in your daily toilet to make you feel bright, fresh and clean?

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC

You Well? I'm Well!

is a most convenient and economical antiseptic for feminine hygiene. It is extremely effective, yet absolutely harmless and non-poisonous. Prescribed by many physicians. Splendid for head colds, sore throat, skin irritations, and for eliminating odors of all kinds. The \$1.00 jar of Sterizol Powder makes 40 pints of antiseptic solution. At your druggist's. Send for free booklet.

THE STERIZOL COMPANY
78 Water Street Ossining, N.Y.

WE PAY FREIGHT
5 ROOMS AND PORCH \$548.00
BATH INCLUDED

OTHERS \$379.00 UP
Handsome Big FREE Catalogue
Prices include all highest quality lumber, cut-to-fit, doors, windows, stairs, high grade interior woodwork, lath, shingles, hardware, glass, paint, nails, etc. Plans FREE. Time payments if desired. All materials fully guaranteed.
Write for Liberty Catalogue Now
Dept. 42-H - LEWIS MFG. CO.
Bay City, Mich.

Keep Your Skin Young
Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion. 1 ounce powdered axolite and 1 half pint witch hazel.
At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

Price List of New McCall Patterns											
Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.											
No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
4982	6 Mo., 1-2	.25	5330	14-18, 36-42	.45	5347	2-14	.35	5364	14-18, 36-42	.45
5172	2-10	.35	5331	1-6	.30	5348	2-10	.30	5365	12-20	.50
5277	14-18, 36-42	.45	5332	2-6	.35	5349	14-18, 36-42	.45	5366	14-18, 36-46	.50
5290	14-18, 36-46	.45	5333	2-6	.35	5350	Three Sizes	.45	5367	14-18, 36-46	.45
5291	4-14	.35	5334	14-18, 36-42	.65	5351	14-18, 36-42	.45	5368	14-18, 36-42	.45
5292	14-18, 36-42	.45	5335	14-16, 36-42	.45	5352	1-10	.35	5369	14-18, 36-42	.45
5299	6-14	.35	5336	14-18, 36-42	.65	5353	14-18, 36-42	.50	5370	14-18, 36-38	.50
5304	4-14	.35	5337	2-10	.30	5354	14-18, 36-42	.50	5371	16-18, 36-42	.50
5305	14-18, 36-42	.45	5338	14-18, 36-42	.45	5355	4-14	.35	5372	14-18, 36-42	.50
5306	14-16, 36-42	.45	5339	14-18, 36-42	.45	5356	14-18, 36-42	.50	5373	14-18, 36-42	.45
5307	14-18, 36-42	.65	5340	14-18, 36-42	.45	5357	14-18, 36-42	.45	5374	14-18, 36-42	.65
5308	14-20	.65	5341	Three Sizes	.40	5358	2-12	.30	5375	2-8	.30
5325	14-18, 36-42	.45	5342	4-14	.25	5359	14-18, 36-46	.45	5376	2-8	.30
5326	14-18, 36-42	.45	5343	14-18, 36-46	.45	5360	14-18, 36-46	.45	5377	2-10	.30
5327	2-10	.30	5344	12-20	.30	5361	14-18, 36-46	.45	5378	6 Mo., 1-3	.25
5328	14-18, 36-42	.50	5345	14-18, 36-42	.50	5362	Three Sizes	.45	5379	14-18, 36-42	.45
5329	14-18, 36-42	.45	5346	14-18, 36-46	.45	5363	14-18, 36-42	.45	5380	2-6	.30
3996	2-8	.25									

Embroidery Patterns

No.	Color	Price	No.	Color	Price	No.	Color	Price	No.	Color	Price
646	Blue	.30	1592	Blue	.30	1652	Calico	.90	1652	Yellow	.35
1532	Multi-Color	.30	1593	Medallions	.30	1653	Silk	.75	1663	Yellow	.45
1541	Yel. or Blue	.35	1594	Yel. or Blue	.40	1654	Blue	.50	1664	Yellow	.35
1590	Yel. or Blue	.30	1601	Felt	.75	1660	Blue	.25	1665	Yellow	.35
1591	Yel. or Blue	.30	1651	Calico	.60	1661	Yellow	.75			



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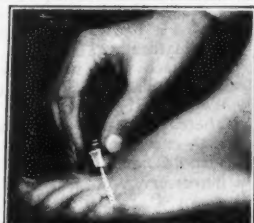
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PARADISE POACHERS

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by getting him fined, or deprived of his license, and she was reasonably sure—though Luther had not mentioned it—that the Government officer would search for and confiscate the precious "Grass." There really was no choice. Luther would not meet the launch—and she could not—no, she could not turn back with Peter Hardy in sight. As for explanations they would be easily made.

She flung her clothes into the suitcase, snapped it, and almost ran out of her cabin and over to the rail. She was terribly afraid—the tributary river was growing slowly nearer—what if Luther wouldn't wait? Luther, however, ran the "Madang" close into the bank, slung out the plank gangway, and had Joannet and her suitcase ashore in two minutes.

"There's the launch, coming round the next corner. I get along quick. Good-by, lady, Luther won't forget you. Good trip down to Rabaul," he shouted, as the boys hauled the plank inboard. The steamer turned and headed across the river. In what seemed no more than a couple of minutes, she had swung up the branch river, and disappeared in a forest of cottonwoods and banyans. Joannet was alone.

She knew it was all right. She knew she stood out on the bank like a light-house; that Peter Hardy, coming down the curve and almost there, could not by any possibility miss her, as soon as he rounded the corner. But nevertheless, a shadow, an inexplicable fear, had hold of her. Her mouth turned dry; she felt her lower jaw shaking curiously.

"Oh, this is nonsense," she thought, with impatience. "In ten minutes—five—I'll be on Peter's launch, laughing at myself."

Nevertheless she wished the ten minutes were over. They seemed very long. Why did not the launch come round the corner? Here, on the bank, there was not so much range of sight as out on the river; you could not see anything till it was right on you. Still, it must be coming, must be near—

Why did not the launch come?

The question seemed to scream in her ears. She was suddenly sure of something wrong . . .

There was a tree with long branches near. She never knew how she climbed it, but in a moment, it seemed, she was up, with scratched face and hands, holding on tight, and staring out over the river.

Above or below the bend, there was nothing; nothing but a great log floating down the stream, with a white osprey heron sitting on it. She could see that there were two tributaries within a quarter of a mile—one, the river up which the "Madang" had gone, the other, a branch that resembled it, being like the first, heavily obscured with trees.

With hideous certainty, she understood that the launch had turned off, and gone up the higher tributary. She had not been seen; she would not be, even if the launch came back that night—for now it was near dark. She was alone, and helpless on the terrible Sepik River.

LIGHTLY Luther handled the wheel of the "Madang," running down-stream with a three knot current behind him.

Suddenly his dark eyes opened wide; his mouth snapped shut. He had caught the beat of a launch propeller.

She was a big launch, smart and new, breasting the current at an excellent rate of speed. She was fitted for Sepik travel. But he could not place her; did not know her name—the "GLADYS"—newly painted in bright golden letters on the bow. He thought he was familiar with the general lines of the boat—

"A-hoy-y-y, Luther!" came Mrs. Starkey's voice across the water. "Where's there any anchorage?"

"Here," cried Luther in reply, manoeuvring the boat round head to stream, so that the anchors could be safely let go.

"You needn't come here," rang Mrs. Starkey's clear voice. "I'm coming to you."

Gladys Starkey jumped on board lightly. Instantly, she seemed to fill the shabby steamer with radiance. The vital—

[Continued on page 102]



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ity, the health of her was such that one could almost fancy actual light came from her delicious smile. It had become something of a habit, that smile; she was wearing it now, with the dimples in full play, though her eyes spoke another language altogether.

Truth to tell, she was very angry with Luther. That he should have taken a stranger with him on a trip that demanded strict privacy, thus imperiling the Starkey profits, and defying her authority, at one blow, was intolerable. But there were further elements of annoyance. Joannet had gone up the Sepik; Hardy, whom Gladys had marked down as her own prey, was there, and nothing more probable than he and Joannet would meet.

All this was boiling underneath her smile, as she strode up to Luther, glancing here and there about the deck, and demanded, "Where's that girl?"

"Miss Field? She not here."

"Where is she?"

Luther permitted himself a chuckle. "I think she coming down the river pretty quick on Misser Hardy's launch."

The roses suddenly paled in Gladys' cheeks. "Did you leave her with Mr. Hardy?"

Luther explained. The color came back to Mrs. Starkey's face; not roses now, a flood of deep angry red.

"You had no business to take the girl on the launch," she chided, sharply and snapped an order to her servant.

"She ought to have stopped at Kaitupi till some Rabaul boat came along. She could have been of use there looking after the house; and keeping the store cleaned. Goodness knows what state it will be in when we get back. Is Mr. Hardy taking her down to Rabaul?"

"I dono, Missus. I hope not; if he is, he catch me up before I put all that 'grass' on your boat, and I rader he catch you than me."

"He'll not catch us," stated Gladys. "We got this launch from Hock Sing Lee, and he knows how to fix up hiding places. He came along the coast dead broke but for the launch; got into trouble with the Government, and was clearing out for Dutch territory. We bought the launch at a bargain, and he went on in a canoe. That's why we're up here now. With Hock Sing Lee's boat, there's nothing we can't do on the river. We've got the real stuff with us this time."

"What?—not—"

"Yes! Plenty of it."

"By Gorry, my lady, you'll get every fedder, every bird, on the river. Those Sepik men, they'd sell their souls for it."

"Why wouldn't you take it on yourself, then?" mocked Gladys, as one sure of her answer.

"Me, lady? I got three wife, ten or maybe eleven children. That's why. I think you better take care wit' that trade Missus. I've seen men killed in the New Hebrides and Solomons, yes, lots of times, lady, jus' nobody ever try it up here before; well, you got plenty grass, lady, but maybe you not coming back with it."

Gladys showed her brilliant teeth; the thought seemed to amuse rather than alarm her. "Get the stuff up quick; I want to get on," was her only answer. It was her habit to pay just so much attention as she felt inclined, no more, when people talked, and she seldom disguised the fact.

The transfer was made; the price handed over. Mrs. Starkey swung herself into the boat, calling out as she left—"Don't forget that Jim and I are out trading in that new tobacco you get up the Middle River; we're paying covies, knives, tomahawks and salt for it."

"I won't forget, my lady," bowed Luther, standing by the Jacob's ladder.

The boy sculled the dinghy back again; the "Madang" started off down-stream. Once more the "Gladys" stemmed the river current, champing busily.

ON deck, a grateful breeze began to flow; Gladys turned down her sleeves, and wiped her face; Jim Starkey, humped in his chair, pushed back his Panama, and let the wind stream over his wet face and damp-clotted hair.

"What did he do with the little girl—Jean—Joan—Joannet? Is she on his boat?" he asked.

Gladys hesitated just the fraction of a second. She did not want to arouse her husband's jealousy at this juncture of their affairs; she wanted, on the contrary, to get him fairly under her thumb, and that could only be done in one way. If he knew of her interest in Hardy, there would be difficulties. If she wanted to hold him now, she would have to keep her tongue off Hardy and Hardy's affairs. She knew she might betray herself. She would not talk about Peter Hardy at all. If the little cat was on his launch, Jim might find that out for himself. As for her, she would get her man away from drink. She wanted all the help she could get from Jim now; they were out upon the most dangerous, the most profitable trip of their chequered history—and a long way the most audacious. It had not occurred to anyone before them to trade firearms and cartridges with the cannibal tribes of the terrible Sepik River; the

PARADISE POACHERS

(Continued from page 101)

risk was very grave—for to arm these savages with equal arms meant exposing oneself to the instant danger of attack and looting. Further, no Government would take that sort of thing lying down. Gladys thought they might have to cut and run for it, into Dutch territory. She had indeed loaded all the more valuable trade goods of the store into Hock Sing Lee's boat, with a view to possible difficulties. The store was a blind; they could dispense with it. If they made the haul she hoped for, any loss in that direction was not worth thinking about.

Without any mention of Hardy, therefore, she continued to run the launch, a native piloting them from the bows.

By lunch time they sighted Hardy's boat lying at anchor, Jim believed her to be as surprised as he was himself.

Mrs. Starkey stared hard at the craft. She could see natives on it and a very tall white man whom she guessed to be the District Officer—Johnson's six feet three betrayed him everywhere—and another of ordinary height. No woman.

It was mid-afternoon and the heat was great. No one could possibly be lying in a cabin. Where could the girl be? Gladys did not doubt she was on board somewhere; but it seemed puzzling.

She was resolved not to say a word. After all, Joannet might be sick, enduring the heat of a tiny stateroom because she was down with fever. Meantime, Peter Hardy and the D. O. were moving about, staring through their glasses. It was plain they could scarce believe their eyes. No white woman, before Joannet, had ever ventured up the Sepik River.

Mrs. Starkey, steering ably, ran the launch close up to Hardy's and dropped anchor. Greetings were shouted at her and at Starkey, before they were within bowshot. The two white men waved their helmets, their handkerchiefs. "Hurrah!" shouted Hardy, leaning over the rail, as the "Gladys," steered by her namesake, slipped alongside. "Welcome to the first white woman up the river!"

The first white woman!

Mrs. Starkey, hearing that, understood instantly that grave things had happened. At the sight of Hardy hanging over the rail, his plainish sun-coppered countenance glowing with pleasure, her mind became a writhing pool of poisonous thought. . . . So Joannet was not there. So Hardy did not know she was on the river. So nobody knew—nobody but herself. Well, nobody should.

Gladys had the dinghy pulled up, and herself into it, before Hardy and the O. D. had time to embark. She knew the hiding places on the launch to be safe; all the same,

Government officials were not welcome aboard. The huge, lean man who administered the far-too-large district that included the river, scanned the "Gladys" with an observant eye, as her owner and namesake boarded Hardy's boat. He had met the Starkeys casually; he admired Gladys, rather, and rather pitied her husband.

"Taking a pleasure trip?" he asked genially, as he helped Mrs. Starkey up the Jacob's ladder.

"Oh no," she replied with limpid innocence. "My poor old man and I can't afford pleasure trips. We're hoping to look up that tobacco one hears so much about, and do some trading in it."

"Hock Sing Lee's launch, isn't it?"

"It was. We got it at a bargain. You know what the steamship service is. Jim and I think we can do better by running our own cargoes."

"All the way to Sydney?"

"Only to Humboldt's Bay—Dutch territory." She laughed up at him, with the merriest look, her head thrown a little back. It was such a lark, the whole thing!—such an adventure, to a gay heart that laughed at poverty and mocked at danger—

"What are you two doing, anchored at three in the afternoon?" was Gladys' first question.

"We've just come back," said the District officer. "Been out in the pinnace, through the small streams and the boat canals. Hardy's the backbone of the Government up here; if it weren't for him, I'd never get anywhere."

"Chasing the cannibals?"

"That, or about it. You remember the prospector Farmer, they got a few months ago, on the Lower River? Man they cut up and cooked? Naturally, there wasn't much trace of him to be picked up anywhere, but we rather think we've got one now."

"That's quite thrilling! What is it?"

"A matchbox."

"A matchbox!"

"Yes. Small silver thing, with poor Farmer's initials on it."

"What—were his initials?"

"G. H. F. Don't know what the G. H. stood for; as a matter of fact, I never heard his Christian name—he was a sort of down-and-out; I wouldn't have expected him to have even as decent a thing as this box. It'll trace him, though—given time and luck. We've been at it for the last two days; and both Hardy and myself can see the natives hereabouts are hiding something for all they're worth, and scared about it too."

The "monkey" hastened with the drinks. Johnson poured out a fairly stiff nip, and handed it to Mrs. Starkey, with the accompanying tabloid that all New Guinea settlers know. She swallowed both. Her color was beginning to come back.

She could not understand herself—could not name the fearful wrench that had shaken her soul and body a minute earlier, but had fought it away—cast away that something that menaced. Insisted. The claws of it had ceased to rend her. She was unnaturally calm.

Her face was white, but she said casually: "What a splendid clue; I hope you'll trace the murderers."

There was one more stab as she spoke—one stroke of that awful claw she could name. Murderers! What was a murderer? Who was one? She fought it down. It passed. And with it passed, forever, the voice of Gladys Starkey's starved, down-trodden, seldom-heeded conscience. Henceforward for the days that remained to her on earth, that voice was to be still.

She had a sense of relief; found herself able to think, without any tiresome qualms, of the box in the bathroom at Kaitupi store, where Joannet's small treasures lay; of herself, calmly raiding them in the absence of the girl, turning them over, examining photographs, tied in a packet; the picture of Joannet's father, signed boldly across one corner "George Herbert Field"; the silver, initialed matchbox that lay with it. Gladys knew what had become of that matchbox. She was determined to keep her knowledge to herself.

And now it seemed to her time that Hardy should take a little notice of her. She had a vague sensation of having bought the right to expect that notice—bought it at a price that to some people—not to her—might have weighed heavily as unspeakable weights that crush the soul out in a dream. . . . Not to her. She was light hearted; happy.

"Yes, she was certainly happy, possessed of money—more than anyone suspected—and with all the white society in the district to herself—society exclusively male. Hardy, the man who interested her more than any man had done for years, was here, and the girl who had so nearly taken him away from her was . . .

The night came down, with jewelled rain of stars. The day was done that had slain, perhaps, one woman's body, lost one woman's soul.

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(RIGHT)

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"COLORADO IS KNOWN the world over for its horses. For 18 years my business was the raising of fine commercial mounts. Many of my famous 'CCC' brand horses were picked for the Spanish War and Boxer uprising. I supplied more horses to the Omaha Yards than any other brand appearing there.

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"But in 1912 all this came abruptly to an end, with the destruction of my ranch by fire... Living in Denver, confined to a desk in an office, I suffered from constipation and stomach trouble... I began then to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. The stomach pains disappeared and in a month I was as well as ever!"

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Mrs. Anna T. Young

"I had forgotten what a joy health could be!"

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"When I lived in California, where I had charge of a children's playground, I gloried in my health.

"Then, coming East to Cleveland, I took on the responsibilities of a home. Family cares brought the natural carelessness of one's self that every mother experiences. I suffered from constipation, from which pills, oils and dieting gave only temporary relief. With three little ones to look after, my strength was taxed almost to the breaking point.

"Hearing of a doctor who was obtaining wonderful results from prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast in cases like mine, I made up my mind to try eating it regularly before meals. A marked improvement soon appeared in my health. My habits of elimination became more regular. It is now a pleasure to plan each day—my health is a genuine joy!"

(Mrs.) Anna T. Young

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Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. F-55, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

(BELOW)

Jersey City, N. J.

"I WAS HAVING my usual hasty soda-fountain lunch. Feeling below par from stomach trouble and constipation, I asked the clerk what he would recommend. Unhesitatingly he said, 'Fleischmann's Yeast—by all means.'

"I started eating 3 cakes a day. My constipation disappeared and my indigestion is now a thing of the past. After six years of suffering, taking a laxative almost daily, I am now able to work ten hours a day (I am a salesman) and have plenty of energy left over to enjoy myself in the evenings."

B. P. CALAMIA



Mr. B. P. Calamia, Jersey City, N. J.



(ABOVE)

Oakland, Calif.

"LAST YEAR, AT CAMP, the cooking didn't agree with me and my whole outing was practically spoiled by painful boils. I had had stomach trouble off and on for several years, and constipation, too. I was in no condition to keep up with the rest of the outdoor crowd at camp.

"A friend finally prevailed upon me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, and I began eating it, three cakes a day regularly. This summer I have felt fine as a result—have enjoyed camping thoroughly and haven't had a single boil."

(Mrs.) Vera Page

Run down?

Tired? Nervous? . . . This simple way to vigor, health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water, or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics can gradually be discontinued.





LIVES AND LETTERS

Our New Department of Human Relations

Conducted by Margaret Severance

The Divine Ingredient

ARE stepmothers and stepdaughters just creatures to be stepped upon? How can they love each other and solve together the problems that they almost inevitably face? Several readers have requested a page on this subject. Tell us your experience—both sides. Address Margaret Severance, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York City.

RECENTLY I heard a famous preacher deliver a series of sermons on marriage. He wondered, he said, not that there were so many broken marriages but that there were so few. The more he saw of the failures that people made in other relationships of life, the more he thanked God for the robustness of marriage which is the most difficult relationship of them all. In a world of unkept promises and unfulfilled contracts, of quarreling neighbors, disobedient sons and daughters, disappointed parents, restless citizens in general, it heartened him to see so many passably peaceful husbands and wives.

I think he is right. Look around you and you will count more husbands and wives who are happy together than those who are not. They have moments of spiritual dynamite, perhaps, but most of them would not exchange those for anybody else's domestic sedative. There is no more justice in judging married society as a whole by divorce court records than in judging the health of the world by charts in a clinic. We have all seen marriage transform selfish persons into generous ones, irreverent skeptics toward life awed in the presence of a force bigger than themselves.

But the process is one of growth rather than of sudden miracle. The short marriage service, only half heard by two pairs of frightened young ears and responded to mechanically by two pairs of trembling young lips, is expected to be equivalent to *abracadabra* as mouthed by an ancient sorcerer, to whisk a magic carpet under the feet of the couple and to transport them to some far land of milk and honey where all they need do is to coo at each other forever after. When they find that the price of milk and honey, like that of everything else has gone up, they think the cost of loving too high and, as one of our wise contributors says in substance further down, blame marriage as an institution.

It is time that they regarded marriage as one of the learned professions. Compared to it, law, medicine, and diplomacy are crude crafts, child's play. Beginners in these expect to make mistakes, to be humble while they learn. If a fledgling doctor starves ten years while he prays passionately for pestilence, he does not give up. But young things with never a thought in their heads except about their own pleasure, with lily-white hands that have never turned any wheel except that of Father's car, expect suddenly to become responsible, mistake-proof citizens. They have not asked themselves, "What have I to bring marriage?" but "What will marriage bring me?" A divorce judge once told me that he believed second marriage ventures generally more successful than first because the partners had learned by their earlier errors.

This page is addressed to young women who are about

to become wives and particularly to the one who wrote me the other day in great distress. She wants to marry but she is afraid. Departments similar to this in various magazines and newspapers, with their stories of blasted faith, have terrified her. She would rather go on lonely and alone keeping her illusions. To my mind she is utterly mistaken. Of what use is life unless it can be lived? Of what value is love or religion or anything else unless it can be put to the test? Of what benefit are illusions unless they are given a chance to become realities? Better to try and fail, if we try honestly and fail honestly, than never to try at all. Of course marriage is hard. But so is celibacy. Marriage is not the only road to happiness but, for most human beings, it is the surest road and the least lonely. True it has rough places but who wants a journey to be monotonously level from end to end?

All that marital troubles that our young friend reads about do not crash in disaster. Wives and husbands have perhaps found their way interrupted by an angry, unbridged stream and they ask how other wives and husbands have got on the same side of that same dangerous crossing. Sometimes their own letters clarify the trouble and they write later that they are on solid ground again. Unfortunately we have not space to print many of the happy stories we receive. Happy women do not need help.

Every successful wife may have an original explanation for her secret. But boiled down, the divine ingredients are pretty much the same. Three of them, at least, are romance, self-respect, and common sense. Romance is not anesthetizing one's self to reality; it is being on the alert for the beautiful behind the commonplace. Romance sees more in a husband or wife than just a hard-working, tired, sometimes cross man or woman. Romance quests, but does not rudely question, for inner meanings.

Self-respect is based on the kind of pride that cannot stoop intentionally to dishonor. It is the only enduring basis for the respect that others, particularly our marriage partners have for us. The measures that some women—and otherwise good women, too—take to "hold" their husbands are as pitiful as they are appalling. One of my correspondents complained that her husband had been unfaithful to her. Should she retaliate by being unfaithful to him? Her husband had broken her faith in him and she wanted to repay him by breaking her faith in herself. A second correspondent suspected her husband of amorous attentions to another woman. The most damaging evidence she had against him was his inability to explain where he had been on a certain night of his vacation. He had accounted minutely for every other hour. But somehow this occasion eluded his memory. She was sure he must have been with her rival. I have no doubt that when this wife takes an inventory of her

household goods, she includes her husband among the furniture. Handcuffs only make us strive for escape.

Any man whose wife treats him as a police matron treats a prisoner naturally behaves like a man under arrest. Women who demand to be the only interest in their husband's lives should take care to be interesting. Being

a ball and chain is not one of the ways to accomplish this. It is too static. Here is where common sense comes in. If everything else seems to fail us for a moment, let us ask as impersonally as the emotional circumstances will permit, "What is the real cause of this estrangement or that problem and what is the sensible, practical remedy for it?" I hope these two letters from two happy wives from antipodal parts of the country may reassure any little afraid-to-be bride.

My dear Margaret Severance: Not long ago in obedience to my husband's whim I yielded up my old thick gold wedding ring for a slim new one of more modish metal. And so after all these years we are starting off together again. It is not easy to tell just how and why we have been and are so happy, maybe because we have not expected marriage to deliver us from all the ills of life, because we do not charge to each other the various difficulties that beset us. I was responsible for one almost disastrous material error that he made, yet he never refers to it. Chivalry, or whatever it is, makes life lighter. Mutual reproach does more than anything else to make any bond irksome and at last intolerable.

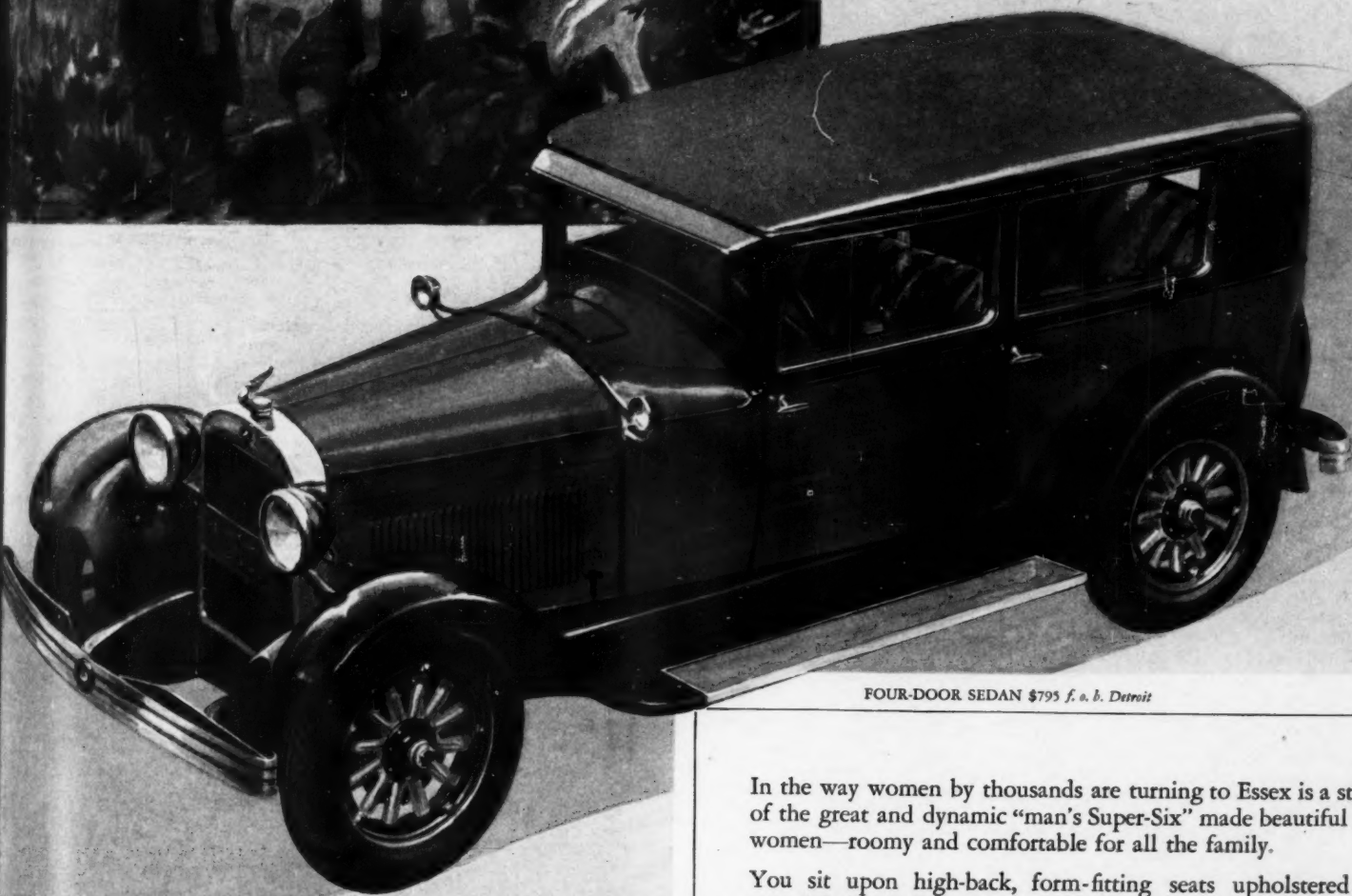
Mrs. F. R.

My dear Margaret Severance: So much has been written and said about unhappy marriages that I feel impelled to rise and call a halt to this pessimistic love twaddle. The truth is that any couple can be happily married if they honestly want to be. Just inquire into a few of these separations and divorces and at the bottom you will find an exaggerated ego. Marriage has to be a cooperative arrangement founded on the sort of love that actually tries to make the other person happy, not just one's self. I speak from fourteen years experience in marriage, not theory. Naturally we don't always think alike but we find that mental adjustments to differences are wiser than quarreling, that they pay much larger dividends in happiness. But it takes two to make this formula work. Mrs. J. P.

Both the husbands and wives who figure in these two letters seem to have striven to achieve successful marriage. They tried honestly and intelligently to make the most of a job which they acknowledge to be as hard as it is happy. But we all know couples who really enjoy being on eternal edge with each other. Perhaps this makes them interestingly complex to themselves and sprinkles spice over otherwise drab lives. They remind me of the old man who did not want to cure his rheumatism lest he have nothing left to talk about. They cherish their misery. Let them remember that good old fashioned politeness is a lubricant that has beguiled many a stubborn, creaking, rusty piece of machinery into running smoothly and long.

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